PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
02242
OCTOBER 1983 $3.00

PIA ZADORA
NUDE AND NAUGHTY

JAMES MICHENER:
NEW FICTION

20 WORST COLLEGE TEAMS

SID VICIOUS:
THE UNTOLD STORY

BEATING THE FEMINISTS

SEXENDERS:
KICKING THE HABIT

PLUS:
NAZI HUNTING;
REGGIE JACKSON &
BILLY DEE WILLIAMS

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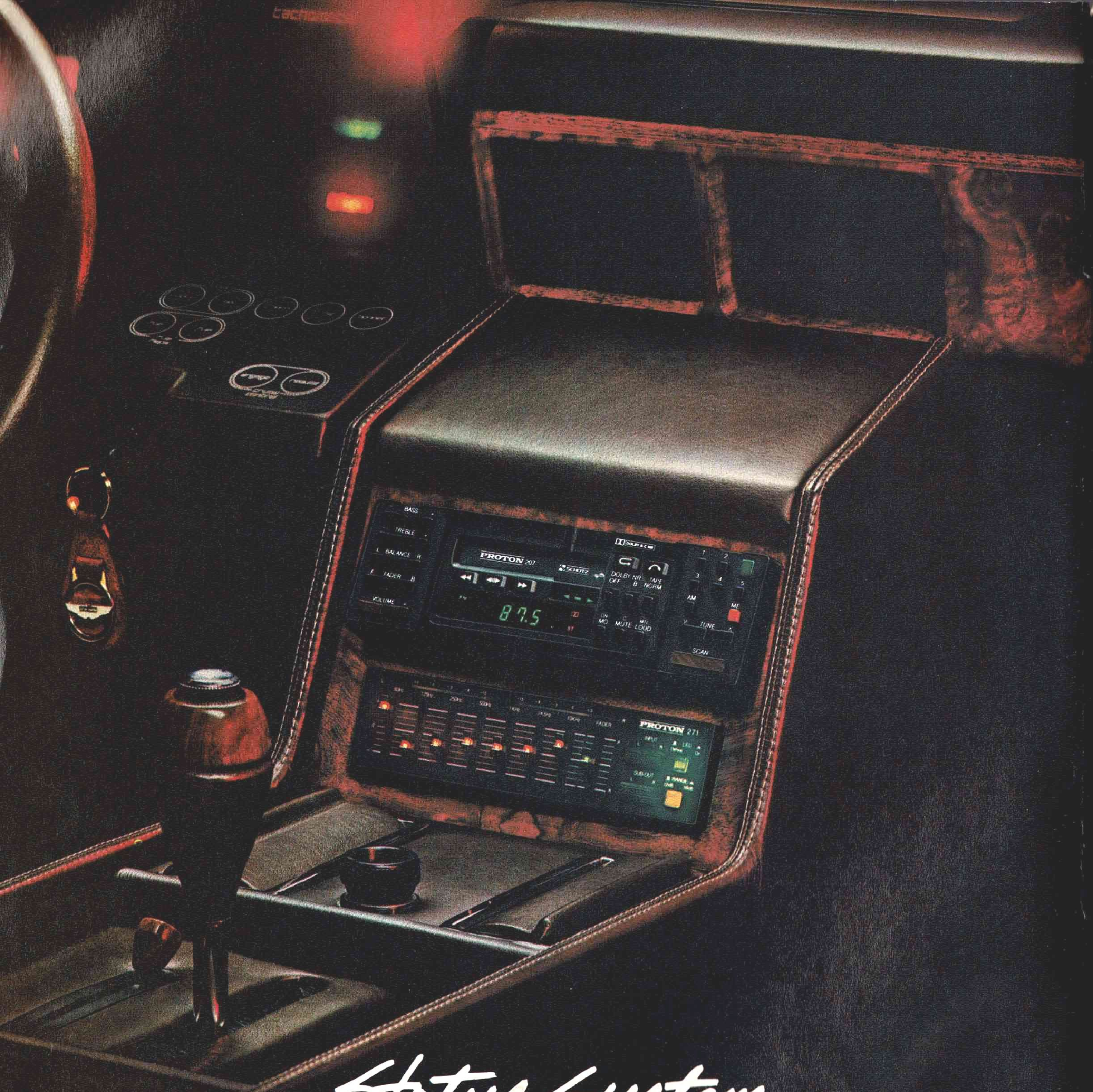

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This month's cover features Pia Zadora, who was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Canon T50 camera and Tiffen filters. Pia also appears in a pictorial beginning on page 105. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 29.

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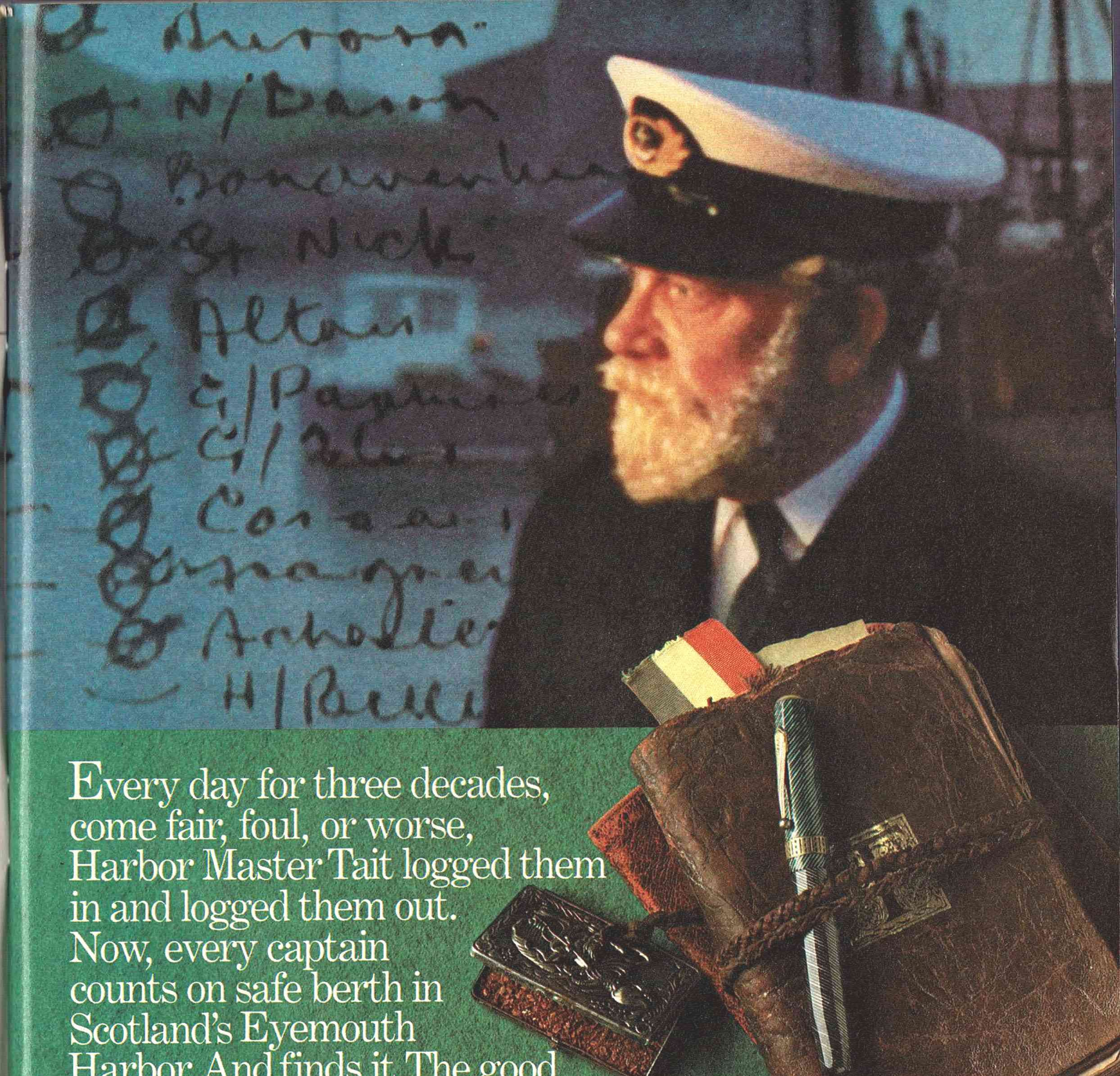
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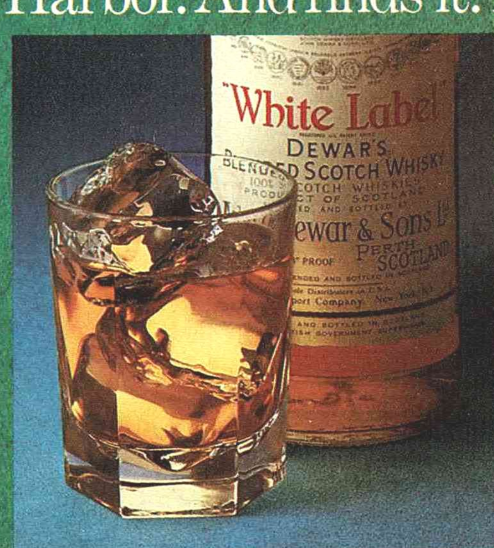
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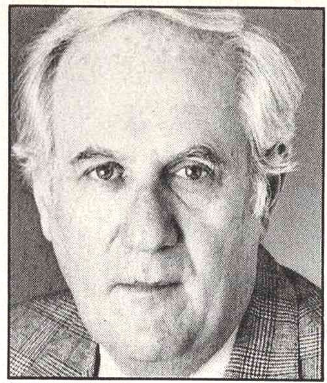

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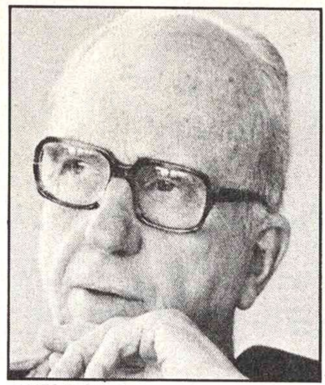

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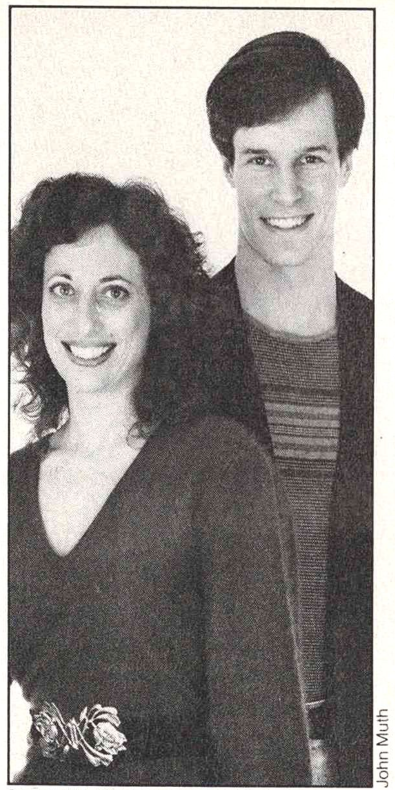

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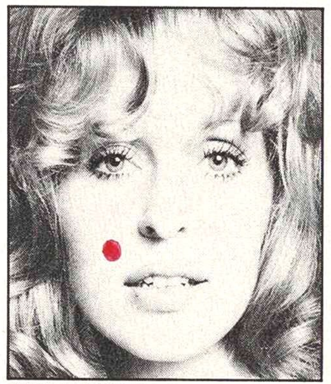

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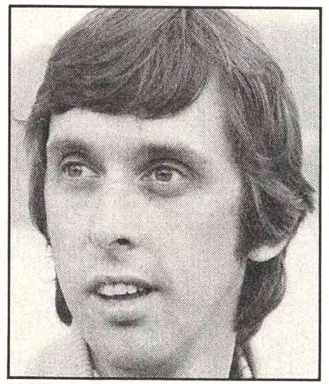

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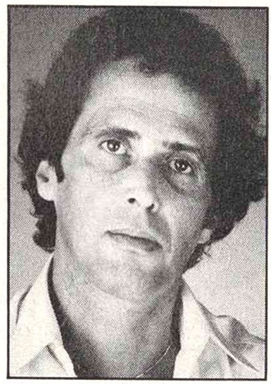


ALLAN SONNENSCHEIN

John Muth

HOUSECALL

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights..." These words inspired the American Revolution. And today, over 200 years later, it seems that we must revitalize our innate American desire for freedom and equality. We must combat the increasing deprivation of our civil liberties and traditional masculine pride in the face of what can only be called a feminist push for total power. **Sidney Siller**, a noted New York attorney whose article on so-called wife-rape laws in the May *Penthouse* opened a floodgate of reader response, is joining our staff this month as a contributing editor. His new monthly column on men's rights will–finally–clarify and champion the cause of men's lib. Ten years ago *Penthouse* took up the battle to restore the inherent rights of our neglected and despised Vietnam veteran heroes. Today, we are embarking on a new, even more sweeping campaign that, with your support, may halt the erosion of our traditional rights and heritage as men and husbands. Mr. Siller's first column appears on page 35.

Given the many ramifications of the sexual revolution, it becomes impossible to take anything with less than a grain of salt. "The Complete Sexenders Program" (page 128), excerpted from a new book by **Cathy Hiller** and *Penthouse* senior editor **Robert Hofler** (to be published by Priam/Arbor House), provides the ultimate in hilarious self-help–or self-abuse, depending on your point of view. If you've ever simply wanted to give up the whole sex game and learn how to get off on your living-room furniture...or if you'd like to learn how to respond to grody pickup lines with a guaranteed no-fault turn-off put-down, "Sexenders" is a must for you.

But if–on the other hand–you can't help looking for love in all the right places, we hope you'll respond to **Brigitte Nioche**'s questionnaire "What Turns Men On?" (page 140). A former model and author of *The Sensual Dresser,* Ms. Nioche is currently researching a book on how women please their men. An article based on your answers will be published in a forthcoming issue of *Penthouse.*

The incredible, terrible love-death relationship of **Nancy Spungen** and **Sid Vicious**, star of the punk-rock band the Sex Pistols, is detailed in "Love Me, Kill Me" (page 56), an exclusive excerpt from the forthcoming Villard book *And I Don't Want to Live This Life.* For the first time since their tragic relationship ended in a blood-splattered bathroom in New York's Chelsea Hotel, **Deborah Spungen**, Nancy's mother, tells the whole story of her doomed daughter and the strange, violent, possessed man Nancy chose to be the instrument of her self-destruction.

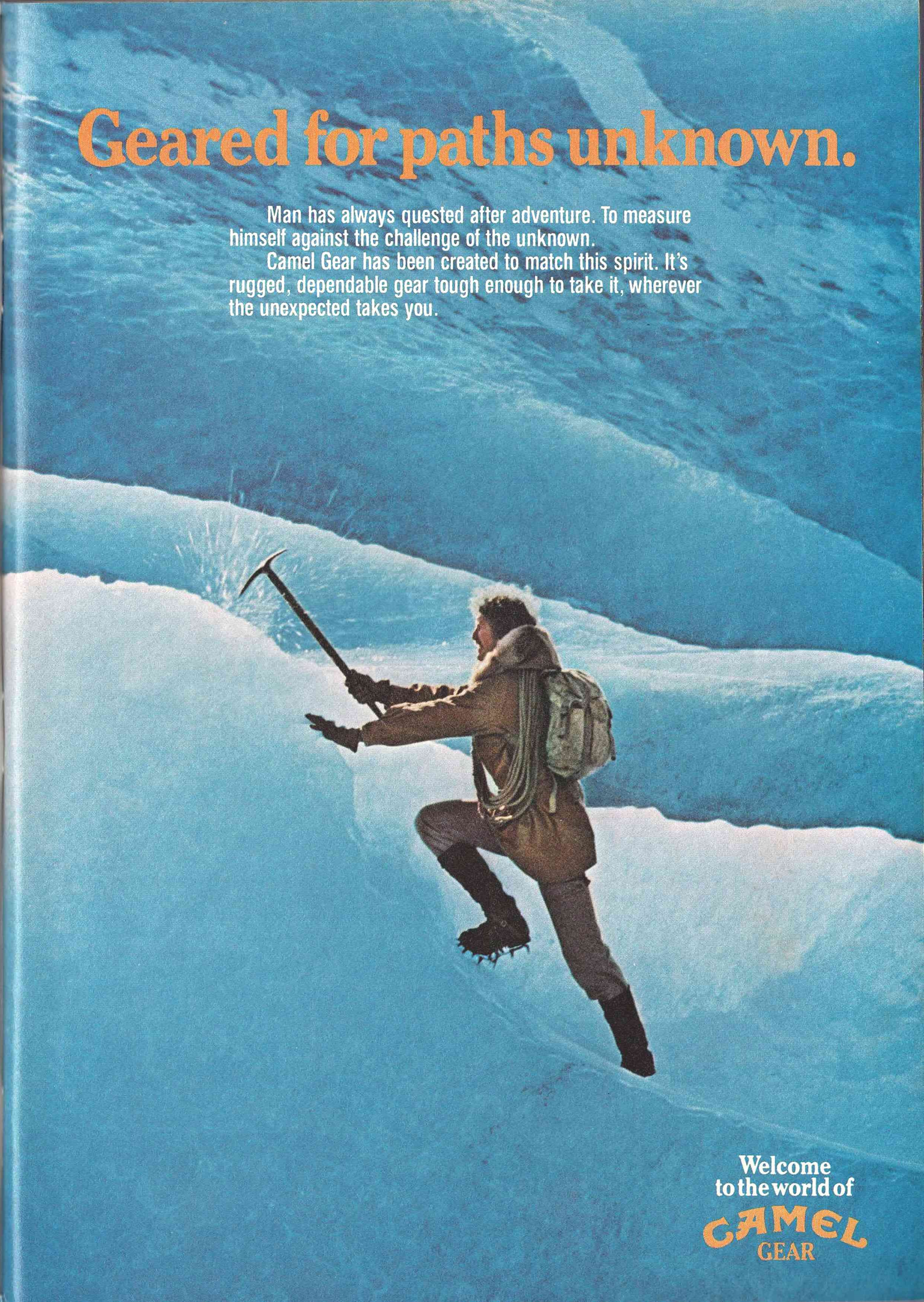
This month's fiction is an excerpt from a new novel by one of the world's most prestigious writers, **James Michener**. In "Poland: 1939" (page 74), Michener, whose fictional chronicles have brought to life the histories of such disparate places as the South Pacific, South Africa, and outer space, tells the story of the heroic Polish resistance against the brutal Nazi repression during the Second World War. Michener's novel *Poland,* which will be published later this year by Random House, is a sweeping epic of that ill-fated country–a book that will certainly be another best-selling triumph for one of America's premier novelists.

The horrors of Nazi terrorism also motivate this month's interview subject, **Simon Wiesenthal** (page 120), whose one-man crusade against those war criminals who continue to escape the law stands as a memorial to the millions of people who died so senselessly under their reign. "If forty years after the crime we catch a man and bring him to justice," Wiesenthal told *Penthouse* interviewers **Peter Lanz** and **Allan Sonnenschein**, "that becomes a warning for the murderers of tomorrow."

Other features of special interest this month include Oscar-winning (*The Lion in Winter*) screenwriter **James Goldman**'s "Grape Expectations" (page 144), a beginner's guide to everything one needs to know about wine...**Reggie Jackson**'s advice on how to care for your car, inside and out (page 132)...**Scot Morris**'s "Games" column, an all-new *Penthouse* winner (page 156)...and neither lastly nor leastly, our perennial favorite, "The 20 Worst College Football Teams of 1983–84" by America's leading expert, **Larry Linderman** (page 70), who is now in hiding and who has forbidden us to publish his picture on this page.

Fortunately, Larry's predilection for absolute personal privacy is not shared by many of America's more stunning women... most notably, in this issue, superstar **Pia Zadora**, whose new movie, *Lonely Lady*, is heating up the land and whose portfolio of sensual and romantic nudes taken by *Penthouse* Editor/Publisher **Bob Guccione** begins on page 105.

But, of course...there's absolutely no way that Pia will be lonely this month, surrounded as she is by other October beauties. And we know you'll enjoy viewing them as much as we enjoyed capturing their special beauty in the first place.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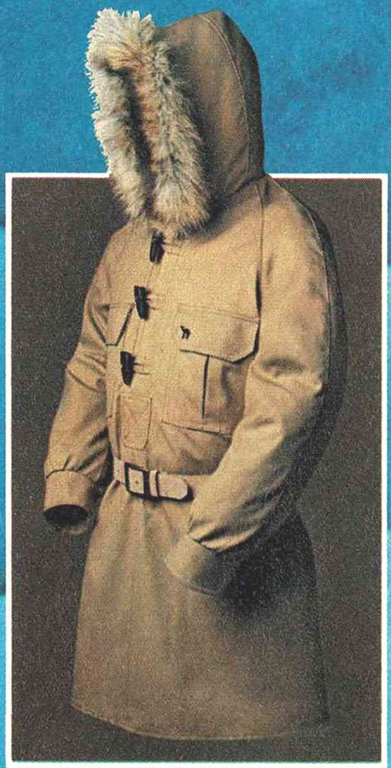

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OCTOBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

WASH 'N' WEAR

I am twenty years old, male, and I love pantyhose. I wear them twenty-four hours a day.

In the summer, when I wear shorts, I buy sheer-to-the-waist pantyhose from the finer department stores. The more expensive ones have less shine to them and nobody can tell you have them on. On the days I wear long pants, I just wear the inexpensive supermarket brands. I also wear the cheaper ones to sleep in. When I sleep, I sleep only in pantyhose: no shirt, underwear, or anything. I never wear underwear. The nylon just feels too good next to my body to wear underwear.

I even shower in my hose. It's fun to take a bath in them. The most fun is swimming in them. It just feels great. I never have to worry about washing my hose, because I do it in the shower while they are on my legs.

I don't wear pantyhose because of their great looks but because of their great feel. I don't feel my wearing pantyhose is strange or anything and don't see why women should be the only sex allowed to wear pantyhose. I would never consider wearing a dress or heels, but pantyhose I really dig.

My girl friend and I enjoy a thing called "pantyhose sexplay." Both my girl and I wear pantyhose. Our legs sliding together feels just great. It is an awesome experience.

One little hint to pantyhose lovers: wear only sheer-to-the-waist pantyhose. They look the best and in my opinion feel the best. And if you go in public with shorts, be sure to have a spare pair in case the hose you have on get a run. Just take those off and put on your good pair. That way you can wear them twenty-four hours a day.—*Name and address withheld*

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

This is to prove that married folks do have some experiences worth reporting in "Forum." Mine is one.

A year ago I took a tour of Europe with a group from my home town. The group was, as usual, largely female, but with some men accompanying their wives. The twenty-two unattached women were divorcées and wives of men who did not want to make the trip.

The third night out we were staying in various rooms, with the bath down the hall. We had lived it up at a nightclub until quite late. As usual, in the middle of the night I made a trip to the bathroom. I returned to my room, which actually looked like all the rest, and crawled into bed with my wife, Beth. I had just about dozed off when I felt my bedmate's large breasts pressed against my back. This was not unusual, as Beth has big boobs and a good figure. Shortly, a hand reached over and gently began to stroke my balls and cock. This also is not completely unknown and quickly brought a good, solid hard-on. After a short time my bed partner turned on her side, back to me, and guided my rod to a wet cunt. I reached for the tits, which were large and firm, and entered. I immediately became aware that I was in the wrong cunt.

The muscles in this cunt began to pull rhythmically at my dick without any movement of the ass. Beth and I enjoy sex, and this is one of her favorite positions, but after three children she is not very tight or controlled. It was great, and I had had just the right amount of booze to allow me to hang in there for a long time. The massaging continued at an increased pace. Finally the love hole relaxed and I hammered in hard. The slit opened wide, my partner moaned, the juices flowed, and I held it in solid up to the balls while she finished. I waited for her to relax and renewed the attack. In a short time I could feel the come rising, and as I pounded hard she bucked a second time with a long sigh. After lying there a few moments I withdrew, crept out of bed, and this time found my own room.

For the next two days I looked at the women on the tour to decide who I had fucked. Only six of the women were as well endowed as Beth—they were the only possibles. Two days later the weather was so warm that I wore shorts, which meant nothing to me at the time—but did to somebody else.

Beth is a shopper and I am not, and the next afternoon she went shopping while I took a nap. I was wakened from my nap by a tap on the foot to find Ann, one of the possibles, standing in the room fully clothed. She said, "I'm horny." She told me she had been looking around for a man in the group with a prominent mole on his left calf. She had spotted me the day before in shorts and decided that she had screwed me three nights ago and wanted to do it again. I swallowed hard and nodded. Her clothing consisted of one blouse, one skirt, and one pair of shoes. I looked once and rose to the occasion.

Ann asked me to lie on my back, impaled herself, and began that great milking motion. I was soon ready to fire. She relaxed her cunt and I drove in hard. She sat down, opened wide, and flowed just as

Toe to Toe.

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I released the biggest wad I've shot in some time. Since Beth was due back soon, she left.

About an hour later Beth did indeed return, but with a grim expression on her face. She had returned to the room early and, hearing odd noises, had opened the door quietly to see Ann riding me. She was furious and curious. She wanted to know why my ass was coming off the bed so enthusiastically while Ann was hardly moving. I was embarrassed but told her of Ann's cunt control. We went to bed that night in silence.

The next night, I was in bed when Beth unlocked the door to the adjoining room and Ann walked in buck naked. Beth said she had asked Ann, one of her good friends, to give her some lessons and I was to be the training field. Those two sets of fine boobs made me very enthusiastic about the idea. Beth asked Ann to mount first and demonstrate. Ann had my ass coming off the bed a good two inches in a very short time. Just as I was getting going, Ann got off and Beth got on. With Ann coaching, Beth was able to pull some with the muscles in her twat but not as well as Ann. The girls alternated for some time with me never getting my rocks off. I finally begged to screw one of them to completion. Beth said I was hers, so while Ann cheered I put Beth on her back and banged away.

We are home now. Beth is a twice-a-week person while I like it three or four times. With Beth's approval, Ann fills in the gaps. Only for an occasional lesson are we a threesome, as the girls prefer things one on one. They are delightful and different. Both give good head but Beth is better. Beth doesn't like me to eat her but prefers to be masturbated with three or sometimes four fingers. Ann likes to be eaten and she is delicious. Ann tit-fucks better but Beth is at least her equal with the twat muscles now. The women do not sixty-nine each other but both do with me, though Ann likes it better.—*Name and address withheld*

MAKE SOMEONE HAPPY

I like to drive my fiancé wild at every opportunity. I figure if I keep his cock happy, I'll have him forever. He flew down from San Francisco on leave for a week not too long ago. I decided to make it a very erotic week and had all kinds of surprises in mind.

The first was when I picked him up at the airport on Tuesday night. I had picked out a plunging baby-pink teddy with lace around all the edges. I wore the silkiest, sexiest nylons I could find under the teddy and high-heel shoes. I put a long wool coat on over this and went to the airport.

By the time the plane arrived and he disembarked, I was hot! We kissed long and passionately all the way to the car. I took my coat off and got in from the driver's side. I had placed a gift for him on his seat so at first he didn't notice I had taken my coat off. When he did, he couldn't keep his eyes or hands off me.

Once we were home and in the bedroom, we lit some incense and a few candles. We slowly undressed each other, caressing and kissing the ever increasing amount of exposed skin. We lay down on the bed, kissing and fondling each other. After so many weeks of separation, we were hungry for each other's body. He started sucking and nibbling on my ear, my throat, and my breasts. He loves my 34C breasts because they're so round and full. Simultaneously, he worked his free hand down my suntanned belly to my aching cunt. His finger teased my clit by brushing it lightly and then moving to feel the rest of my cunt. I was nearly crazy with desire to have his thick, firm cock inside my body. I wanted his rod buried deep inside me.

"I want to feel your cock inside me," I whispered passionately. "You'll have to make me hard," came his lust-filled reply. All it takes for me to make him hard is to lick his shaft and suck lightly on his balls. That's exactly what I did. "Oh, babe, that feels so good. Why do you like to drive me crazy so much?" he asked, gasping for breath. "Because you respond so well, darling." He was now squirming in ecstasy and getting harder and harder.

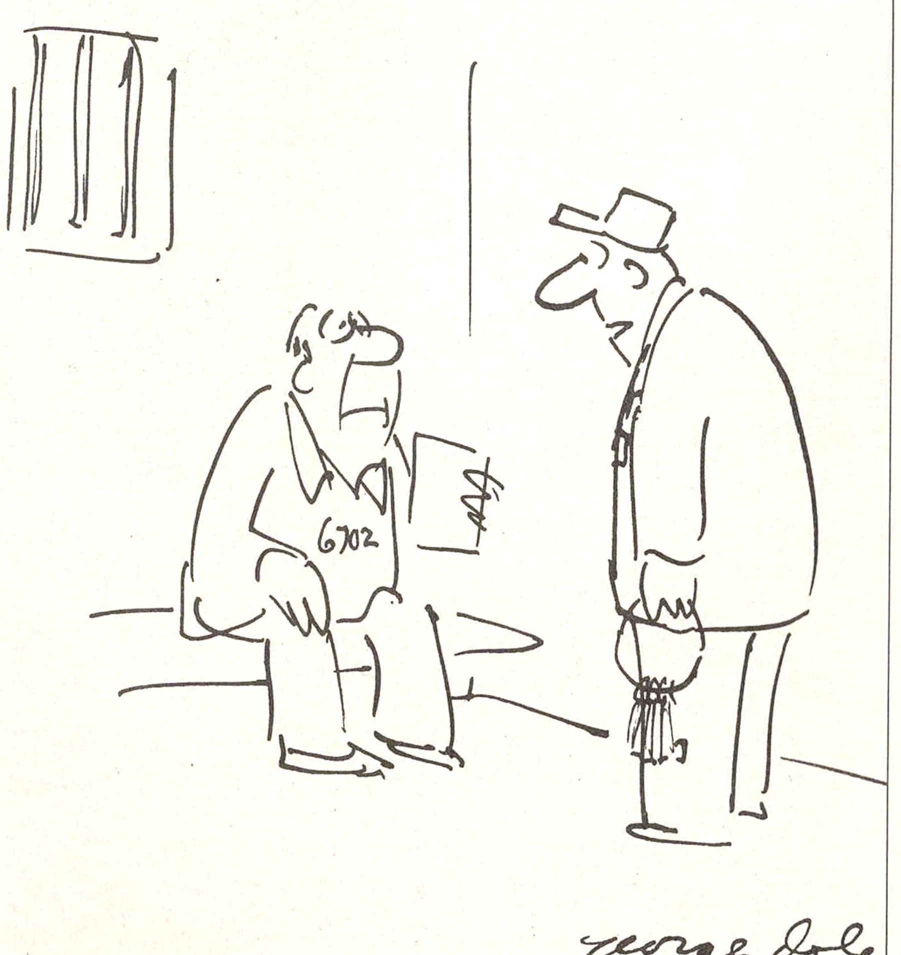
"Guide your huge cock inside of my hot cunt, you sexy man you! No one has ever satisfied me like you have. I want you so bad." Always eager to please, he mounted me. His cock was so hard and thick, he had to apply some K-Y jelly. He easily thrust it in all the way. I tightened my muscles surrounding his cock and he moaned with intense pleasure. "Fuck me hard, Bill. Make me come," I pleaded. "I'll fuck you out of your mind tonight. I've been waiting five weeks for this." Our bodies moved in unison while his rod pumped in and out of my body.

He came so hard, I felt like his come was going to squirt out my throat. He recovered rather quickly, for an older man, and after a glass of wine was ready for more. My body wasn't, but I was willing to take his come in my mouth. While he masturbated to an orgasm, I talked dirty into his ear. I kissed his neck, sucked and licked his toes, and stuck my tongue up his ass. When I felt the muscles relax, I lubricated a finger and eased into his ass. That sent him over the brink. He rolled over and shot his come into my mouth.

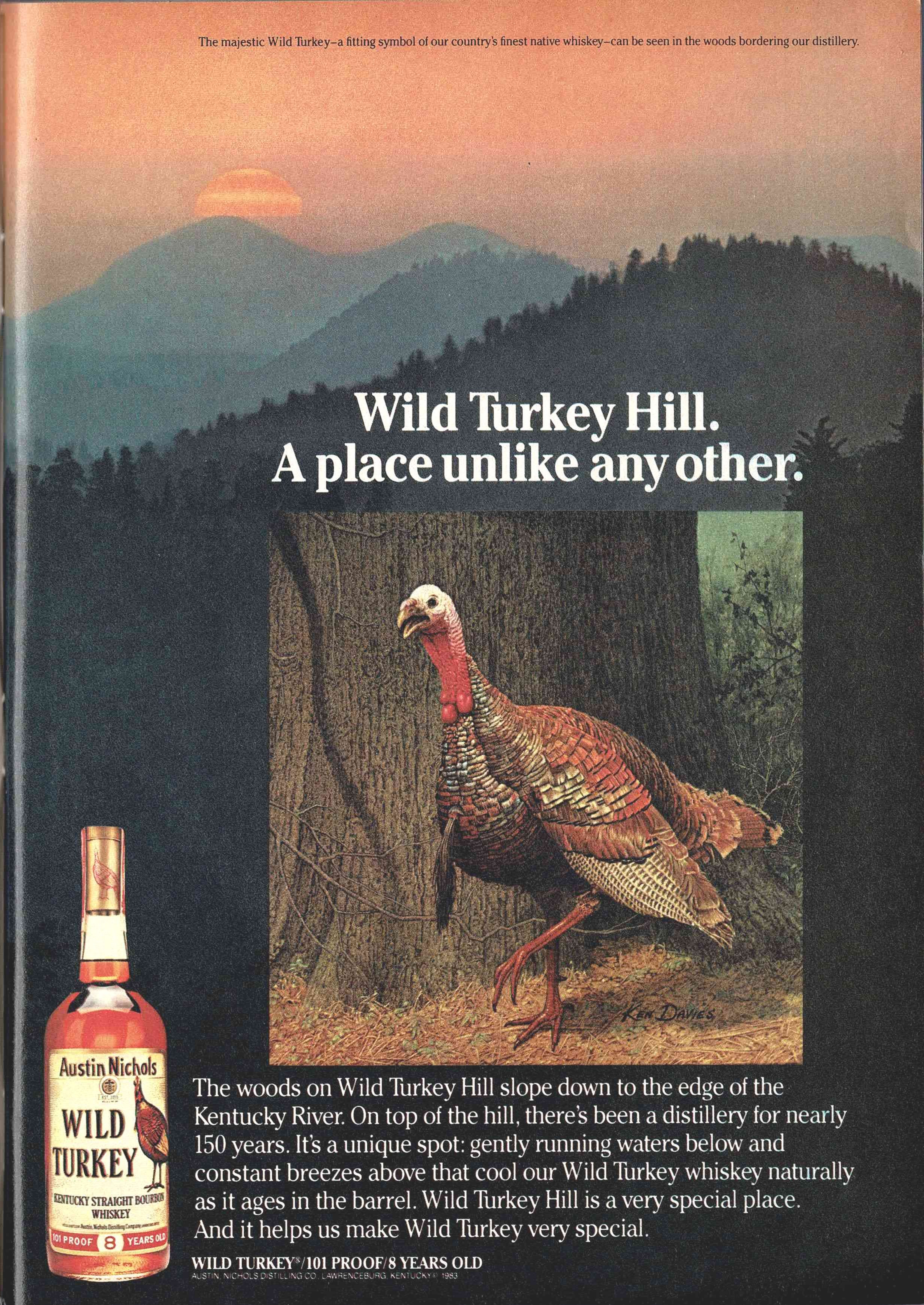
Later we lay and talked about how good it had been. We spent most of his leave at home with the answering machine turned on and the bedroom door shut.—*Name and address withheld*

WORTH THE WAIT

From my bed I write this letter, pussy juice still on my cock, thighs, face, and hands. My lady, Audrey, just stepped out to shower after enjoying a couple hours of our squirming and fucking. We'd been dis-



"I know it's your last meal, Trigger, but we don't serve pussy."



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cussing how exciting it would be to write a letter to you describing our first meeting.

First, let me describe the lady that fills my days and nights with hot passion. Audrey is five foot four, with 38C cups and hips that fill my eyes and swell my cock with lust at every sight. Her skin is creamy and soft and she has breasts that excite my prick with every view. She never wears a bra and never wears clothes in our home, which makes me walk around semi-hard all day.

We first met at a school we were both attending. She was dating some guy that I thought was out to lunch. We shared three classes a day and were soon friends. I was just recently divorced and hungry for some new sexual experiences, but very shy.

One day at school she wore the most sexy yellow minidress, which just barely covered the bottom curves of her most tantalizing ass. Every eye was on her, especially the teacher's, and every woman sitting in the coffee shop bitched most jealously of that fact. My pulsating cock, with only loose-woven white pants to cover it, was at its full length of nine and a half inches, six and a half inches around, and causing many eyes to widen.

We were becoming close friends by the end of the semester and had, on more than one occasion, spoken very openly about our sexual experiences. We've both been sexually active and we shared our past lustfully in a very teasing way. Later we revealed that our conversations lead to long nights of masturbation and wanting of each other.

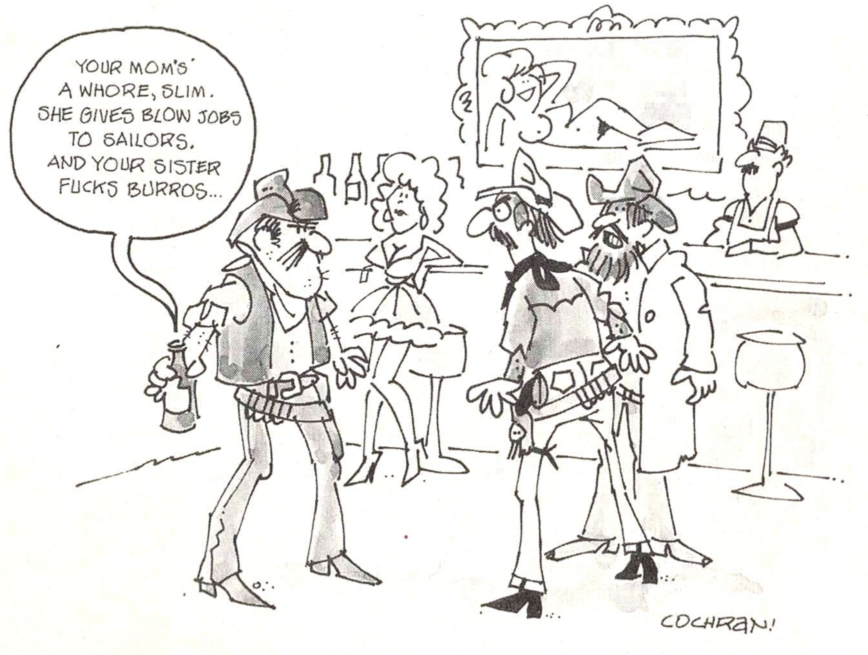
One unexpected day, Audrey stopped by my apartment with her sexy yellow dress and very high heels that showed off her creamy thighs to advantage. I invited her in and she sat down on a low chair, which put the whole lower part of her inviting body within my view! I was full of conversation and she invited me to share some marijuana, and I introduced some beer to our small party. As she extended her hand to give me some of the fine smoke, my eyes roamed to view her breasts, down to her rosy areolas and her pointy nipples. I was still sitting across from her and her light brown bush was my reward. For some reason she asked if I had a shower and I nervously said, "No, but I have a bathtub." She asked me if I'd like to share it with her and started to unzip her dress. I said I'd love to bathe with her but my ex-wife was soon to arrive. She smiled and said she'd catch me later. I ran to my room and masturbated with oil till satisfied, swearing to myself that I'd have my pleasure with her soon.

The weekend was finally over, and we returned to school. As the day dragged on we gave each other lustful looks and inviting smiles. By the end of the day my cock was strained with want, and I followed her home and surprised her at the door. She invited me in and we smoked joint after joint till we were plenty high. Then I invited her out for supper.

We returned to her apartment and smoked some more and relaxed on her sofa listening to music. We were anxious to be in each other's arms, but we made small talk till I saw the lust in her face and rubbed a strand of reddish-brown hair across her full breasts and looked into her greenish-brown eyes and kissed her with passion. She responded with a wild, wet kiss, our tongues wrestling while her hand stoked my penis erectus, which was putting the test on the seams of my pants. I was stirred, groans were coming from my throat, and my hands were caressing her luscious mounds. She unzipped my fly with ease and worked my pants to my ankles, then knelt on the floor quickly to engulf my penis erectus to its base. With machine-gun rapidity, she swirled her tongue around and up and down my swollen penis head. The sound of her eating my meat and the look of animal lust on her face had me lifting my ass off the cushion as I neared my orgasm. My eyes were transfixed on this passionate lady kneeling to worship her means of pleasure. I flooded her mouth with my cream and she licked my knob around and around, making me come in squirts that spilled down the corners of her swollen red lips. She kissed me with fire and caressed my thighs with want. Sperm-filled kisses soon had my cock making its comeback with surprising speed.

After my cock was at full recovery, we removed all our clothing, touching and kissing each new area exposed. We positioned ourselves for sixty-nine and ate each other to new heights. Her cunt was wet with desire and my tongue knew just where to go, swirling around her fire-engine-red clit, biting her pubic mound gently, and darting deep inside her cunt. I could feel her groans vibrating on my swollen hot cock, which was deep inside her mouth. After what seemed like hours, we both thrashed and quivered with an orgasm that made my lady lock her legs like a vise around my head as I vibrated her clit against my teeth.

After gentle touching and stroking, we assured each other that we had waited much too long for this union. We smoked a few more joints and retired to the softness of her bed. We stroked each other with renewed fervor and my cock was ready for her cunt. I entered her oh so slowly, wanting to feel every inch being swallowed while eyeing her expression of sheer delight. We humped in unison and soon I was moving like a piston with no end in sight. She screamed in ecstasy and raked her nails heavily on my back, coming in floods time after time. At last I couldn't hold back my pleasure and cried out, "I'm coming, I'm coming!" as she screamed her last cry. Audrey is still my lady and we have spent every day enjoying the happy love, lust, and sex that still fill our lives.—*Name and address withheld*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SLAVING AWAY

I would like to submit to your famous ''Penthouse Forum'' column the following letter from a friend of mine who has written about one of our sexual encounters with me as his ''sex slave.''

I'm one of the fortunate few that has his own personal sex slave. She is very attractive, tall and slender, with brown hair, very long, shapely legs that end in a beautiful bush, and this delectable female has the most erotic mouth of any woman I have ever known.

I would like to tell you of our most recent encounter. Or arrangement is that she is to do exactly as she is told or she will be punished. I phoned her in the morning and informed her I would arrive at her apartment in one hour. She was to be bathed and dressed as follows: stockings and garter belt, high-heel shoes, and nothing else. While we discussed these arrangements, I could tell she was getting excited. I asked if she had masturbated yet this morning; she had. I told her that I was pleased and that she should do so again while we talked. These obscene phone calls are some of our favorite pastimes. I told her to lie on the bed and play with her firm breasts, lightly stroke her nipples, then pull and twist the nipples until they became hard as small pebbles. Then I told her to take one of her hands and slide it down to her bush and thighs, and touch them gently. Take a finger and play with her clit. She told me how wet she was, then put her finger inside herself and pumped slowly, just enough to tease herself. I told her to remove the finger and taste her juices; they are delicious, as I well know. She returned her finger to her clit and shortly began to lose control and came loudly. After she calmed down, I instructed her to shower, get dressed, and wait for me to arrive. I gave her permission to get off one more time while she was waiting for me.

One hour later I rang her doorbell. When the door opened, she stood there dressed as ordered; however, she had added the top to a pair of silk pajamas—she was afraid someone else from her apartment building would see her. I told her she had disobeyed me and she would be punished. We are not into whips and chains yet, so her punishment would have to be a milder form of torture.

I ordered her to remove the pajama top and lie down on the couch. I asked her to show me how she had masturbated when we talked on the phone. Following my instructions, she again played with herself, pulling her nipples and stroking her cunt until she had a furious climax. I had her stand in front of me and I proceeded to lick up her juices and tease her clit with my tongue. She came again and her legs became weak. I had her lie on the couch again and went down on her. I licked and sucked for all I was worth. I took her hand and had her play with herself while I sucked. I took my fingers and plunged them into her cunt as deep as possible. She moaned and came again.

I looked at her—she was gorgeous and I felt myself weaken, but she had to be punished. I decided what to do. I stood and removed my clothes; I was hard as a rock. When she saw my cock, a smile came to those luscious lips. She sat up and began to lick up and down my shaft. Her favorite sexual pastime is to swallow my come. But this time I told her she was not allowed, due to her disobedience. She was determined to get her own way. She took all of me in her mouth and I felt the head of my cock touch the back of her throat. I almost lost control, but I pulled out. She moaned in disappointment and began to tongue and suck on my balls while jacking me off with her hand. Once more she took all of me into her mouth. I could feel myself leaking. I took my cock out of her mouth and ran my hand up and down on it until I started seeping. I had her lick the drops off my cock. She told me how delicious it tasted and that she had to have more. I told her she had not done as I had said and that I would not let her swallow the load I had ready for her. She began pumping me and sucking as if her life depended on drinking my sperm. Soon I was ready to shoot and I took my cock from between her lips and came all over her beautiful face. She quickly shoved my cock back in her mouth, but I wouldn't let her swallow. Her mouth was full of come and I had her let it ooze out between her lips. It was quite an erotic sight! This was only the beginning.

I took her to the bathroom to clean up, and while she bent over the sink I plunged my still throbbing cock into her cunt. She squealed with delight. While pumping her I asked if there were any rooms in which she hadn't fucked. It seems the kitchen and dining room hadn't yet been initiated. Within the next fifteen minutes they were. After losing count of her orgasms, she begged for a rest. We decided to watch a porno movie I had brought along. It was of a beautiful blonde and two men. In no time at all she was getting herself off again and wanted me to join her. She told me she always wanted to make it with more than one man or even a man and a woman.

I had her get her dildo and fuck herself while I watched. Soon I had another raging hard-on. I sat in front of her and watched, instructing her on various movements I liked. I told her to take the dildo out of her cunt and lick it, get it very wet, and hand it to me. I then told her since there wasn't another man available the dildo and me would have to do. I took the dildo and placed it against her anus and slowly pushed. She went crazy fucking it. She begged me to replace it with my cock. I refused, but told her to take the dildo from me and continue to fuck her ass. I took my cock and teased her cunt and clit with the head. Then I plunged into her. I thought the whole apartment building could hear her

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squeal. I could feel the dildo moving with my cock. After several minutes, I took myself out of her and stood with my cock in her face. She smiled and sucked all her juices off of it while continuing to fuck herself in the ass. When she cleaned me with her tongue, I rammed it into her cunt again. Now she started pleading for me to come in her mouth. I teased her cunt until I was ready to burst. As I started coming, I pulled out and shot all over her tits. She grabbed me and jammed me into her mouth and sucked me dry. She was covered with my sperm. I thought I was finished for the day. My slave had other ideas.

She removed the dildo and kept me in her mouth. My cock just wouldn't go down. As I watched she started fingering herself and plunged my cock deep into her throat. She wanted me to describe an erotic fantasy about me, her, and her best girl friend, which I proceeded to do, after she promised to arrange to have it come true. We both came at the same time and I pumped all the cream I had left into her mouth. She let some dribble from her lips and then swallowed the rest of my load.

This was just one of our many erotic adventures. We have promised to fulfill all of each other's fantasies, and believe me, there are quite a few left.—*Name and address withheld*

MOTHER-IN-LAW

I'm a longtime avid reader who quite honestly has felt that letters to "Forum" were just the results of extremely creative minds. But after I relate my unforgettable experience with you, I'll never question the validity of "Forum" letters again.

I'm a thirty-year-old married male who is in the midst of a very torrid love affair with his sixty-five-year-old mother-in-law. I've been married for eight years and have never once looked at another woman, much less cheated on my lovely wife before.

Let me say that my mother-in-law, Nancy, is a widow and an attractive woman for her age, but really no raging beauty. Her appeal lies in a warm sensuality, a good heart, and a fine sense of humor. (I'd like to add that up to the beginning of this affair she never once gave me any reason to think she'd fuck. I, of course, never hit on her.)

One Saturday afternoon I was coming out of my shower still dripping and with soap in my eyes. I'd played two hours of grueling softball that morning. I never heard my wife and mother-in-law enter the apartment. I'm rather athletic, with a nice body and a respectable-sized cock. A screech from my wife alerted me that I was not alone in the house. Embarrassed, I quickly turned my back on the two ladies and rushed into my bedroom. I heard my mother-in-law tell my wife, Dottie, that she'd better go. This was the first but certainly not the last time I was ever seen nude by my mother-in-law.

My wife came into the bedroom laughing and said her mother was embarrassed. I was likewise, and told my wife that. She assured me not to worry. I forgot the incident until a month later.

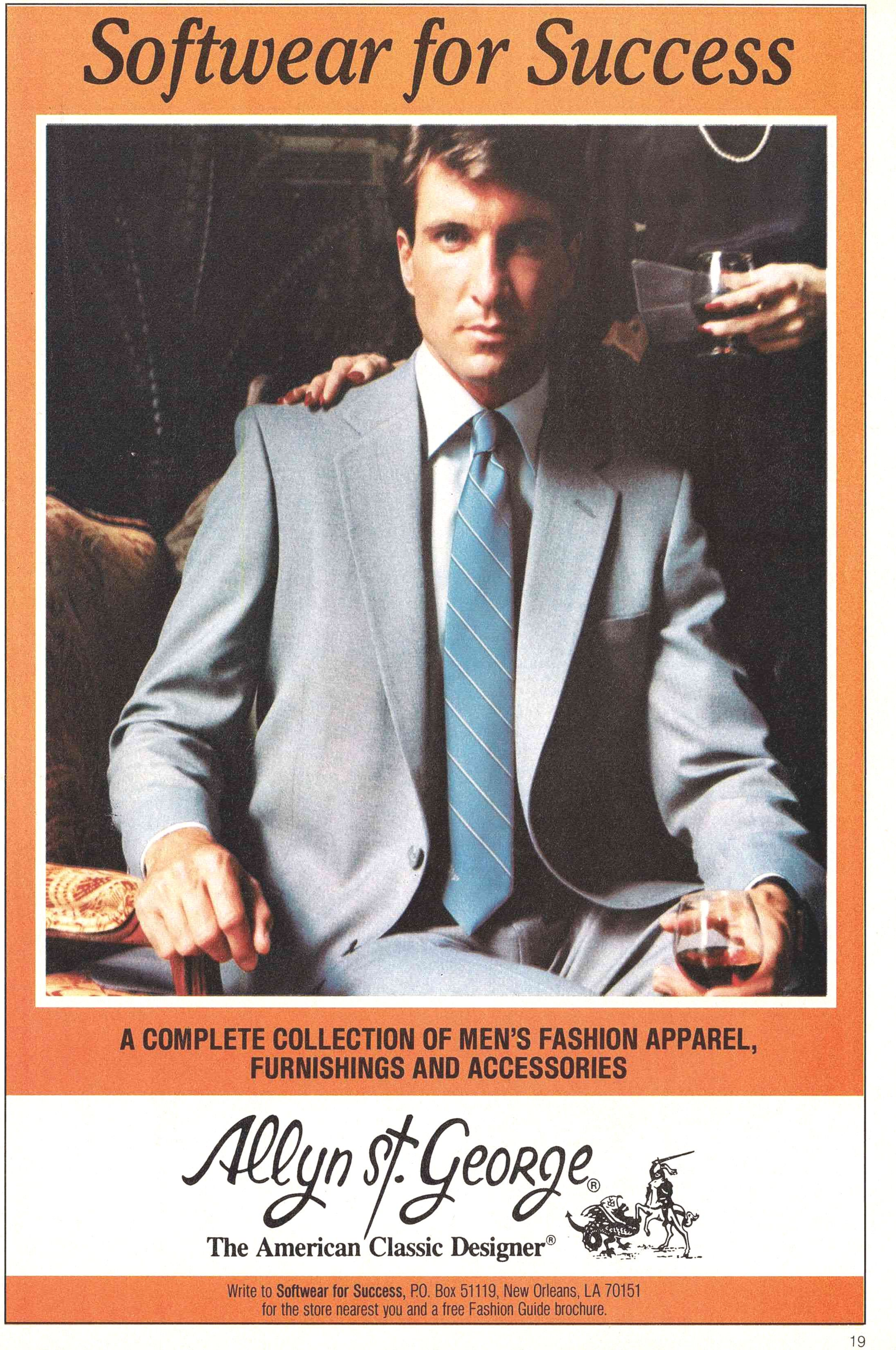
I work nights for a large suburban newspaper chain. I'm free most afternoons, which I use for personal reasons and helping with the family chores. I received a phone call from Nancy, asking if I could pick up some groceries for her. I never thought what was on her mind.

When I arrived at her apartment—which is just two blocks away from mine—she was working her vegetable patch. She wore a loose top with beige shorts. Her tits are still rather firm, and the slight sunburn on her face made her look adorable. She took out a cold beer for herself with two glasses, pouring some for me. "I'll never get that garden finished," she said. "If I had a man around here, it'd sure be different." I ignored the remark, but said if she needed any help, just ask.

With that she smiled and said she needed help and took my hand. We walked to the back of the apartment toward the entrance to the garden. But instead of going into the garden, my soon-to-be-lover closed the curtains and, with her hand holding mine, brought it to her blouse. I stepped back, slightly startled. "I've been terribly lonely for many years, Ed," she said, "ever since my husband died. I've never wanted another man until I saw you that afternoon with Dottie."

I moved toward her slowly and hugged her gently, hoping in some way she'd come to her senses. "Mom, you're a beautiful woman. But do you really know what you're doing?" I said to her, really trying to be a gentleman. Nancy didn't say a word. She ran her hands up and down my back and smiled. Yes, she said. We walked to the middle of the room and she kissed me. I was shocked to feel a strong sensation. She felt great. She rubbed close to me and I started to get a hard-on. We fell to the floor and my beautiful Nancy reached for my rock-hard cock.

"Please, Ed, fuck me. Fuck slow or fuck me hard, but fuck me . . . and fuck me now," she cried while taking off her clothes. Her tits were round and firm with her nipples taut. I licked one of them while she undressed me. She took my finger and shoved it up her cunt, going in and out repeatedly. She was soaking wet and ready to get laid. I asked her to give me head but she refused (she would do it the next time we fucked, three days later), saying she never did it before and she'd need time. I wasn't so modest and soon went down on her. "This is great . . . just fucking great. I can't believe it," she repeated over and over. Slowly, I ran my tongue up and down the length of her cunt, grabbing her clit periodically with my lips and softly pulling. "Don't stop, ever," she pleaded. I worked harder and harder (but more slowly) in bringing her off. That was important to me, and when she cried out loud, very loud, in fact, I knew she came. But I didn't stop. I still kissed and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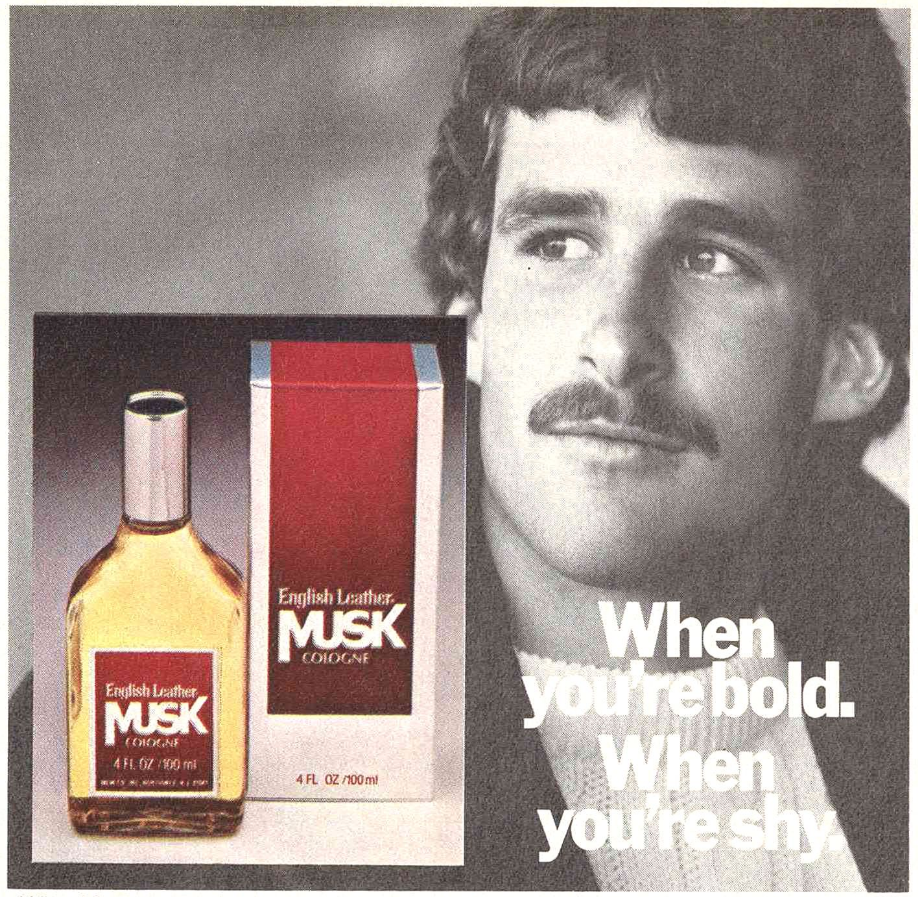
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licked and sucked until I felt she was still horny. I asked if she wanted me and she said yes. I moved up to her, moving very deliberately; I could never rush her, especially since this was her first fuck in many, many years.—*Name and address withheld*

TECHNOLOGICAL BREAKTHROUGH

I'm really beginning to appreciate "space age" inventions because of the vast improvement it has provided me for sex—which I doubt I would have enjoyed without these inventions.

The inventions I'm talking about are the television and the cordless telephone. I have a neighbor couple whom I'll call Jack and Sue. I'm a bit older than they are, so they think of me as a sort of uncle.

It just happens that Jack travels a lot and sometimes when he tries to call Sue she is out in the yard working or sunbathing. Other times she comes over to my house, occasionally to have dinner with me or to watch TV when Jack is traveling. I suggested to Jack that he buy Sue one of those new cordless telephones so that whenever she was in the yard she would still be able to receive his call. They are both in their early thirties, and Sue is a very tasty little, or rather petite, five-foot, 34-23-32 woman in fantastic physical shape. She also has a smile to match her beautiful figure.

Jack was traveling for a week last month. It was on a Tuesday night, about 9 P.M., when Sue came in carrying her new cordless telephone. (She has a key to my house and I live alone.) She wanted me to see her new phone and to watch TV with me. I had a surprise for her, too. I had just gotten a new color TV with remote control. I think it was after 10:30 when I went to fix several cool drinks, and while I was gone Sue had been experimenting with the remote control.

When I sat down beside her on the sofa I realized that she had switched to an X-rated movie. The couple in the film had just finished embracing one another in a standing position and they both began taking their clothes off. It wasn't long before the woman was bare-breasted and then slipping out of her panties. The man, with his back to the camera, was removing the last of his clothing at about the same time. There were some very good shots of the woman on her back with her arms outstretched as the man got on top. The kisses and body movements left no doubt that his love muscle was giving his companion everything she wanted. The camera did a great job of getting terrific shots of the woman obviously enjoying the pleasures of an orgasm.

I had gotten quite aroused within just a few minutes and had been trying to push my erection down so that Sue wouldn't notice it. Then I realized that she had been rubbing her crotch and I knew that she had also gotten aroused. Sue suddenly reached over to the table lamp and turned it off but left the TV on, saying that she still wanted to watch the TV but that she could be doing something else at the same time. She stood up and just started taking off her clothes, saying that she couldn't possibly go home in her present condition and that I'd better hurry and take my clothes off while she was in the mood for doing what she had been watching on TV.

We really gave that sofa a good pounding for about fifteen minutes, and when I suggested that my bed would be more comfortable she grabbed her cordless phone, saying it's a good idea. By the time we had gotten into bed I had regained an erection and discovered what wonderful pleasures I had been missing for about three years.

It was nearly fifteen minutes after we had begun making love again, and by the increase in our tempo we both knew that we were going to be coming very shortly—it was at that very moment when Sue's telephone rang. She reached over and picked it up and I could hear Jack's voice on the other end. They carried on a conversation for more than fifteen minutes. During this conversation I maintained a very, very slow pace that somehow seemed to make my penis grow much larger than it had been earlier. Sue had also continued to keep her rhythm along with mine, and when she hung up the phone she said that she had never enjoyed the feel of a penis inside of her so much. Suddenly we were both going at about 100 miles an hour and we were both spewing love juices inside of her, which was a perfectly heavenly climax as she expressed it.

She went home to her house just shortly before daylight. We had dinner together every evening during the rest of the week and she had me move the remote-controlled TV to the bedroom and I put the old one back in the living room.

The neighbors all know what good friends the three of us are, so they think nothing of it if I should go over to Sue's house during the day or vice versa. Since that first week we have found time for some really close companionship nearly every day during the week and always whenever Jack is out of town on travel.—*Name and address withheld*

CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN

I, like many people, have never thought that I would be writing to your magazine to let others know what has happened in my life to change me for the better. I'm not a creative writer and this letter may not be written in the best style, but I will do my best to relate my story.

To begin with, I am a twenty-two-year-old male and until about nine weeks ago I was content with my life (or so I thought). Then I met my current girl friend, Irene. Since then I have become a petticoated male.

It all happened so subtly that I wasn't

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even aware of how I was being transformed. Irene was so simple with her powers that I actually enjoyed what was occurring. She is twenty-four and an aerobics instructor who teaches classes three times a week with occasional "extra classes" to help us keep in shape.

How she actually helped transform me was pure class. When we first met we hit it off and about two days later I asked her to go out after one of her classes. One thing led to another that evening and we began some heavy petting back at her place.

During our making out she had managed to remove most of my clothing and I had done my best to assist her in removing the workout leotard she was wearing. She said that she wasn't too keen on making love but that she would love to wrap my cock in a pair of her panties and then masturbate me.

Well, when she wrapped those panties around me and worked my erection up and down, I was in heaven. Irene soon brought me to a climax and then asked me to help relieve her desire by spending some time with my head between her legs. Once again I was ready, willing, and able.

We didn't get a chance to go out again until three days later, when she invited me to attend one of her classes. Once again our evening ended up like the first.

We began seeing each other on a regular basis, and one evening when Irene and I were in bed, she slipped a pair of her panties on me while we were preparing to make love. Even though she was very oral, she did enjoy making love in the regular way.

The first time she had me wear her panties, I thought that it was just a little game to add spice to our lovemaking. In fact, she was right. I got very turned on by feeling the smooth nylon rubbing against my cock.

During the second week, I came over right after she had gotten home from her class and she was in the bathtub relaxing. She asked me to help her bathe, and then, while we were getting all clean, she asked me to help shave her legs. Well, one thing led to another, and while I was shaving her legs she ended up shaving mine. We laughed and had a fun time and then Irene started to shave my chest and underarms.

At first I wondered what she had in mind, but she said that she disliked all that hair and I was not in any mood to argue, because all the time she was shaving me, she was also keeping me nice and erect.

Just as soon as we toweled off we jumped in bed, and I must say that as we made love really in the "raw" I couldn't have cared less about a few body hairs.

After a couple of days I really began to itch from the hairs trying to grow back, and Irene said I should just remain clean-shaven because she loved the way I felt next to her. She even said she would help keep me that way.

That night when we made love, she came in wearing a pair of nylons and a garter belt with no panties. She asked me to service her while she rubbed her nylon-encased legs over my head and body. I mean to tell you, I was just wild with desire and she knew it. Before I could finish making love to her she said she wanted to feel my legs in her nylons. It was just a matter of minutes before Irene had gotten another pair out of her drawer and had them on me. We made wild love that night, and now that I look back I realize that as soon as we started, she removed hers but I was left with mine on.

Not too much else happened the next week, but Irene did have me start coming to one of her small classes to help me get in better shape.

Well, to make a long nine-week story short, I found that I began to enjoy the feel of panties and nylons, especially after Irene had me wear them to work one day under my clothes. She had conveniently kept me out late one night and when we got up the next morning at her house, I was late for work. Irene had hidden my underwear and suggested that I could wear a pair of hers to work. Well, what could I do? Besides, who would ever see them?

It soon became a regular habit and I got to the point where I didn't even think about it. It was second nature to me.

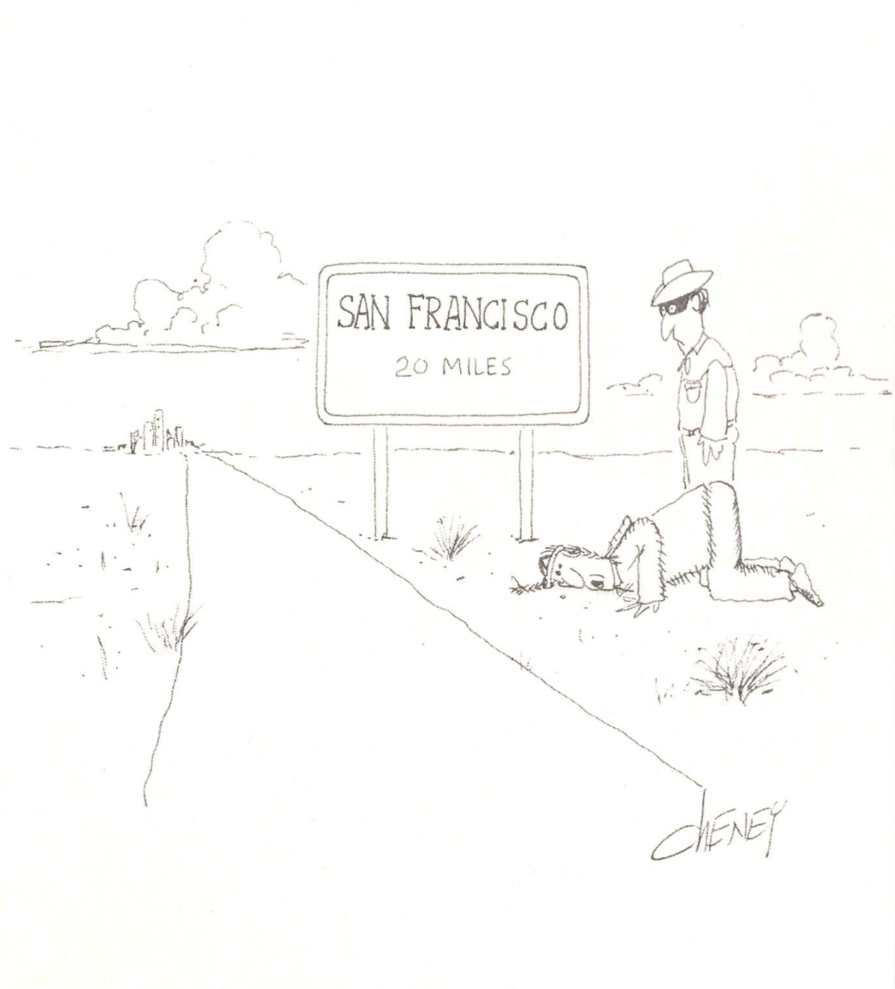
The highlight came about the sixth week, when Irene had me help her with some shopping. We started at one of the local department stores where one of the girls in our class worked. We began looking at bras. While we were looking she kept asking me which ones I liked. To me they all looked about the same, and because I thought that they were for her, I finally helped her to choose four different types.

After bras and panties, we looked at slips and pajamas and everything that was in the department. We then spent some time buying nylons and garter belts and we looked at a few dresses.

Before the day was over I was not only the proud owner of a new wardrobe but I even got to try on new shoes where a girl in Irene's class worked. Because I was still wearing my nylons and my toenails were polished, I got extremely excited when I had to try on shoes.

I ended up going home with a complete wardrobe, shoes, and makeup. Irene even bought me a new leotard and tights outfit for her aerobics class. Once we got home, all my old male underwear was destroyed and my section of the bathroom was transformed into a completely female bathroom.

I look back now and realize that Irene handled me exactly as I needed to be handled. I am completely happy, completely panty trained, and I wear my male clothes only to work. Irene loves me dearly and I am fortunate to have such a wonderful woman to help me through life. We have become not only lovers but great girl friends, and we enjoy shopping and aero-



"Proctologists, Kimosabe! Lots and lots of proctologists!"

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bics exercises together each week.

Both Irene and I love reading your letters; and while she doesn't know about my letter yet, it will be a great thrill for her to read it in some future issue. It's my way of thanking her for being so wonderful. —*Name and address withheld*

OVER THERE

I've never written you before because, to be honest, I never believed people really had those wild times.

I love to read the "Forum" letters, and one of the reasons I joined the military is 'cause I once read a letter in your magazine from a soldier that made me think, "Hey, that could be my chance for the *big affair* in my life."

Well, it happened last weekend when one of my army buddies got out of the service. Two beautiful dancers at a club downtown invited my buddy to spend his "last weekend" with them at their house. Matt, my buddy, took them up on the offer. He needed a ride to the girls' house, and my trusty truck was available.

We got to Viola and J.P.'s house about 2:00 P.M. on a lazy Friday, after spending an hour picking through Matt's crazed mind for the address. I couldn't believe these two girls! They're bikini dancers at one of the local clubs soldiers frequent. Viola is about five-one, with long, straight brown hair and a suntanned body that looks like polished mahogany. J.P. is slightly shorter, with true red hair and a sexily freckled body that makes G.I.s stay up nights.

We got Matt settled in and lit up some killer weed I had. After rearranging our thoughts with drugs, the talk turned to sex. Viola was definitely ready and her nipples were at attention to prove it. As we sat next to one another smoking from the bong, I felt Viola's hand touch my thigh. My cock got hard so fast I thought the elastic in my shorts ripped. We French-kissed on the couch for a few minutes, long enough to make sure we both wanted to make love. She took me by the hand into her bedroom. Viola makes her bed on the floor of her room, for reasons I was about to find out. She got out of her skintight jeans and athletic top and showed me her beautiful tan. Her skin looks like expensive wood that's been handcrafted into a rich brown finish. It freaks me out because I've never had anyone so perfect before.

I just had to taste her pussy. It smelled so good. I have to admit that pussy eating is my favorite pastime, so Viola got my best efforts. When Viola wants to really get off, she grabs the back of my head and pulls it to her, whispering "Eat me, baby. Use your tongue." I've never been one to disobey, so I did my best. When she finished, I kissed my way up her body and gave her everything I have with my cock. I was pretty stoned, as was Viola, so we crashed out till daylight.

That next morning, Matt asked me to drive him to his dealer's house. Viola said she'd come along, so off we went. J.P. stayed in bed, probably from frustration. Her husband is overseas right now, and she's being faithful—though it's killing her.

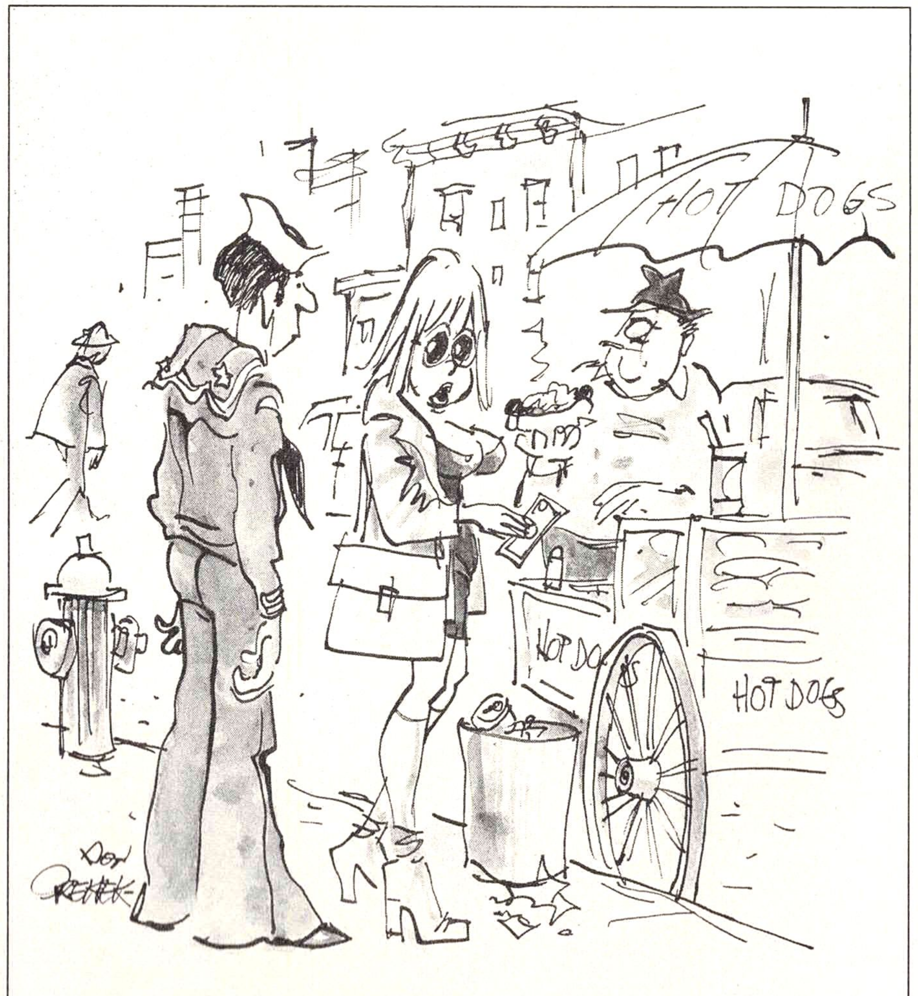
With drugs in hand, we spent another day stoned to the max. That night I stopped by the club to see how Matt was doing and to watch the girls dance. Each girl has her own style that makes the audience cream their jeans. I gave both girls and Matt a ride home after closing time.

We got to the house and fired another bowl of pot. Once again the discussion turned to sex, and J.P. complained she was really lonely without her man. One thing led to another, and all three of us wound up in Viola's room, on her bed. I promised to keep J.P.'s wedding vows intact and only eat her, and Viola promised to wear me out so I wouldn't want to do anything else. J.P.'s pussy tasted like sweet wine, and the red hair made me think I was grazing in a strawberry patch. While I was letting J.P. get off, Viola was letting me get off in her box. She slid under me with her ass and slipped my now hard cock into her. The effect had me eating J.P. even harder, and she started moaning her husband's name. I couldn't hold back any longer, and Viola's movement on my shaft told me everyone was ready. I gave one last hard lick on J.P. and shoved as much as I could into Viola. It seemed that we all came at once, and for a minute I thought the bed came apart, but it didn't. That's my soldier weekend, and I won't soon forget it.—*Name and address withheld*

JUDGE'S CHAMBERS

I'm different from most of your readers in that I believe the stories in your "Forum" column. The reason I believe them is I've had a few wild ones myself, and here's one for your readers. This is just one of a million ways of making love (or if you prefer, getting nookie). The story that follows is true and the names have been omitted to protect the guilty.

This "story" occurred with myself and my lover, a very desirable lady. She's a legal secretary for a judge and is a frequent lunch/dinner/dessert partner of mine. On this one particular afternoon, we planned a luncheon together, which normally consisted of her meeting me outside of the courtroom and us going off into some cozy, little rendezvous place. Well, this day was quite a different and unique erotic experience compared with some of our others, because I was running rather late. I finally got to my lunch date and it was already 1:00 P.M., so there was every reason for her to be angry with me. Instead, she suggested that rather than have lunch, we could go upstairs to her office. When we first got into the office, the phone rang. She answered it while I jokingly pulled down her pants and panties to her knees and proceeded to chew on her fleshy lips below her navel.



"Come back in a half hour. I'm out to lunch now."

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ALL NATURAL TOBACCO

HOW CAN ANYTHING THAT LOOKS SO WILD TASTE SO MILD?

Needless to say, the phone call went quickly. I did not know at the time that she had all her work done and had planned a surprise for me instead of the other way around. She took me into the judge's chambers (the boss was gone), and seeing as how it was getting close to Thanksgiving (gobble, gobble), she peeled off my clothes (peeled because I'm a Libra and feel truly secure only when partially clothed) and had me naked "in chambers" and proceeded to give me a deep-throat blowjob.

Her sweet lips caressed my erect penis and she fondled my balls with her teeth, tongue, and hands. She sucked me until I thought I would explode, but I managed to hold it back for a few more minutes. Now, to go back in history, we had been in this position before (me, in her mouth, in her office), and that time I did reach blast-off. But on this particular day, one of us, in a fit of passion, suggested we use the empty courtroom. She ran in, naked (gee, I guess somewhere in there I got her clothes off), and she pulled all the blinds and showed me where not to stick my body parts because of the alarm bells. I could not have lost my hard-on for anything at that point, and she definitely took over then. The following is her description of the event:

"One minute I was a nice respectable lady and the next, an animal. He drove me to do strange things. I ran naked through the courtroom closing curtains. Naturally the strings were on the wrong side of the windows and we were sure the people in the building opposite loved the flash. Then I approached him as he sat in the judge's chair behind the bench, with his own personalized, rock-hard eight-inch gavel sticking out from between his legs. I tried to finish what we started in the judge's chambers, but we had to make contact fast with our interlocking parts. In other words, I jumped on his dick. Wow, do they know how to make a judge's chair; it rocks, it swings, it does all sorts of things. He moved his hips and penetrated to my very center with his plunges and thrusts. I have heard of juicy before, but this was out of sight. Supposedly the wheels of justice move slow, but in this case, they were really moving. We both came just before the phone rang (the evidence was on the bench). Quite a mess, all told, since we had only a few tissues with which to mop up the results. (Man, does this guy have a load!)"

Yes, I am still employed. Yes, this has been repeated a few times in various parts of the courthouse.—*Name and address withheld*

MAIL CALL!

My girl friend moved to the East Coast last summer. We decided that the distance was not going to cut our relationship short of some of the aspects we enjoyed most while together, namely, sex. So we started having sex over the phone and writing letters to each other. Rather than tell you myself what they're about, I'll transcribe one of the first letters she sent me:

"Now it's my turn to drive you wild with desire. This is going to be a slow, pleasurable torture. You roll over on your stomach (my request) and I begin rubbing you—your back, your shoulders, arms, neck, then your feet, legs, and buns. I am really after your buns—we're both too hot for a sustained althletic massage. I take each of your buns in one hand and make circular pressing motions. The pressure goes through to the front of you and your cock is rubbed gently against the cool sheets. Then I mount the back of you, lying so as to almost cover you and I put my clit in between your buns—the little penis it is! I am wet and this begins to lubricate you. I slowly move down so my mouth can reach your buns and travel across your anus to your balls and I lick them and play with them with my tongue. I travel the same course back, stopping to play a little more with your ass with my tongue. I pop it in and out a few times and reach in between your legs with my hand to massage your balls a little more.

"Going back down, I position myself so my breasts are around your balls and I am still able to play with your buns and ass with my tongue and hands. I am concentrating on this area while your cock is stiff

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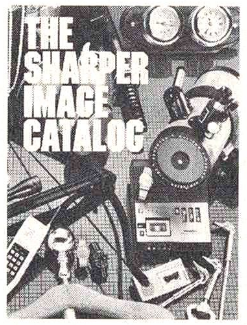

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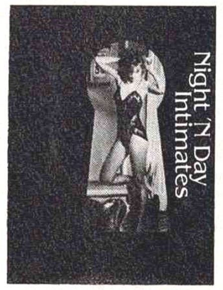

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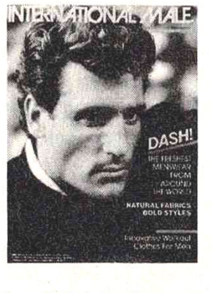

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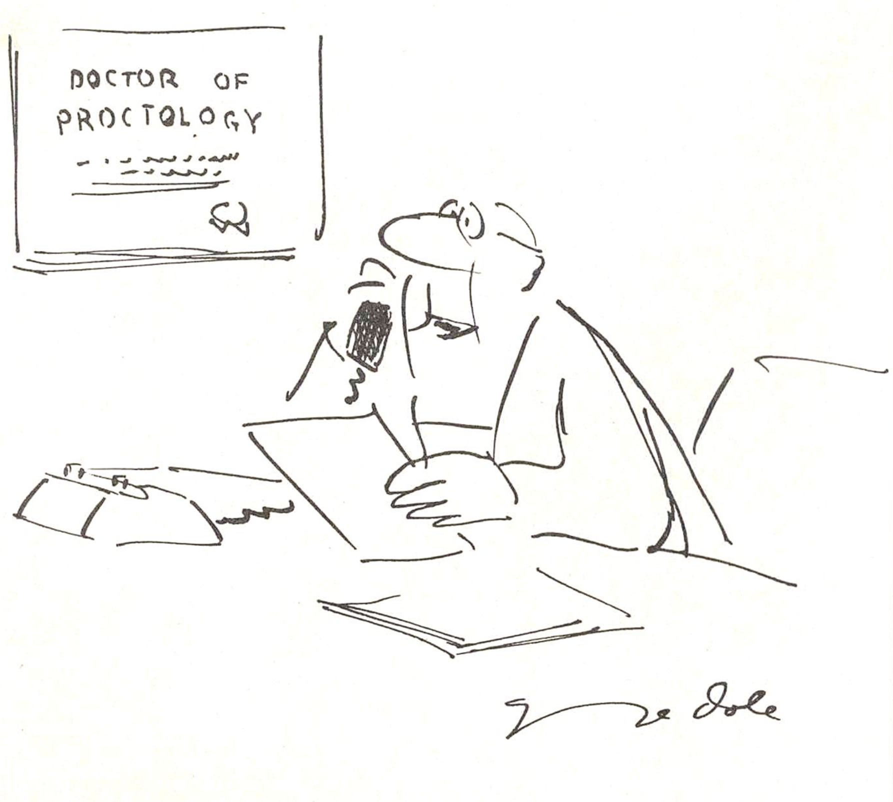
and throbbing against the bed. I motion you to roll over and begin my exploration there. Again my journey starts up top, kissing you. Now our tastes and smells are merging together. My tongue fucks your mouth, indicating what is to come. . . . I kiss your neck and chest and suck on *your* boobs while the tip of your cock is touching my wet cunt. It tries to gain entry but not yet! I play with your nipples and then move downward. My breasts are gliding against your abdomen and they are first to touch your cock (which is *so* hungry). I move down and kiss your loins, my hair brushes against your cock as I kiss all around your genital area. I then move on, rubbing, kissing your legs, your feet: I am determined to have all of you. I take your big toe and stick it in my vagina so you can feel how wet I am, how tight I am and I can feel what it's like to have another part of you inside me. While your toe is in me I lean over and touch the tip of your cock with my mouth. You lean toward me, you want me to smother it, but instead I tease you for a while longer by giving it little strokes and moving away. Then I settle down on top of you, breasts touching your balls again, my mouth positioned to take all of you. I take long licks up and down the entire shaft, then I circle the top and go all around it to the base. My strokes are first long, then little licks concentrating at the base and flicking my tongue upward. I capture your whole cock in my mouth and you moan with pleasure and grab my head, pushing it further down, then up. I sense you're almost coming, so I move my mouth off for a moment. I reach down and take some of my love juice onto my fingers and rub your cock with my hand, stroking it the way you do when you masturbate.

"You slow down a little and I move up so you can suck my breasts. Your cock is again touching but not in my vagina. I roll on my back and pull you onto me. I want you to fuck me hard. I'm feeling close to coming. I put my finger on my clit and your cock inside me. The feeling of 'ahhh' comes over me . . . the feeling I've waited for all my life . . . the feeling of completion with you. I put my legs around your shoulders and you begin to make long thrusts in and out. I am rubbing my clit with one hand and trying to touch your balls with the other. You go so deep I feel you totally filling my vagina with your hard cock. I am closer and closer to coming and you make your thrusts faster, harder. I could go on like this for days but neither of us will last much longer. We're both on the edge and you grab my breasts and pull at my nipples and I'm starting to come and you do, which makes me continue while you thrust faster and faster against me. You come so long and so hard and I'm making my "second comeback" with an intense but shorter orgasm. Your penis stays inside me for a while, you still on top of me. I feel so happy with you on me, around me. Sex is magical with you, baby. I really do leave this world into a world of sensation—all driven by a desire to have and be everything to you. I want to be able to drive you crazy in many different ways. I'm going to perfect my oral sex techniques the next time we're together. Just wait!"

I did wait, and believe me, she's nothing short of perfect now.—*Name and address withheld*



"Stick two suppositories up your ass and call me in the morning."

DRESSED FOR THE PART

Our story relates to one that you had published in the February 1983 "Penthouse Forum" entitled "Style-Conscious Guy." Both my wife and I are avid readers of your magazine and have been for years. We always enjoy reading about others' experiences and they have enhanced our own lives sexually, since we try what others have done.

In this article, the woman was glad to see men declaring their desires to wear lingerie. As my wife and I read this story we laughed. I remember we were both sitting on the couch relaxing, as we do several times a week before we make love. She was sitting there wearing a low-cut black bra, black garter belt, black crotchless panties, black-seamed stockings, and her black high heels. Her face was completely fresh with makeup and her lips were full of deep red color. I remember, because I always help my wife get dressed, put on her face, and paint her fingernails and toenails for the evening. I was sitting next to her in my short bikini pants, as that is the only way my wife likes me. As I read the article I began to have an erection and my wife noticed it. As she put her hand on me she said, "Honey, is there anything you want to tell me?" As I looked at her in her lingerie and kissed her lips, she began to rub my enlarged cock. Then as I closed the magazine and set it down, we moved into the bedroom, where we sat on the bed. As we sat there making out and I ran my hands all over her body and each article of clothing she had on, she again asked me if there was anything I wanted to tell her. When I asked her why she kept asking me this question, she brought back up the article I was reading at the time of my erection. I tried to pass it off to her as being just a coincidence but she didn't believe me. As we made love that evening with her still wearing the articles of clothing I'd put on her earlier, she asked me if I'd like her to put a pair of her crotchless panties on me. At first I said no, but as we lay in bed she said, "Come on, it will make us both feel better, and isn't that what we're here to do?" Then she got out of bed and went to the dresser and opened the drawer. She removed a pair of red panties and returned to the bed.

As I put them on, the feeling was out of this world and I know she noticed it. "How do they feel?" she asked. I said they were all right, but a little tight. She told me that she would take care of that problem in the morning and we finished our evening both wearing our crotchless panties. As I left the house the next morning she told me she was going shopping, and if I tried to call her and there was no answer, that's where she'd be.

When I came home she said, "Honey, why don't we stay home tonight and relax for the evening?" I said that sounded good to me and we went into the bedroom and I repeated the process of the night before. First, I put on her makeup, then dressed her, and as I started to get into my bikini panties my wife handed me a pair of red crotchless panties in my size.

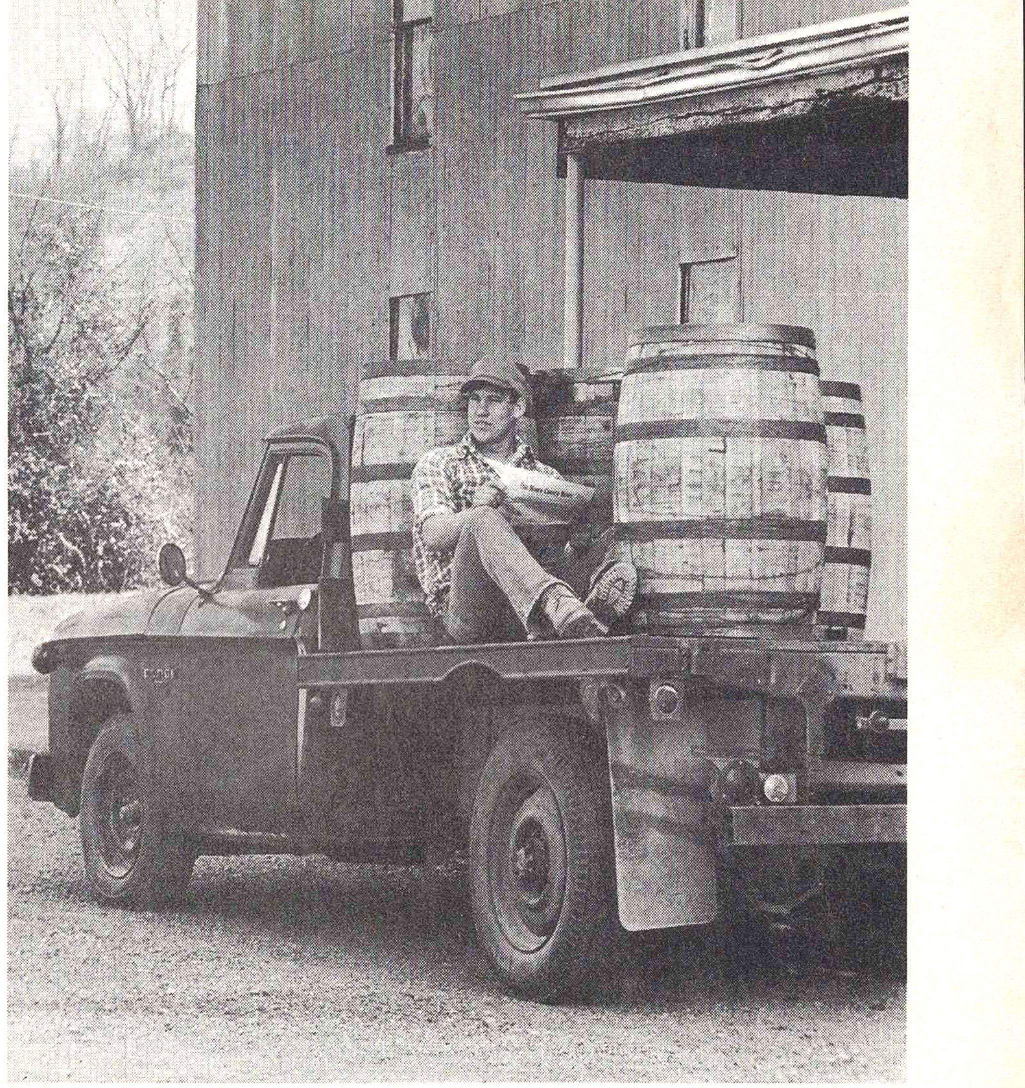
Here again I started to have an erection and she said, "Honey, you know you want to wear these panties, don't you?" and I told her that I did. She then asked me to move out to the couch. As I sat there she came out with more presents and put them on the couch. As I opened the packages I found more crotchless panties, stockings, bras, slips, garter belts, a dress and skirt, blouse, and a pair of shoes in my size.

Before I knew it I was wearing a red low-cut bra, red crotchless panties, red garter belt with black-seamed stockings, a mini-slip, and heels. My wife finished the job by making up my face. As she got the make-up and returned to the couch, I was harder than I've ever been. She put the dress on me and I felt like I had died and gone to heaven. The only thing left were my lips. My wife pulled out one of her lipsticks and began to apply it to my lips.

When she had finished she sat back to admire her new friend. As we kissed and held each other she told me that she was enjoying our new turn-on, and I told her that I loved it too. As we made out that night and removed the dress, we made love both dressed in our lingerie and high heels. We've done this many times since and we both have our own lingerie collection, which we use very often. Our marriage or sex lives couldn't be better. We'd both like to thank "Penthouse Forum" and "Style-Conscious Guy" for what has been our best experience ever.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $2.50 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS
Pia Zadora, who appears on page 105, was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Canon T50 camera and Tiffen filters. Pet of the Month Nadine Greenlaw, who appears on page 79, was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 80-200 and 500 lenses, and Kodachrome 64 film. "Showgirl," which begins on page 59, was photographed by Ed Holzman with a Nikon FM camera and Nikkor 75-150 and 80-200 zoom lenses.



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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

MEN'S RIGHTS

Sidney Siller, in your "Advise & Dissent" essay "Wife Rape—Who Really Gets Screwed" (May 1983), correctly identifies the primary motivation of the women's movement's choice to support rape convictions in marriage—political power in marriage. Unfortunately, that has been a common motivation for many issues raised by "feminists" over the last decade, in which they've perpetuated a myth that women have no power in our culture and are thus subjected to a tyranny from those who hold it all—men. In ignorance they've failed to explore sources of power beyond the economic sphere or surreptitiously failed to reveal what those other areas of power might be. They've thus closed the doors of full exploration of issues and perpetuated a traditional stereotype designed to elicit sympathy and support, namely, that women are victims and men are their victimizers.

Again Sid Siller hits the mark in his call for a unified men's movement. It makes very little difference what the issue is for public debate—domestic violence, economic parity, child abuse, sexual harassment, rape, whatever. The scenario and cast of characters run a familiar and repeating theme: women as innocent victims subjected to the tyranny of powerful and insensitive men. The called-for movement by Siller would provide advocacy of men's needs, giving balance and credibility to an "equal rights" movement that has forgotten that men, too, are needful human beings, affected by sexism and the chauvinism women inflict on him. It would bring the anti-sexist movement back to its original intent: equal rights and equal opportunity for everyone.—*John Rossler, Vice President, Equal Rights for Fathers of New York State, Inc.*

Obviously we agree with you. Mr. Siller's first "Men's Rights" column can be found on page 35.—The Editors

CALIGULA UNBOUND

With no hesitation or delay, allow me to say in as succinct a manner as possible that your film *Caligula* has topped my list as my favorite film ever in the twenty-four years I've been alive to see films. Most of my life has been devoted primarily to the family-style shows (not Disney, though) and various musicals and comedies, but *Caligula* totally took over my life when I first saw the uncut, unrated version two years ago, and I am finally getting up the nerve to write and say how much I have worshiped it (as a film, that is).

I also have the soundtrack album, which is the prettiest music from one film that I have ever heard—the love theme adapted from Khatchaturian's *Spartacus* ranks, in my opinion, as the most tender love theme I've ever heard at any time.

I do not know if there was a major merchandising campaign of any sort at the time the film was originally released, such as buttons, T-shirts, or anything like that—but let me tell you, I would be so proud to wear something like that, anywhere at all! I'm trying to see how I can make a T-shirt with the coin logo from the album cover. Where there's a will, there's a way.

I recently saw the "new" version of *Caligula* at a theater in Portland, Oreg.—the extremely cut version, I should say. An "R" rating makes it necessary to cut out soooo much that the plot, the beauty, the romance between Caligula and Drusilla, and a fair amount of logical progression, not to mention the boat brothel and the pleasure palace of Tiberius's, are lost. Is there any possibility that the film will be released again in its entirety, at some future time, or is the new "R" version now the final version, for all eternity? I hope not. Theresa Ann Savoy and Helen Mirren both lost considerable footage, and of course, the erotic sequence between Lori Wagner and Anneka di Lorenzo is gone. I don't usually have a taste for such scenes, but that particular one will always stand out in my mind. So will the various savage scenes, such as the marriage of Livia and Proculus, and the torture ward, and the pleasure (?) palace, and Proculus's execution. As explicit and violent as many of the events portrayed were, they were very clearly photographed by Mr. Brass and his crew, and extremely well acted and effected. And that's the sort of thing, besides just the content, that really impresses me.

I do hope the original *Caligula* is in a safe vault somewhere, to be released again entirely at some point in the near future. I miss it! Even at $5.00 to $7.50 per showing, it was worth it (I've seen it forty-three times, the new one only once). Well worth it.

Anyway, enough of this carrying on. I just wanted to let you know that I much admire your impressive film, and to wish you the best of luck in any future endeavors and ventures. My utmost and sincerest praise also to Danilo Donato's exquisite designs of sets, costumes, even make-up—a flawless effort!—*Allan R. Mayer, Kirkland, Wash.*

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ESCORT WINS
NOV 1982 CAR and DRIVER TEST

"The Escort, a perennial favorite of these black-box comparisons, is still the best radar detector money can buy. The Escort is a quality piece of hardware."

ESCORT WINS
DEC 1981 BMWCCA ROUNDEL TEST

"The Escort is a highly sophisticated and sensitive detector that has been steadily improved over the years... In terms of what all it does, nothing else comes close."

ESCORT WINS
SEPT 1980 CAR and DRIVER TEST

"Ranked according to performance, the Escort is first choice... The Escort boasts the most careful and clever planning, the most pleasing packaging, and the most solid construction of the lot."

ESCORT WINS
MAY 1980 BMWCCA ROUNDEL TEST

"This unit... consistantly outperformed the other products and is the standard to which the others are compared. If you want the best, this is it. There is nothing else like it."

ESCORT WINS
FEB 1979 CAR and DRIVER TEST

"Only one model, the Escort, truly stood out from the rest... once you try the Escort, all the rest seem a bit primitive. In no test did any of the other detectors even come close."

ESCORT: "A GENUINE BREAKTHROUGH"
—CAR and DRIVER

If you keep up with magazine tests, you know that ESCORT does more than just outperform other radar detectors. In its most recent evaluation, Car and Driver concluded: *"The Escort radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..."* But performance, as measured by warning distance, is *not* the new breakthrough. After all, ESCORT has been beating all comers since its introduction in 1978.

Now There's More To It
While long detection range is obviously essential it does *nothing* to solve a problem that has cropped up in the last year. In fact, increasing range by itself just makes the problem worse. If you already have a good superheterodyne unit, you know what we mean. A new generation of imported detector *transmits* radar signals, and can set off your unit as far as a mile away. The longer the range of your unit, the farther away you find them. As Car and Driver pointed out last November: *"Since there are far more detectors on the road than police radar units, interference... could become a genuine nuisance."*

Low Level Contamination
At first it was just an irritation. At least ESCORT owners had a way of distinguishing the polluters from the real thing. Our unique audio warning differentiates between the two police radar bands: it "beeps" for X band and "braps" for K band. The polluters' trashy signals triggered both warnings at once, and made a new sound—different than the sounds for police radar. (The rest of the industry didn't even know there was a new problem. Their detectors were making the same sounds as always, just more often.)

Radar Epidemic
As more and more of the "polluting detectors" hit the streets, the problem became more serious. If one of the "polluters" is approaching in an oncoming lane, the alarm from your detector is brief. But if it's traveling the same direction as you, your alarm can go on for *miles*. And the offending detector doesn't have to be in the car right next to yours. It can be ahead or behind, and up to a mile away. A very serious problem indeed.

Pollution Clean-Up
The problem required an entirely new approach. Examining the interference from these imports, our engineers discovered a subtle difference between their signals and those of police radar, even though they were on the same frequency. The solution, then, was to design new circuitry that would reject the pollution while—and this was the hard part—maintaining ESCORT's industry-leading response to pulsed and instant-on radar. We named it ST/O/P™ (STatistical Operations Processor), and it consists of a CMOS digital processor with built-in memory. ST/O/P is not simple, and it's not cheap. But it is, in our opinion, the most important breakthrough in radar detection since superheterodyne. Car and Driver would seem to agree: *"Now, all the world's Radio Shack detectors can hum right by your car in full microwave broadcast mode and your Escort will sit on your dash as politely and silently as a canary-fed cat."*

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To insure efficient and prompt service, we will use a special reservation system for scheduling the "ST/O/P Retrofit" service. DO NOT SEND YOUR ESCORT, but please send a card or letter (no phone calls, please) with your name, address, and serial number to the following special processing address:
ST/O/P Reservations, P.O. Box 228, Mason, Ohio 45040.
We will then send you a special shipping label and details on how and when you can send us your ESCORT.

We're glad that you enjoyed Caligula *as much as we enjoyed making it. And we agree with you: the "R" version of* Caligula *was a mistake. It has been withdrawn and will not be distributed again. The original version of* Caligula, *we're happy to announce, is safe and intact and has been released again.*—The Editors

THOSE LIPS, THOSE EYES

Stuck here in a small, gloomy, obscure island country in the farther reaches of the Southern Hemisphere, I find one of the few highlights in my dull and dreary life at present is the beautiful pictorial in your February 1983 issue of Danielle Martin. She must easily rank as one of the most beautiful women these young eyes have ever had the pleasure of feasting on. Her eyes, her mouth, her platinum locks, her skin, her legs, her breasts, her buttocks,—everything about her is perfectly molded and superbly erotic. Special compliments to photographer Ed Holzman for producing such an outstanding spread on such a gorgeous woman.—*Name withheld, Auckland, New Zealand*

I have heard people denigrate your magazine by saying that the women are fat. Bullchips! I've been reading *Penthouse* for almost ten years and have never been disappointed. Your women are fine! And they're certainly not fat. You give us only what we want: the best.

It's a shame that our society is preoccupied with being thin. I mean, really, who wants to get down with a bag of rattling bones? With a woman whose limbs are so thin that you can tie them into knots? I'm sure there are many other guys out there who feel the same way.

I'd like to nominate Carmen Pope for Pet of the Year. She's got a fit body fit for a king. What eyes! What a face! I'm melting!—*Name withheld*

I am not a regular reader, but I just might become one if you continue with pictures like those in the June pictorial "Steve and Leanne." All were in good taste. Please keep up this good type of work.—*Jack Robet, St. Robert, Mo.*

CORINNE

Ever since Corinne Alphen graced the pages of *Penthouse* magazine (June 1978, August 1981, and November 1982), I have been in a state of shock. Corinne's beauty is unparalleled. Having her as the 1982 Pet of the Year gave me much delight. I was able to view her charms again. Corinne should be allowed to appear in *Penthouse* on an annual basis.

Watching Corinne in "Spring Break" was the break of my life. She was terrific. I am a devoted fan and a happy man.—*David E. Rotenizer, Blacksburg, Va.*

SHARPE'S THE ONE

Your June issue is the greatest! The three ladies featured in your pictorials are enough to keep an old farm boy like me in heat all day long.

Janet Sharpe, the June Pet of the Month, is the best in a while. What a fox!—*Paul Markley, Watseka, Ill.*

HANK LONDONER

Your June 1983 coverage of Pet of the Month Janet Sharpe is the most exquisite and explicit portrayal of womanhood in all its natural beauty that I have seen offered the reading public. *Penthouse* gets better with each issue.—*Name withheld*

After purchasing your June 1983 issue, I just wanted to write to tell you how much I enjoyed viewing your *Penthouse* Pet of the Month, Miss Janet Sharpe.

Looking at her half-shaven pussy was a tremendous turn-on for me. What a sight!

Yours is a first-class magazine, with first-class models, and I hope to see many more of your models in pictorials with partially shaven pussies.

Keep up the class act; this sure was one "sharpe" Pet of the Month. How about one more look at Janet?—*Name withheld*

Here's another look (above) at our Southern belle.—The Editors

ON PAROLE

I am writing to you in regard to your article "Parole: Whose Life Is It, Anyway?" in the July issue of your magazine. After reading your article, I came away with a feeling that you had been biased and one-sided in your opinions.

I am currently incarcerated at Jackson Prison in Jackson, Mich., and I most naturally have strong feelings where parole is concerned. Does not each person, short of cold-blooded butchers, have the right to the benefit of the chance to attempt a reentry into society? I am not speaking, as you were, of violent rapists and butchers, but I am speaking in regard to the average prisoner. What about the kid who attempted an armed robbery so that he could supply his heroin addiction? Or what about the prisoner who received a three-year prison term for kicking in his brother-in-law's car door? I can see no reason or excuse for stereotyping all of the inmate population due to the case history of a few real assholes.

The mass murderers, butchers, and violent rapists that you spoke of in your article are only a very select few, a small minority of the prison population. I may have been mistaken in my interpretation of your article, and I hope I was, but I came away with the idea that you were condoning the extinction of parole. Who the hell has the right to take away all hope of release from this scumland of a warehouse called prison just because of a mistake one made where (though a weapon may have been used) no one was ever hurt or in any way even touched except in their wallet? I am by no means condoning crime, but I am rather asking you as a voice in the media to remain unbiased in your viewpoints and to refrain from stereotyping hundreds of thousands of individuals just because a few of them are degenerated fuck-ups.

I subscribe to your magazine and I enjoy your articles, interviews, and by all means your pictorials. I plan to continue my subscription in the future, but please try to be a bit more in touch with the truth when you speak out about prisoners and the one thing that so many of us here within these walls are working toward and trying so hard to *earn* . . . parole.

I for one am more than determined to remain in society when I am released and to submit to the laws that govern us. So when you speak of revoking men's and women's chances for parole, please leave me out of your stereotyped picture. I know that I can make it within society when I go home . . . and I am not the only one who feels that way.—*Steven H. Nix, Jackson, Mich.*

John Godwin replies:

I must point out that all the criminals mentioned in my article are multiple murderers or rapists, frequently both. There was no question of equating their parole prospects with those of the nonviolent majority of prisoners.

What infuriates the public is the grotesquery of an eightfold killer like Richard Speck, serving eight life sentences, coming up for annual parole hearings—the first taking place after he had served all of seven years! There is a grave danger that public overreaction to such legalistic clowning may result in the elimination of parole chances even for those who deserve them.

I must respond to John Godwin's slanted views on parole. One brief passage is one of the most asinine, blundering pieces of balderdash I have ever encountered: "Parole board members can rightly claim that outside interference often thwarts their own, much more knowledgeable verdicts." Since Mr. Godwin never once mentioned the United States Parole Commission, I realize, of course, that he could

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

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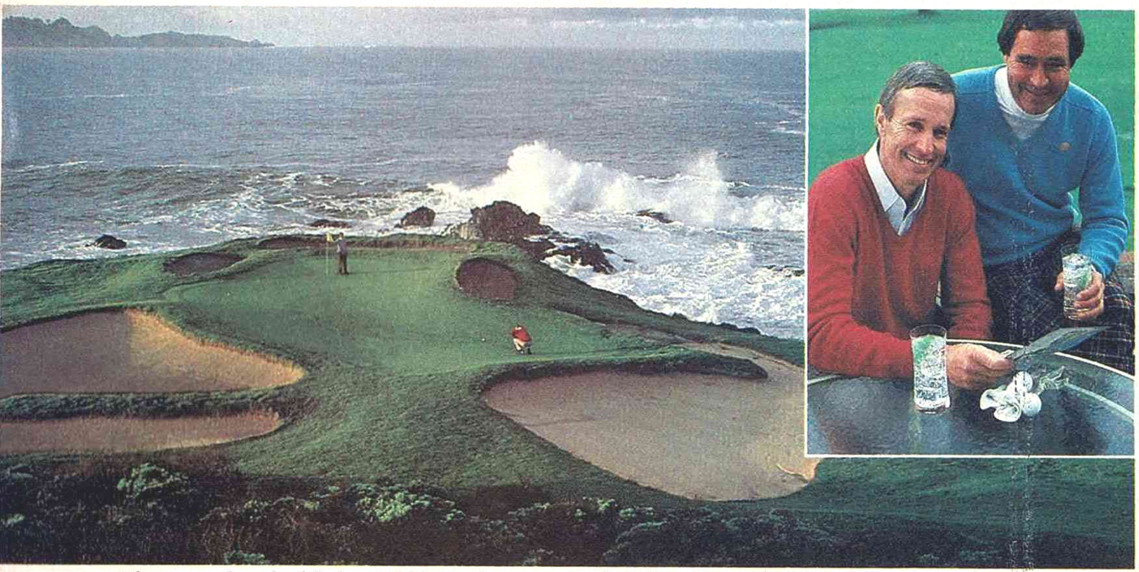
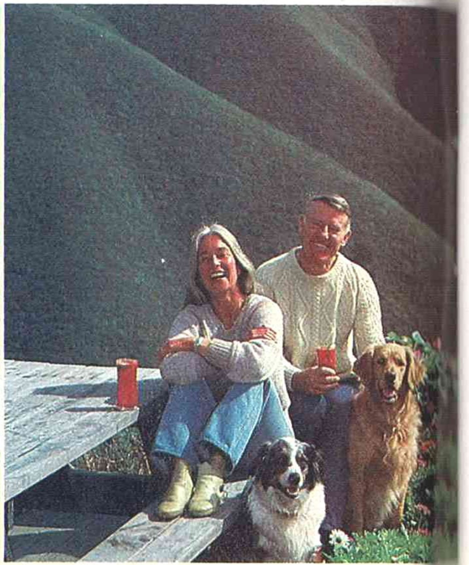
Rum. It's What's Happening.

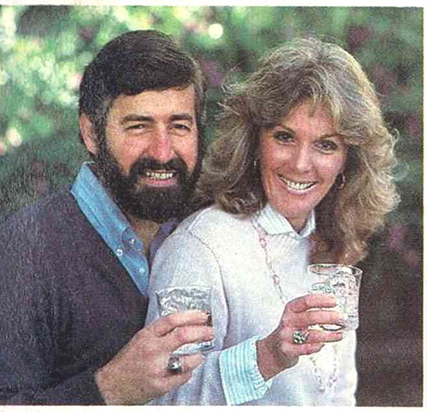
America is switching from vodka and gin to Puerto Rican white rum.
It's happening in Monterey and everywhere else.



After a round on the fabulous Pebble Beach course, there's nothing like a refreshing white rum and tonic. Just ask Cypress Point's Jim Langley and Johnny Pott of Carmel Valley Ranch.



A pre-brunch white rum Bloody Mary at the scenic Big Sur digs of Will and Carol Surman.

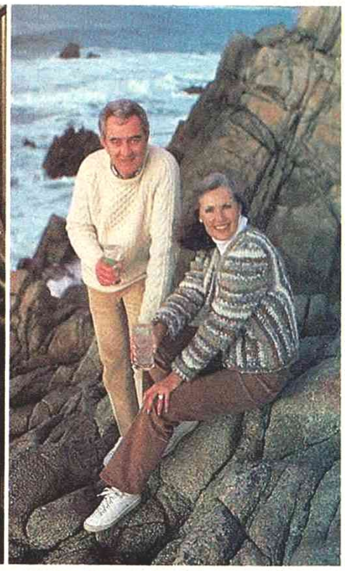


Monterey residents Kenneth and Virginia Bartlett with smiles all around and rum on the rocks.

After a lively doubles match, Tricia Alliotti, Theresa Briant, Maureen Duffy and Vance Killen pause for rum screwdrivers. Seen with Pebble Beach Tennis Club Pro Andy Briant.

Imagine savoring a rum and tonic on the running board of your own 1923 Rolls-Royce! Antique car collector Win Estes.

A party at Carmel's Atelier Galerie. Owner Sam Ehrenberg and Puerto Rican visitors Ricardo and Ingrid Jimenez. With white rum, of course.



Carmel attorney Don Hubbard and his wife Phyllis like white rum with their whitecaps.

Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness vodka or gin can't match. Because it's aged one full year—by law.

Airline executive Norm Edwards and his wife Jackie take a rum and tonic along on a Saturday afternoon stroll.

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MEN'S RIGHTS

"Men aren't aware that gains made by women have made inroads on their own rights. These inequities will be the focus of this column."

From the New York Times, July 11, 1983:

Item: At the convention of the National Women's Political Caucus in San Antonio, Democratic candidates Sen. Gary Hart and Sen. Alan Cranston promised that if elected they would withhold money for federal programs and projects from states whose legislatures opposed the federal equal rights amendment.

Item: Sen. John Glenn flirted with trouble when he spoke of "man and wife" rather than using the preferred language of "husband and wife." . . . It was left to Mr. Hart to stumble into trouble. He provoked open anger and a public chastising when he ignored the time limit on speeches. Kathy Wilson, chairman of the caucus, observed that the Senator exhibited an "attitude of disregard" toward women, but she predicted that he would escape permanent political damage. Sen. Hart later apologized.

A female revolution is underway in America. For the past two decades it has gathered momentum. It has changed relations between the sexes in the home, in the workplace, in the bedroom, and in the political arena. Because of this revolution, because of the impact of thousands of books, pamphlets, and newspaper articles heralding it, a new pattern of relations now exists between the sexes—a pattern undefined, confusing at times, still in flux, but a new pattern nonetheless.

Strangely enough, men, falling back on their traditional notions of authority, position, and physical and economic prowess, on their ideas of their roles within families, have been baffled by this revolution. Some have been amused by it, others angered by it, when it has affected them personally. But most men seem to have accepted it in a passive way, even when it has undermined their rights and roles.

One issue in the women's movement that eludes men is the difference between what constitutes women's legitimate equal rights and what is simply a grab for power. The women's liberation movement can trace its origins to the first Women's Rights Convention, held at Seneca Falls, N.Y., in 1848. The convention adopted what it called a "Declaration of Sentiments" resolution, which stated that "the law created a separate and unequal status for the married woman by depriving her of all rights, thus making her 'civilly dead' and making her husband 'master.' "

Fair enough. No reasonable man would wish for women to be "civilly dead," or for them to be slaves to their husbands. But consider the difference between that statement and a declaration by Betty Friedan, the founder and first president of the National Organization for Women (NOW): "I maintain that motherhood is a bane and a curse as long as women are forced to be mothers—and only mothers—against their will. Women today are forced to live too much through their children and husbands."

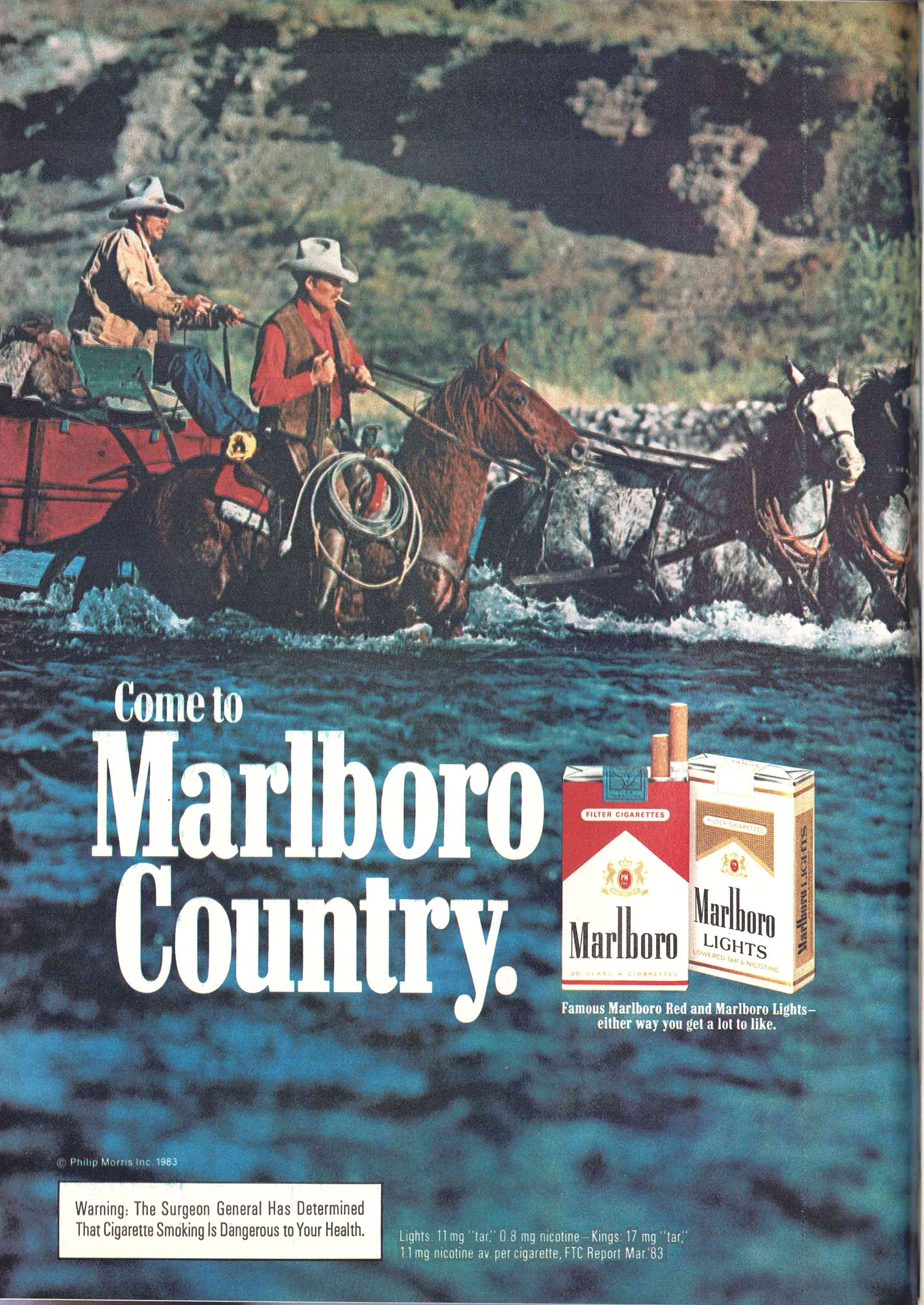
"Forced to be mothers." And *only* mothers. This practice of forcing women into roles is new to me. One could argue that motherhood is not so much a "bane" as a possibility presented by biology. Women will have "problems" stemming solely from the fact that they are women, but this point seems lost on a great many women, who argue that problems derive solely from their "oppression" by men.

Let us examine the recent achievements of women. They have not done too badly when you add up all the social changes of the last twenty years. They have made dramatic gains in the job market, they have won the sympathy of the courts—criminal, civil, and family—they have gained widespread media exposure for real and imagined causes, and they have even convinced the White House to establish a liaison with the feminist movement.

Men don't appear to have taken note of all these gains. Nor have they realized that some of these gains have made inroads on their own rights. It is these encroachments that women have made, at men's expense, and the social and legal inequities that have resulted that will be the focus of this column.

In evaluating these changes, I will write about a wide variety of subjects: divorce American style, palimony, galimony, companionmony, child custody and visitation rights, women's aims and their roles in society, and how these changes effect men and how men should respond to these. I invite your contributions. With a supportive readership of men and women, we can hope to achieve a greater degree of reasonableness, or at least stimulate debate between the sexes.

BY SIDNEY SILLER



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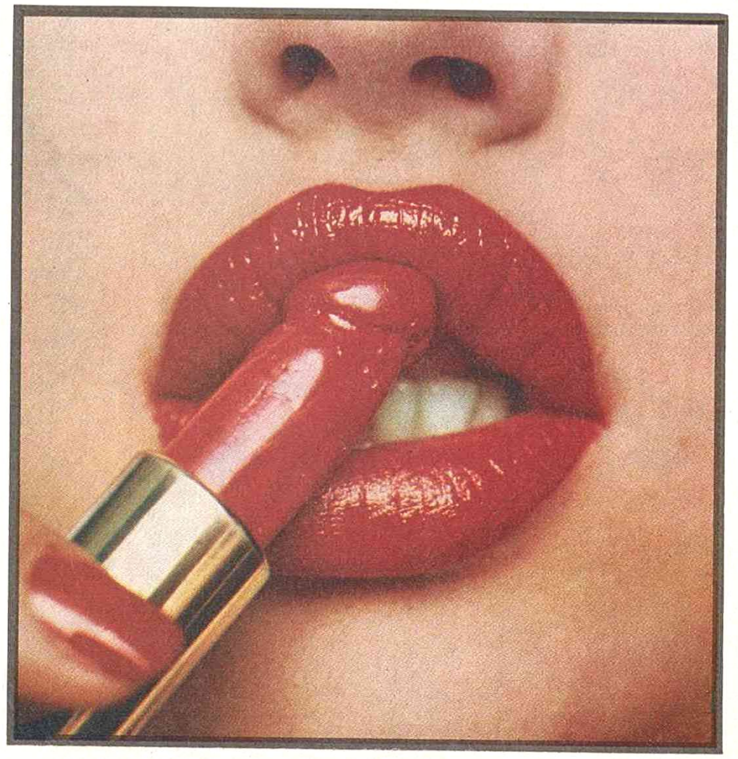
> ❛Fifteen orgasms is pretty unusual for one session in bed, but then, everyone is different. I'd like to hear from other women about the frequency of their orgasms.❜

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM



LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am writing this letter to make people aware that there is more to foreplay than a flick on the clit and a tweak on the tit! I am talking about what happens to couples who after living together for a while seem to forget that they once found that person to be extremely exciting (or they really wouldn't have started living together!).

Two years ago, when my boyfriend and I met, we dated for a few weeks before having sex. (I had had my share of one-nighters, short-term relationships, and a lousy marriage.) These few weeks allowed us time to get to know each other as well as increase our anticipation and time to fantasize. I feel that it was a good foundation to our sturdy relationship. I am now twenty-seven and he is twenty-five and we've lived together for two years. Anyway, in the first few months of our relationship we built up a very good friendship as well as discovering all of our sensual and sexual desires and needs. He would gently stroke my long blond hair and softly touch me under the chin, hold hands with me, and kiss me playfully as well as longingly at any given time. When it came to making love, he would run the shower and lather my body in and around, up and down, and blow-dry my pubic hair gently with his hair dryer. Then he would massage baby lotion all over me and light the candles in the bedroom. He would lie beside me as we gently touched each other's body until we both felt completely relaxed.

Then he would gently kiss my stomach and inner thighs, teasing my pussy and breasts by licking a few inches away from them until just the right moment. Meanwhile I would snuggle up to his neck and gently kiss as far as I could reach. I loved to kiss him all the way down his spine and all around his full bottom. He would slightly spread his legs, and I would let my tongue lightly brush the hair on his bottom and watch him twitch with anticipation.

After enough anticipation had built up, I would expertly lick his penis, head to balls, and gently suck his foreskin back and forth between my lips. I would alternately suck all the way down, or play with the foreskin until he would fill my mouth with his lovely, sweet come. Then he would playfully tease my body some more, licking the inside of my legs and gently fondling my breasts. When it came to cunnilingus, he left no clit unturned! He would gently kiss my nipples until I'd need his mouth on my pussy; then he would kiss me slowly all the way down and take me to orgasmic delight. By this time he would have a raging hard-on (again), and while my pussy was still in aftershock he would slowly insert it as I clung to his body. We would start out slowly and work our way into a variety of positions and wild lovemaking.

Lovemaking—that is the key word and the point of my letter. When we each felt like we were truly making love to each other's entire body, it was more beautiful and satisfying for both of us.

Later in our relationship it seemed like we would both just sort of rush into sex at night or in the morning. No more luxurious showers followed by sensual massages by candlelight. I would just grab his dick and jack it or suck it, and he'd just start sucking my nipples or simply diving straight for my clit or pussy. Soon I found sex more annoying than enjoyable. I felt pissed off all the time. I couldn't figure it out—we still had oral sex, orgasms, and we loved each other. What was missing? You guessed it! The missing part was all the time and attention we spent on each other in the beginning.

Now I'm not saying that a quickie now and then isn't great, but I, for one, am not always turned on instantly at the touch of a nipple

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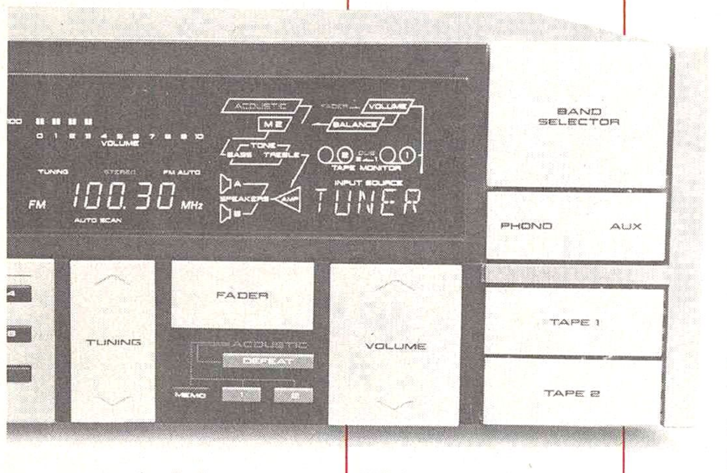

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or clit by a warm tongue. Occasionally I need oral sex, affection, and a relaxed atmosphere, too! My boyfriend prefers it when I take time with his body and am not grabbing his dick all the time. So all I'm trying to say is—if you get in an occasional rut, try to reenact the way you first made love to each other. Express your love often and freely. And it's especially nice if you don't plan it. Just take your lover by surprise with your rediscovered yearnings. I'm sure it will be appreciated. And two more things: one, I still think that kissing is one of the most sensual acts possible, so get into some good, loving kissing and healthy sex. And two, try having your sex straight up—I mean, no drugs or alcohol; it's a beautiful high all on its own!—J.H.

An ex-lover of mine once told me that during a relationship that starts out very passionately and full of sex, the graph shows an upturn for the first three months. Each time the lovers make love during those three months, they seem to get more and more excited. However, after three months the fascination tends to wear off and the graph comes to a standstill and, slowly but surely, the passion line goes downward. Minimally for some people, but with great rapidity for others.

Now, I don't agree with that ex-lover, but our relationship did not, in fact, last much longer than three months. Obviously what was missing in this relationship was the most important ingredient—genuine *love.*

For the last two years I have discovered that "love" can be a permanent state of mind and that passion does not have to fly out of the window at all, but it needs working at. Each partner needs constant attention. Not only in bed but out of it, in the way that plants in a garden thrive only if they are weeded and watered. In my case, I fell in love with a very experienced man, several years older than me but extremely highly sexed. Our libidos are evenly matched and he is better at most things than many a youngster. Our relationship began with a romantic period, during which nobody else existed for either of us. We held hands, talked and laughed, enjoying our own company best and boring the asses off our friends, who had to watch us flirting and necking with one another like two teenagers. Many of them prayed we would break up during this period. Eventually, however, we picked up our social life again, although this did not diminish our private displays of affection.

During the first year we made love at least three times a day. Now we spend a lot of time in the south of Spain, the land of the siesta, and we have acquired the local habit of taking a nap in the afternoon. We try to make these daily sessions as passionate and romantic as possible. In the morning, like most men, he is horny and somewhat inconsiderate and at night we are often too tired for extensive foreplay. We make love quickly and fall asleep like two spoons in a box.

So it is the afternoon that is the key to our successful sexual relationship. We are lucky in that, as we are both artists without children and not tied down to a nine-to-five job, we have this opportunity. I guess an average of three times a day is pretty high for two mature people, particularly as we spend twenty-four hours a day in each other's company. Sometimes, if time permits, we have a quickie at odd moments—like in the back of a taxi on the way to the airport, which is exciting, especially if you miss the plane as a result (as we once did). Or we squeeze in a hasty sexual encounter before the dinner party while we are waiting for our guests to arrive. But no matter where or when we make love, or for how long or short a time, it is always enormously intense and most of the time we reach orgasm simultaneously. Sometimes when we are dead tired, we just cuddle up and fall asleep in each other's arms, which can be a more loving, sexual experience than bringing each other to orgasm. Sex is not just "between the legs." It is also "between the ears." If anything, I love and adore my man more after two years than in the beginning, and the fact that sometimes we don't have time to fuck only serves to increase our desire. So that when we do get together, it is all the more exciting; we still discover new things to do, new erogenous zones, and new things to say to turn each other on.

PLAYING HARD TO WET

I am a young lady who is twenty-two years old. I have the kind of body that most women dream about. I am sensitive in my ears, breasts, neck, waist, pelvic bones, knees, and soles. Impossible? Well, it's true. I don't have big breasts but a nice hand- or mouthful, as I've been told. I have great legs and a fantastic ass. Most people seem to think that I am beautiful, but I really think that I'm just very attractive. Moreover, with this sensitive body, I have the most clasping cunt, which seems to give men's cocks a great massaging sensation when we screw—they all view that part of my anatomy with amazement. I do, too!

I have to list all those assets to introduce you to the problems that I have.

I am talented and bright and have grown up in a family that idolizes me. My mother has always wanted me to be a career woman and warned me to avoid having babies early. Wanting success, I have grown up with a strong, determined mind that has always suppressed the feelings that my body ached to release. My mind is fucking up my sex life: I blow hot and cold during sex, and in all my sessions I have climaxed only a few times. Even my sensitive areas don't become aroused while screwing. I don't even feel my lovers' cocks jamming me as I always ask them to do. I love men to fuck me long and hard most of the time—big, big cocks and deep, deep thrusts. But I hardly ever feel them!

I have, however, climaxed while being sucked, but only briefly. I do desire men. I

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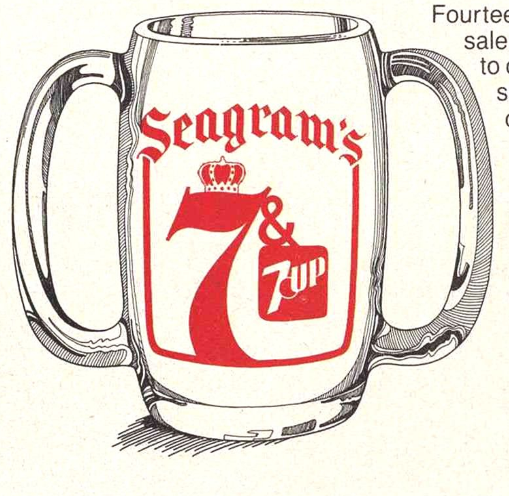

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get aroused but I am never completely into it, body and soul alike. I always pretend to be and most times fake orgasm. The whole thing is blowing my mind so much that I've even considered having a woman suck me to the big, thunderous orgasm that I crave for so much. I've tried masturbation, but most times I don't even come, even after almost two hours.

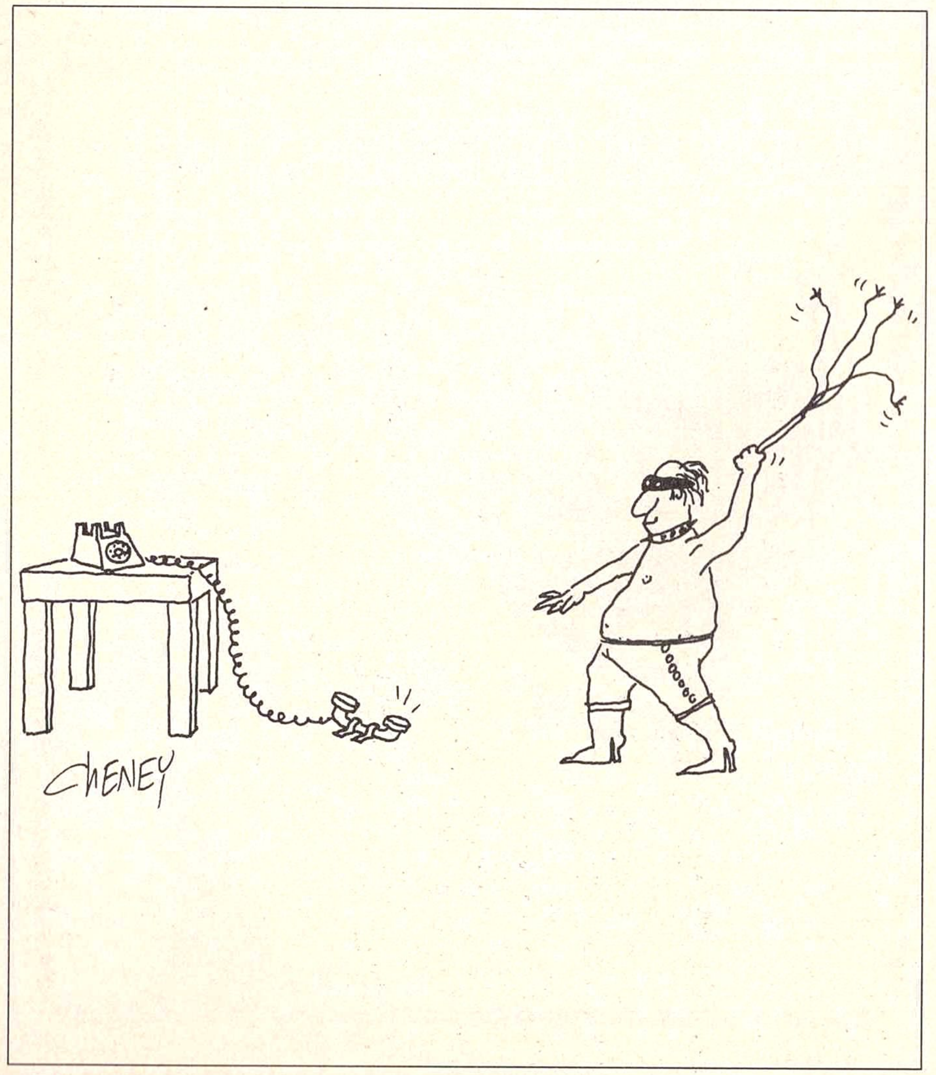
I get turned on by liquor, smoke, porno movies, dirty words, and big pricks, but I don't know what's wrong with me. I always have the urge to suck a man's prick, but a long time ago I tried it and the guy said that my teeth hurt him. I'm afraid to do it to other guys for fear that they will go soft on me. Although I want to make love to a man's body—complete love—something always holds me back. Please help me and show me how to improve and enjoy my sex life. I want my body to be free and to exploit and enjoy its sensuality. I am desperate! Do you think I might have to seek help?—T.T.

Your beautiful body aches to say yes to sex and all the pleasure that ought to go with the sexual act, but your conscious mind won't let it, so subconsciously you can't come, at least not as regularly as you would like. Owing to your mother's insisting that babies are not for you but that you ought to become a career woman, sex was obviously also part of the taboos of your youth, as without sex there would be no babies. You have always been spoiled and praised for your beauty, so you more or less felt obliged to live up to this image and be as good, if not better, than anyone else. By trying hard to achieve an orgasm, you can't relax properly, so nothing really happens. Your mind always stops you from coming at the very last moment. You want *big* men with *big* cocks to fuck you hard. I can hardly call that lovemaking. That is more like a gang-bang. Why don't you concentrate on a more emotional and tender relationship with lots of oral and verbal foreplay? You may need the use of a vibrator or your or his fingers to try and let you finally achieve that long-desired orgasm.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Wonders will never cease and it does pay to go to church, at least once in a while. Would you believe that during the past year my minister has asked me to help someone about every two months? The amazing thing is that twice out of the last six times I've been repaid with sex, and it has been great sex with no strings attached.

Three weeks ago as I was leaving church, the minister stepped up to me and handed me a slip of paper and said that the name on the slip needed someone to help move a few things and that because I had a pickup truck, he was sure I'd be kind enough to help a stranger.



After I got home, I telephoned the number on the slip. I introduced myself and said that my minister had suggested I might be of some help. The woman on the other end of the line had a very pleasant voice and told me where she lived. I was there in twenty minutes.

A woman around thirty asked me in and we sat in the living room. She had just been granted a divorce. Since she could not afford to keep the townhouse, she was moving into a ground-floor apartment several miles away.

It was after seven when we unloaded the last item, and as I carried it in I was thinking about how good a cold beer would taste. She locked the door behind me, saying that we would be able to enjoy the air conditioning and that she had half a case of beer in the refrigerator.

We had each finished three bottles of beer when she closed all of the drapes on the windows. Then she walked over and grabbed my hand and said, "C'mon."

She took me into her bedroom and began to get undressed. "Look, I can't pay you for helping me to move," she said, "but I'm sure going to try to make you happy that you did help me. Besides, I've been wanting to have the pleasure of sex without any obligations and you would be doing me a favor. I just hope I'll be doing the same for you."

She spread a sheet on the bed and by the time I got undressed she was lying there waiting for me. She was anxious to be loved and her responses were like a tigress's. The first time we were both anxious, apparently, because we both exploded into a mutual orgasm much quicker than either of us wanted. My cock was hardly out of her when she suggested that we take a shower and freshen up because of all the work we'd been doing.

She soaped me all over and then I soaped her, although she did an extra special job on her cunt. This time when we got into bed, she told me that she really did appreciate our sex the first time but that she wanted to do something very special for me. When she went down on me, I knew that it was going to be special by the way she was sucking on my cock. As soon as it was hard she was taking all of it into her mouth and halfway down her throat. I didn't want her to bring me off in her mouth, because I was thinking that she would suck everything out of me and I'd be through for the night. She must have been thinking the same thing, because when I was nearly to the point of coming she lay down beside me and guided my cock into her anxious pussy. She told me to take it slow and easy because it felt so wonderful. So I took it slow and easy, with deliberate strokes, until I began to feel her womb grabbing the tip of my cock. I asked her if she wanted to finish me off, and she answered that she wanted me to come because she was going to, too.

After we had come together, I was still sliding my cock slowly in and out of her and she was watching, because I was sort of keeping my body off of her at the time. She said she loved to see my cock disappear into her while she was also feeling its firmness. I was also watching it go into her because I've always liked watching my cock get buried in someone's pussy—it just seems to increase the pleasure.

It was after midnight when she said she had to get up early and go to work in the morning and that she knew I did, too, so maybe just one more time and then both of us would be satisfied for the weekend. She went into the bathroom, washed herself thoroughly, and brought back a washcloth and towel for me and washed me off. After that she went down on my cock and moved her cunt up over my face and I began doing what came naturally. I began eating and nibbling on a lot of pussy. I have no idea as to how much cunt juice I swallowed, but it was a lot, and then I began shooting off into her mouth and she was swallowing every drop while still running her tongue into the eye of my monster until I thought she was going to suck all of me right out through the tip of my cock—she had suction better than an Electrolux vacuum cleaner.

While I was driving home I discovered that I was so thoroughly fucked out that I could hardly keep my foot on the accelerator. Funny thing, though: I felt wonderful the next morning when the alarm clock went off at 6:00 A.M. The next Friday night I took her out to dinner and got home a little after 2:00 A.M., Monday morning. I don't have to tell you that she just gets better all the time. I've been wondering what my minister knows or thinks, because he didn't see me in church last Sunday and I'm sure that he's not going to see me next Sunday either.—S.A.

Your minister obviously knows what members of his congregation need. You must be a fast mover, as you get rewarded in kind so often. Have any of you readers out there more anecdotes on the rewards of being a good Samaritan? Let's hear from you!

GIVING HERSELF A HAND

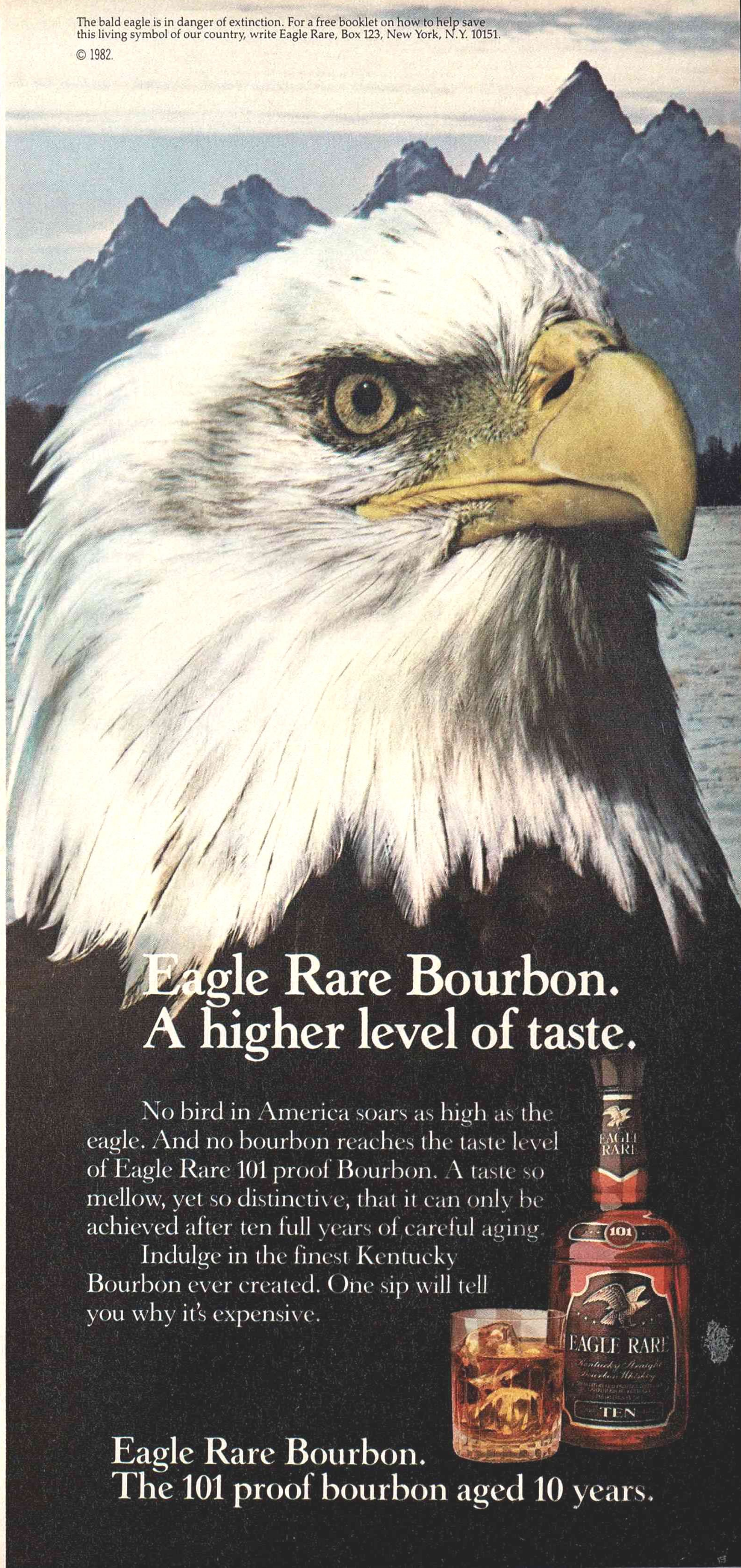
I have had lots of fun with my girl friend for a few years now. Recently I asked her to show me where and how she liked to be touched on her clitoris. She won't cooperate and says I do just great.

I have tried to get her to masturbate but she refuses. She tells me in all honesty that she has never masturbated and never will. I believe her.

Masturbation is not uncommon or shameful to me, so I showed her several articles in Penthouse about masturbation so she wouldn't feel different or ashamed. She stays stubborn!

Should I be wanting her to do this? Am I wrong? Help—what should I do?—R.D.M.

Women's sex drives vary enormously. Few of us are multi-orgasmic, and the average woman is happy if she gets an orgasm two or three times a week, although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she can enjoy lovemaking without orgasms more often. If your girl friend is happy in bed, you are obviously doing all right. However, if you explain to her that it turns *you* on to see her play with herself, maybe you can convince her to do so. It's not clear from your letter whether or not she lets you stimulate her clitoris, either manually or orally, but if you have not already done so, persuade her to let you try your tongue on it. It's often more effective than a handjob.

GREENER PASTURES

I began reading Penthouse *two years ago when I was twenty-two and already married. At the time I loved the pictures and the letters and, of course, your column. But the real reason I started reading* Penthouse *was to help satisfy my desires for contact with other women.*

I had never had a lesbian relationship but I had been fantasizing about girls since I was about fifteen. At twenty-one I met a great guy, had fine sex, a good relationship, and got married. I hoped that being married would end or at least temper my need for other women.

Well, eight months ago I started working at a modeling agency as a coordinator. I was immediately attracted to some of the models. They were almost all gorgeous, sexy, and friendly. I began getting friendly with a great-looking model, Pam. One day she invited me to dinner.

Before we ate, we had a drink. She sat next to me on her couch looking me in the eyes, then playing with my hair. I blurted out in a whisper, "I want you." "You can have me," she answered.

Well, Xaviera, all my dreams came true. We never ate dinner. Instead, we went to her bedroom, undressed each other down to our panties, and cuddled, kissed, talked, rubbed our breasts, and massaged each other's asses.

"Have you done this before?" I asked.

She smiled and said, "I'm gay, baby. Why, is this your first?"

"Yes," I answered. "But I've wanted this for years."

Pam laid me down on the bed and began rubbing my whole body. I was moaning and shooting my hips up. She put her hand on my panties, tickled the edges, and then started lightly pinching my clit. I was in heaven. She brought her fingers down to my pussy and said, "Honey, your panties are absolutely soaked." I knew—God, I was almost coming to her light touch. But the night was just beginning.

She moved the crotch of my panties to one side, brought her head down between my legs, and spread my pussy open. Then she put her mouth right on my cunt. As I was coming she put one finger in my ass, and sensations I'd never felt before took over. My clit began to pulsate, my ass began to contract like I was holding my water, and my pussy was all pumped up. Then my cunt, ass, and clit began to expand and contract. "You're coming. Great. Keep coming, sweetie," Pam said. I shot a few sprays of juice on her face and she shuddered and rubbed me.

"Pam, let me do you," I said. She lay back and I explored her body for as long as I could before I became too hot for her pussy. She came a couple of times as I licked her pussy, clit, and ass for an hour. We ate each other at the same time, shaking our bottoms on each other's mouth. Oh, Xaviera, it was beyond words.

After a few hours she strapped on a nicely sized dildo and fucked me slow and steady until I came. I must have come fifteen times that night.

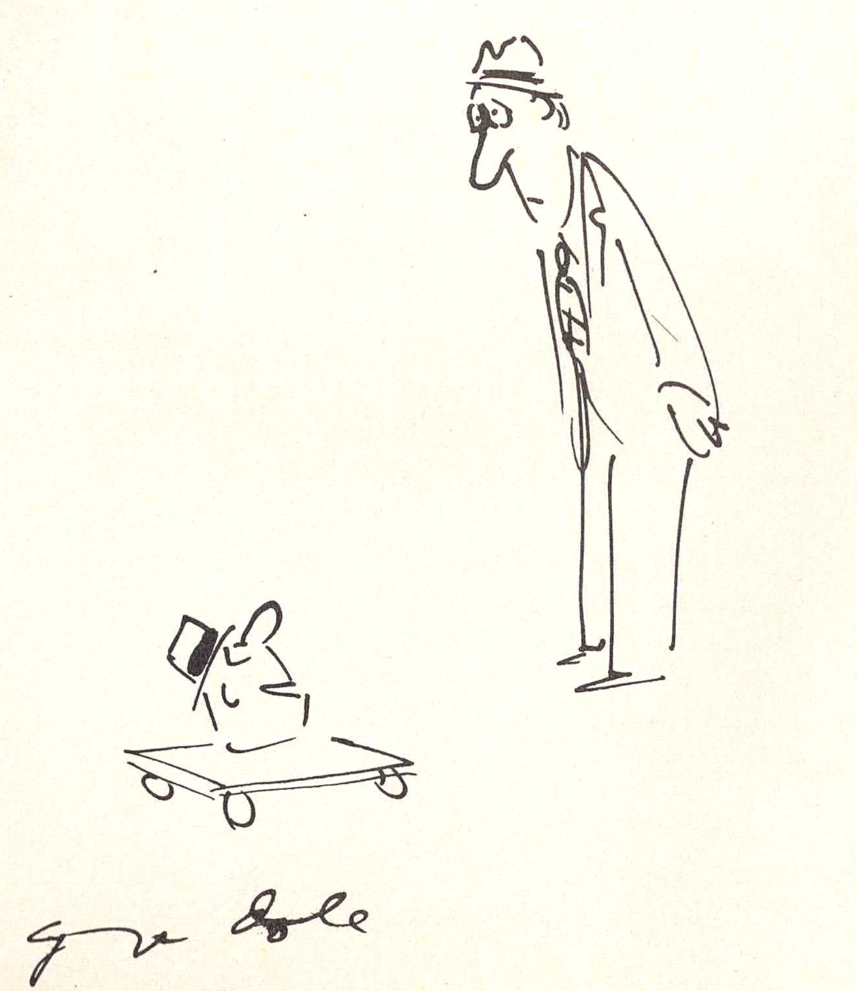
Xaviera, Pam and I are so turned on to each other. My husband doesn't know what's going on. While I still really care for him and still like men, I know for now I'm a lesbian. The thought or feel of a penis does very little for me. I'm probably going to leave John—but I'd really like to tell your female readers to try sex with other women, if they have fantasies, before they get married. Some may decide they are heterosexual after all, but it's important to find out before you're committed, even if it's with your boyfriend in a ménage à trois. What do you think? And doesn't making love with beautiful women sidetrack you from men?—M.P.

Although you say in your letter, "I'll probably leave John," the way you say it makes me think that you're still uncertain. You talk about being a lesbian or heterosexual, ignoring the possibility of a halfway point, which is to be *bisexual*. As far as I can tell, from what you write you are all of twenty-four years old and maybe not very experienced sexually with other partners apart from your husband. It sounds to me as though you are hooked on sex. You found a man and had good sex with him, so you married him. Now you've found a woman and had good sex with her, so you want to leave your husband. (I'm curious to know what a dildo does that a penis can't do, except stay hard and insensitive all night.)

Before you break the sad news to your husband that you are gay, try the ménage à trois that you mention. Take one of your girl friends home and while you make love to her, either allow your husband to participate or else let him watch and masturbate. It is one of the most popular fantasies for men.

Not every girl knows how to get a lesbian relationship off the ground. Many start at an early age because of the unavailability of men and then become devoted heterosexuals ever after. I get the feeling that you just don't know what you want.

Fifteen orgasms is pretty unusual for one session in bed, but then, everyone is different. I'd like to hear from other women about the frequency of their orgasms, as many of the male readers seem to have the idea that every women comes many times during one act of lovemaking. Which is not the case. O+



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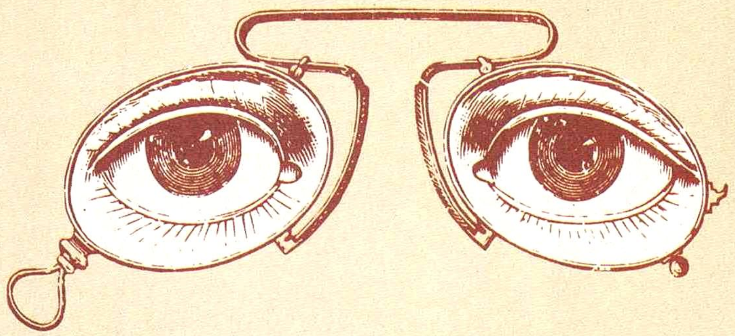


VIEW FROM THE TOP

STREET TIPS

BY EMILY PRAGER

Used to be our nation's homeless people were mainly composed of exiled town drunks and feckless mental-junkie grandmas who had taken to the streets in their own quirky form of self-determinism. Lately, however, thanks to Reaganomics and a hovering national unemployment figure of about 10 percent, there's a whole new breed of homeless wandering our land: the family homeless, the laid-off, the bankrupt, the midwestern wretched. In view of the fact that winter is coming and these new homeless may not know the ropes, we asked our favorite bag lady, Peg, to jot down some of her tips on isolationist survival. Thanks, Peg, wherever you are.

PEG'S STREET TIPS FOR THE NATION'S NEW HOMELESS.

Introduction. No home. You got no home. So what? You got feet? You got hands? You're okay. You got a home, you got to buy grass seed. There's a drought, it don't come up. Who needs it? You don't got hands? You don't got feet? Don't read this. I can't help you.

Food. Food is great. All food. Don't be picky. Hello? Is Richard Gere there? Well, we were supposed to have dinner. Oh. Okay. Wish him good luck on his next picture. Out. He's out. I must eat alone. Where?

The Street. The street is heaven, if you like pizza rind, or half a sugar cone with just a touch of Häagen-Dazs, which I do. Of course it's junk food. We all know that. Who's kidding who? You got to look for it. It won't get handed to you on a plate, that's for sure. Look. Look. Look. What's this? Something from McDonald's. I can tell by the wrapper. Fifty million trillion burgers sold. How can you go wrong? What *was* this? Wrong color for an Egg McMuffin. They're gold. I do not go through garbage. Let's get that one straight. I ponder material refuse.

You want your gourmet food? Late afternoon, you wait outside a TV studio, a photographer's place. They got beautiful food inside. Beautiful. They take pictures of it all day long, and then they fling it out. Sure it's got a little hairspray on it—so what? It's tough to be a model.

Shelters. Forget about 'em. Don't talk about 'em. They make me sick. I like bank steps, subway grates. I'm an outdoor girl. A washer carton in an intimate parking lot can be a pied à terre but . . . but . . . cold hands, cold heart. Last week, I saw a lesbian with a Mohawk hairdo and a button that said, CUNT PISS FUCK SHIT. I threw the I Ching. It said, "Carry a knife." Not bad advice.

Bus Stations. Noisy. Noisy. And you can't have pets. Who the hell do they think they are?

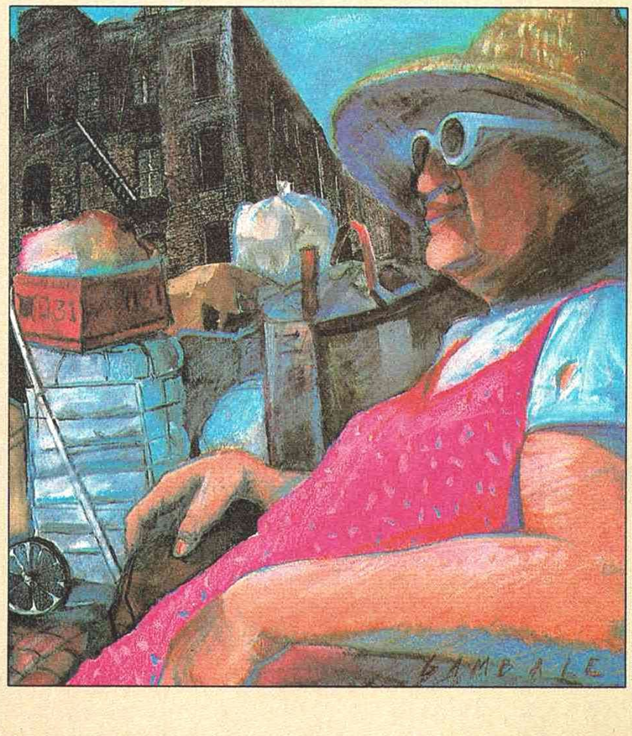
Train Stations. Third seat from the left. I keep it clean. Rags. I've had those rags for years. Hey! Get away from there, buddy. This ain't no Preston Sturges movie. Don't mind him. He only fucks feminists.

Clothing. Issey Miyake is the only thing I allow on my back. Wait! Hello? Hello? Yes. I'm afraid I did not order any shinyback bugs today. No. I did not. Well, kiss my ass, sweetheart. They hung up. Did I mention Israel? Damn. I meant to.

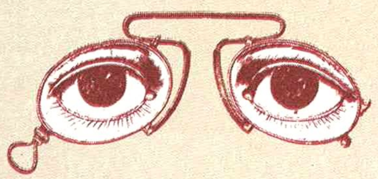
Hang Out. Talk to people! Just 'cause you got no home don't mean you can't live. A bottle of wine in a paper bag, two swollen ankles, and yoooo. I love to sing. I am so privileged to be here tonight to accept this award. I'd like to thank Colonel Qaddafi, who believed in me and gave me my first job in his women's security force. Socialize. Meet people. Don't touch 'em, though. You might get AIDS.

Money. Money's easy. Under the cushions of a thrown-out sofa. Outside the subway at rush hour. I just tell 'em: "My daughter's a middle-class unwed mother." They pay me to shut me up. Ask Mr. Boston.

Bags. Oh, Lordie. I got 578 bags here, each one tied with a ten-inch piece of string and inside . . . inside . . . licorice! Licorice! Lots and lots of black, sweet licorice! I assume you know the work of Gian-Carlo Menotti unless you're a cultural cipher. You don't got a home, you must have bags. Except in L.A., where you must have a shopping cart. In L.A. if you have bags, they think you're the ex-wife of a producer, and the plastic surgeons swamp you. I was in pictures once. Oh, yes, I was. Oh, yes, I was. Before Norma Shearer spread those rumors about me. The studio insisted I have a kidney-shaped pool. They were absolutely right. But, you must have bags. With designer labels, if possible. No, I don't bathe. I am not your typical American, not a cleanliness fetishist. It's all here. It's all down on paper in this bag, if anyone cares to read it. Are you camera weight? You better be. When the revolution comes, it will be televised. O⊢



DAVID GAMBALE



TV

KICKING AROUND

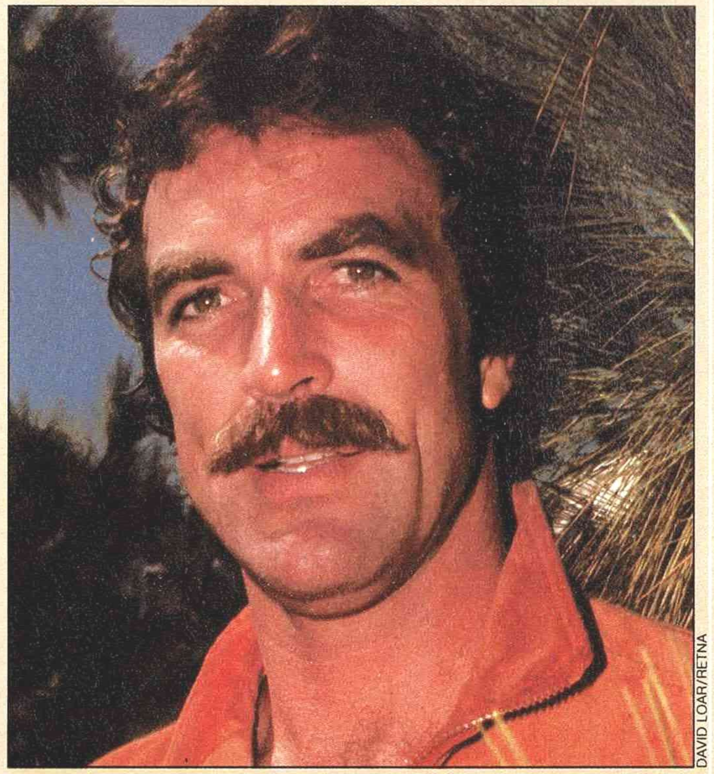
Charm is not a quality that one frequently encounters while watching television. Grating cuteness, noxious giddiness, and downright foolishness are plentiful. But an unforced, graceful humor is, in the made-for-TV world, as rare as an uncapped incisor among the Hill Street rabble, or a wisp of mentality among the A-Team (or, for that matter, among the Eyewitness News Team). If for no other reason, this is why "Magnum, P.I." is such pleasant trash.

Though it is now one of the most successful shows on television, its beginning was not an auspicious one. In fact, it would seem that "Magnum, P.I." came into being simply because CBS wanted to utilize the Diamond Head studio that the retiring of "Hawaii Five-O" had left idle, in 1980.

Tom Selleck, the actor who was chosen to star in the title role of the series, had no reputation to speak of. He was a thirty-five-year-old former U.S.C. basketball player who had made his acting debut in a 1966 U.S. Air Force training film called *The Mental Aspects of Human Reliability*. He had been a "Dating Game" bachelor (twice). He had plugged Pepsi-Cola and Salems (though he does not smoke). He had played bit parts in the disastrous *Myra Breckinridge* and the flop NBC series "Bracken's World." He had been an adulterous literary agent in the CBS soap opera "The Young and the Restless," and a corpse in *Coma*. In 1979 he made a couple of appearances on "The Rockford Files," as a comical dick named Lance White. Later, Universal, the company that had produced "The Rockford Files" for NBC, came up with "Magnum, P.I."

There certainly are similarities between the two make-believe private investigators. Tom Magnum is, like Jim Rockford before him, a loner with a tough style and a kind heart. Like Rockford, Magnum is alternately helped and hindered by an older man: in Rockford's case, it was his father, Rocky; in Magnum's, it is the majordomo, Jonathan Higgins, a retired British intelligence officer (John Hillerman). Like Rockford, Magnum is not unduly fond of trouble or women, yet he attracts more than his fair share of both.

It is plain and simple fantasy, like most else that the networks offer. But, unlike most else, it works. The Oahu setting is part of the reason. (Hawaii, the lotus land of the prime-time dream, has been a lucrative place for television's detectives, as proven not only by "Hawaii Five-O" but also by ABC's earlier "Hawaiian Eye," featuring Connie Stevens's thighs and the unforgettable Poncie Ponce. Pediatricians, on the other hand, have fared less well, as attested by the dire fate of NBC's "The Little People." But, alas, I digress.) Scripts that do not pander solely to the tastes of brain-dead adolescents (believe it or not, there have been several whole episodes of "Magnum, P.I." that have been left unpunctuated by automobile explosions and kung-fu massacres) are also part of the reason. But "Magnum, P.I." works mainly because of Tom Selleck.



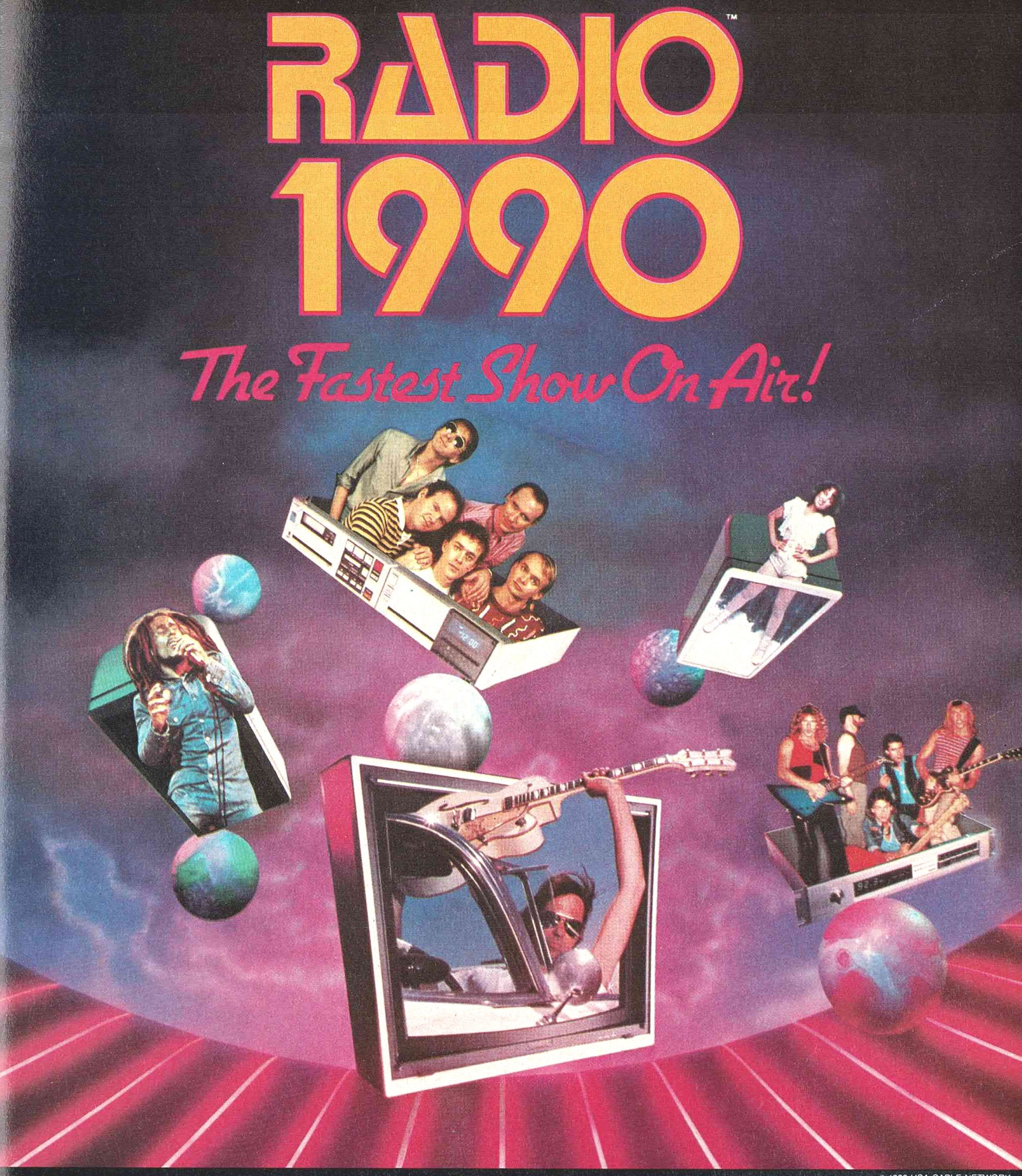
DAVID LOAR/RETNA

The unaffected grace of Tom Selleck: talent is not the name of the game.

It is to be expected that anyone who has stooped to taking employment as a corpse should be liberated from all arrogance. Though Selleck, in the span of a lustrum, has gone from hired-stiffdom to closing a $7 million, two-year deal with Universal, he does not seem to have lost his sense of humor. "I don't think we're curing cancer," he has dryly remarked of the importance of the acting profession. While he has fast become the preeminent male sex symbol of the day ("He's got the body of an NFL linebacker and the head of a Viking sea lord. His wild green eyes belong in a jungle, his voice purrs like a vibrating mattress," prattled *People* magazine in an editorial voice that would shame a schoolgirl diarist), he seems to be aware that fame is the most potent pheromone, and he has described himself simply as a middle-aged man who "was a virgin past the time I should have been."

So there he is, in his shorts, private-dicking around in a make-believe world, chasing down AFTRA's most hardened bad guys, getting beat up (sometimes by women, too, which is a nice variation), and swimming in a pastel-tinted sunset. For this he is paid more money than you or I shall ever probably make in a lifetime. As the Gershwin brothers put it, it's nice work if you can get it. Selleck obviously knows this. In fact, more than anyone else on television since Dean Martin, he is visibly mindful of the extent to which he is getting away with murder, and tickled by the absurdity of it all.

The unaffected grace with which he handles the joke of his own suddenly charmed existence is what makes Selleck a pleasure to watch. Though many critics, seeking art in television (which is even more stupid than looking for love in a whorehouse), have expressed disdain for Mr. Selleck's acting abilities, not only in "Magnum, P.I." but also in last spring's *High Road to China*. The fact of the matter is that talent is not exactly what this game is about. Any bum can act. Only a great bum can parlay nothing into a multimillion-dollar racket. Watching "Magnum, P.I.," seeing Tom Selleck dawdling about the beach, eager to share the joke if not the spoils, renews one's faith in the aphorism that every dog has his day. Only in America is so much hope offered with so few commercial interruptions. See ya on the beach, champ.—*Nick Tosches* O—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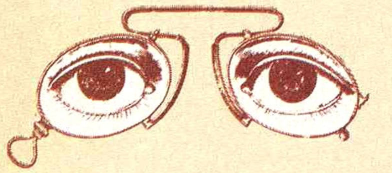


COMPUTERS

INTRODUCING ADAM

There's a marvelous new trend in home computers that, for lack of a better term, I'll call "bundling." Up until recently, computer manufacturers have competed with each other to sell their basic computers at the lowest possible price. But to complete their system, consumers would subsequently have to purchase expensive accessories, such as disk drives, printers, and software.

Coleco is the first company to bundle effectively a computer package so that just about everything the user needs can be bought at one time, in one box, at a fairly modest price. Coleco turned the home computer industry upside down by introducing a complete computer system called Adam. (Do you suppose it was so named so that future ads can say, "Once again, Adam takes a bite out of the Apple"?)

For less than $600, we're offered a powerful computer with 80K of memory, more capacity than is built into any other major home computer. The package includes a high-speed data pack drive that can store up to 500K of information, equivalent to about 250 pages of double-spaced text. The data pack resembles a heavy-duty audio cassette tape; most home computers use little plastic disks, called "floppy disks" or "diskettes." Also included is a printer that creates electric typewriter–quality documents and software programs that allow word processing and programming.

Adam can be used to play all existing ColecoVision video games (two joysticks are provided), and, with an optional adapter, Adam can even handle the 400-plus games produced for the popular Atari VCS game system. For the approximately one million owners of ColecoVision, the entire Adam system is available for under $400 (an expansion unit connects with the game system).

I tested Adam's word processing; it's extremely easy to use. This is because special "help" instructions are displayed at the bottom of the screen that guide the user. The neophyte can begin writing almost immediately (if he knows how to type). The word-processing program, called SmartWriter, is more than adequate in writing letters and term papers. Most professional writers, however, will require one of the heavy-duty word-processing systems, such as the Apple IIe or IBM Personal Computer (these systems now cost $2,000 and up, but competition is driving these prices down as well).

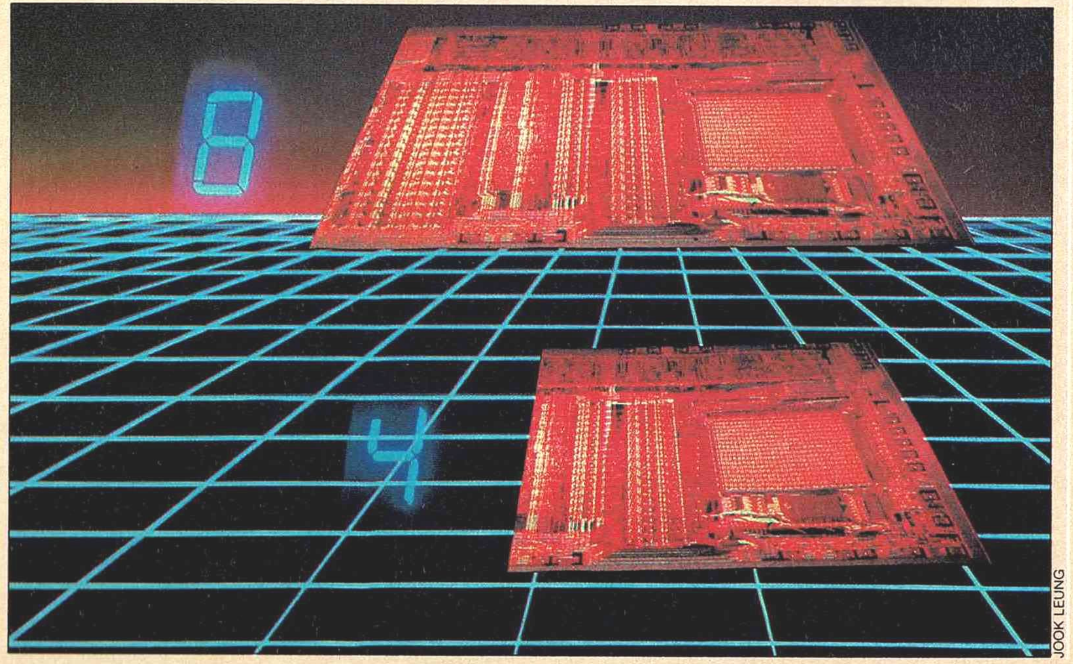
Existing ColecoVision games have about the best graphics and playability in the industry. The Adam makes even more impressive games possible because of its 80K capacity. Coleco is introducing a new line of games for the Adam, called Super Games; existing titles will be prefixed and given such names as Super Donkey Kong and Super Zaxxon. The Super Games will have improved color, sound, and screen detail and will incorporate more sophisticated playing features.

The Adam Super Donkey Kong video game is a unique accomplishment. It marks the first time that a home version of a video game has been made more complex than its arcade counterpart. (In nearly all cases, arcade games, with their greater computer capacity, are more fun to play.) The arcade rendition of Donkey Kong has four different game screens. Until recently, home versions of Donkey Kong have been able to utilize only two or three of the screens. The Adam Super Donkey Kong has five game screens, actually expanding the scope of the original coin-operated game.

Optional attachments can be purchased to expand the power of the Adam system. A 64K memory expansion unit will provide the user with a total capacity of 144K. While this feature won't be of much use to most of us, it will help those who must run highly complex computer programs, such as those required for complicated business budgeting. Also available is a "modem," which connects Adam to a telephone so it can "talk" to distant computers or tie into myriad "data bases," storehouses of information that can be tapped by the computerist.

There's an adage in the computer industry that "software drives hardware." This means that a complete line of computer programs is essential for a computer to sell well. Coleco is preparing software that will assist in early learning (selections include "Dr. Seuss's Adventure in Early Learning and Color Forms—Electronic Crayons"), "Smart Filer" (a personal date book, diary, and time manager), and a "Smart Filer Spreadsheet," for use in budgeting, checkbook balancing, and managing home finances.

One thing you can count on is that the electronic world will continue to change rapidly. In this highly competitive game of electronic "chicken," hardware and software manufacturers are now scrambling to give us more and better products for continually lower prices. We should count our blessings!—*Ken Uston*



JOOK LEUNG

When it comes to great taste, everyone draws the same conclusion.

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FILMS

SURF 'N' TURF

Fresh from her divorce, Marion takes her kid cousin Pauline for a late-summer vacation in seclusion, at the family's place on the Normandy coast. But on their first day at the beach Marion runs across an ex-boyfriend, Pierre, now into windsurfing. And through him she meets Henri, a bit sinister, worldly, also divorced, and more a seducer than a windsurfer. She immediately falls in love. Thus the group that activates the latest of Eric Rohmer's "Comedies and Proverbs," ***Pauline at the Beach***, assembles itself—partly by design, partly by the abrupt, gratuitous circumstance that seems as much as anything else the essence of the Rohmer movies.

There will be two others. Sylvain, a cheeky teenager, makes a play for the budding Pauline. And Louisette sells candy on the beach. Her hopping into Henri's bed gives the film its only real event. A cast of half a dozen: just one of the economies of *Pauline at the Beach*, which is, however, rich enough in qualities like thought, desire, and articulate imagination.

When Eric Rohmer first became fashionable, years ago, with *My Night at Maud's*, it was the thing to praise his choice of intelligent talk over stupid action. There was an element of idiot elitism in that, and a predictable reaction ("Like watching paint dry," the hero of Arthur Penn's *Night Moves* describes going to a Rohmer movie). But Rohmer has proved himself. He has created virtually a genre of his own—in which men and women talk and plan, and do or don't make love, which will be drama enough. There's almost no story to *Pauline at the Beach*, though everyone has a "story," and an irrepressible, instantly vocalizable point of view.

In a Rohmer film half the burden of conversation will be carried by beautiful women, including this time young Amanda Langlet (Pauline) and Arielle Dombasle (Marion), a fabulous blonde with endless legs, for whom cutaway bathing suits might have been invented. She is perfect. And perfection, according to Henri, who needs a way out,becomes oppressive. "She's unique," says Pauline. "But," he answers, "her uniqueness, because of her perfection, tends towards universality." And who can love a universal? Such double-talk, of some ingenuity, is absolutely typical of the ways in which the Rohmer characters cleverly deceive themselves.

Pauline at the Beach ends with the end of the vacation and an agreement between the two cousins to accept each other's contradictory version of the same romantic story. That's as open as Rohmer will become in assessing the human condition, and it is surely a key to what his films are all about. Everyone's talk becomes a shield of sorts, transparent enough, and not covering any really awful secrets—but a production, an emblem, and not just a means of communication. As such, talk is an element of his universe—like the arbitrary meetings and reunions, the aura of vitality, the good manners, the good diction, the lovely and sensually aggressive women.

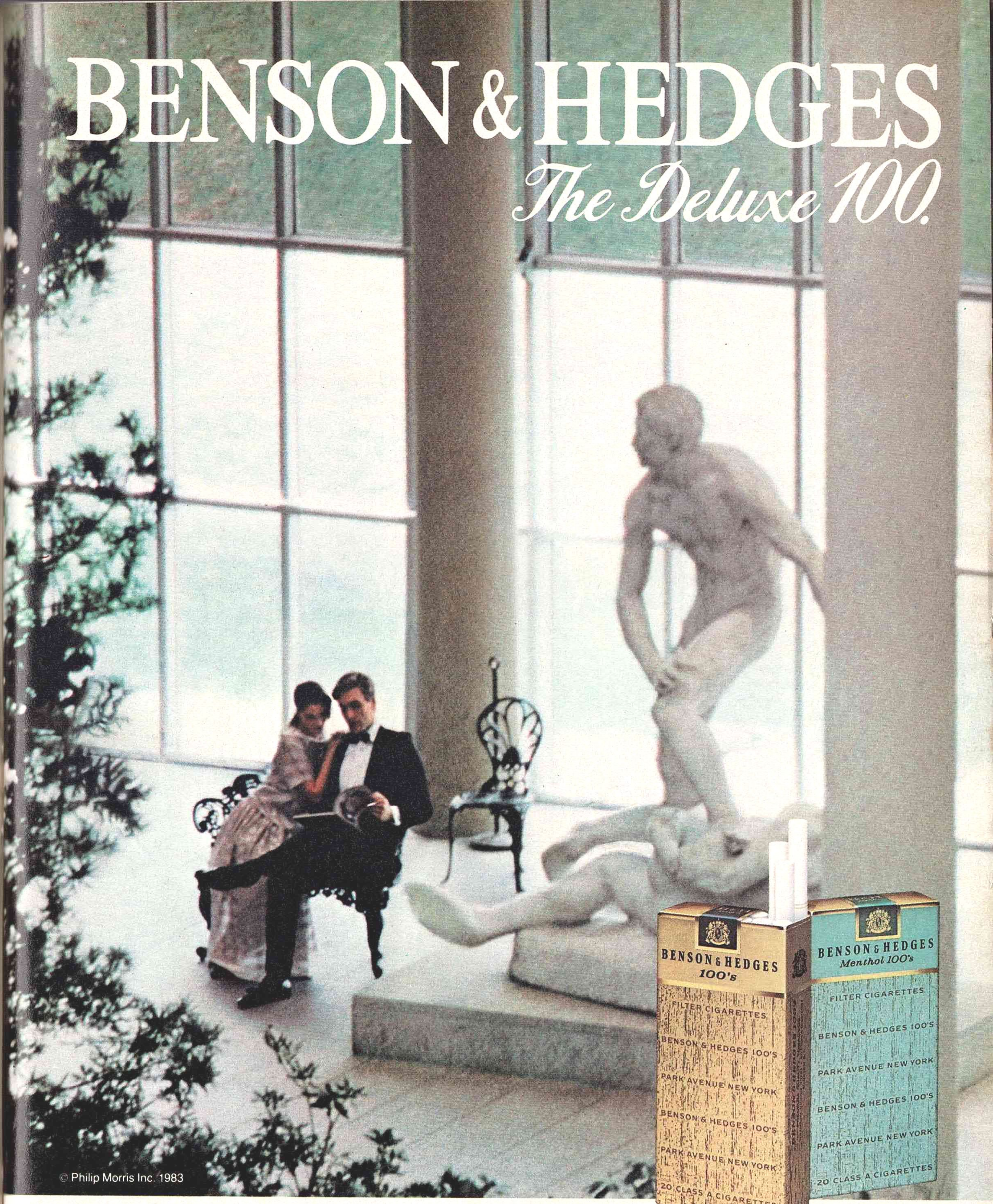
Just how privileged that universe is you'll learn in a hurry if you compare another movie, also full of sex and surfing—though the surfing is conventional and the sex perfunctory and inept, and sometimes close to rape. Bruce Beresford made ***Puberty Blues*** a few years ago, just before he came to the United States to film the excellent *Tender Mercies*. *Puberty Blues* offers no tender mercies in its relentlessly bleak view of growing up middle-class, handsome, and healthy in Australia.

Certain assumptions lie behind the movie. For example, all kids despise their parents (who deserve it), all idle pastimes (such as sex and surfing) are brutal, all teenage peer pressure generates evil—and so on, through a sequence of sour myths that nobody who's been a teenager can wholly credit. The film that emerges from those assumptions is often moving, however. And it introduces two good young actresses, Nell Schofield and Jad Capelja, as the heroines who buck the system and do something wonderful. They screw up their courage, defy their men, and go surfing on their own.

When you enter Beresford's brave new world after Rohmer's tradition-bound old one, it feels as if you are giving up life for prison. Although there's no proof anybody in *Puberty Blues* ever read a book, while everybody in *Pauline at the Beach*, including Louisette the Candy Girl, seems always to be speaking one, that's not the basic difference. And the difference isn't simply in the cultural distance from provincial France to suburban Sydney either. But the Rohmer loquaciousness, the time his movie gives just to arguing and listening—that begins to be the difference. It isn't like watching paint dry; it's a survival course in self-determination and free will.

Puberty Blues knows everything about its teenagers, to the extent that nothing remains for them to know about themselves. But in *Pauline* the people know everything about themselves. And though they are often wrong, and never so free or fine as they imagine, still the movie stands in awe of them, if only for the grace and wonderful energy with which they keep changing and making up their minds.—*Roger Greenspun*

Bruce Beresford's Puberty Blues: *growing up handsome and healthy in Australia.*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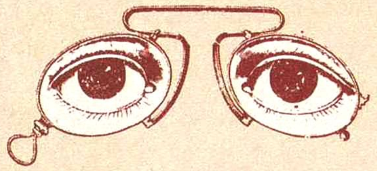


SOUNDS

GOLDEN AGE

Rock has had several golden ages; four, by my count. There was the Big Bang of the 1950s—Elvis, Little Richard, Buddy Holly. There was that magic moment in the mid-sixties when singles like the Byrds' "Eight Miles High," the Yardbirds' "Shapes of Things," Bob Dylan's "Like a Rolling Stone," and the Stones' "Satisfaction," not to mention albums like the Beatles' *Rubber Soul* and *Revolver*, conspired to explode the music's limits, promised unlimited creativity, got played on the radio, and were big hits, too. That period pretty much peaked with *Sgt. Pepper*.

The next golden age was the punk-new wave explosion of the middle and late 1970s, when a bunch of inept bands with a lot of spirit made room for a few really great ones to develop. The fourth and most recent golden age produced some great music but was such a commercial washout and was over so fast, most people didn't even notice. It came around 1979–80, when albums like X's *Los Angeles* and *Wild Gift*, Joy Division's *Unknown Pleasures*, and Public Image Ltd.'s *Metal Box* mutated punk rock into something smarter, braver, and crazier.

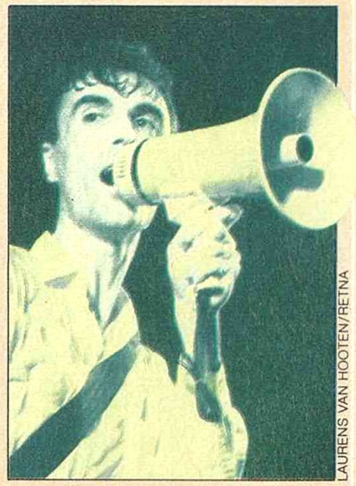
Well, *wake up out there*, because *this could be the dawn of rock's next golden age*, and you sure as hell don't want to miss it.

Near the beginning of the latest **Talking Heads** album, *Speaking in Tongues* (Sire/Warner Brothers), chief Head David Byrne feels confident enough to boast, "Flying saucers . . . Levitation . . . Yo! I could do that. Get ready for Heavy Duty . . ." He isn't joking. The latest **Police** album, *Synchronicity* (A&M), manages to be as avant-garde as anything the avant-garde has been doing lately, but it's so jam-packed with deliriously melodious pop appeal that it's already sold a million or two copies and is still selling very well.

There's always some decent stuff amid all the dreck; but the last couple of years have been pretty lean. The last thing I expected this year was some music that really meant something, that had some emotional honesty, some intensity, some depth, some smarts, music fresh enough and rich enough to stand up under repeated listening but commercial enough to get played on at least some radio stations and even zoom up the charts. But here it is: *Synchronicity, Speaking in Tongues*, a few album tracks and parts of albums, and the year's great singles—David Bowie's "Let's Dance," the Pretenders' "Back on the Chain Gang," Afrika Bambaataa's "Looking for the Perfect Beat," and maybe one or two others.

Sure, 98 percent of the pop music out there is still loathsome dreck. But most people who love rock and believe in golden ages are too addled by nostalgia or residual brain damage to remember that 98 percent of the music that's popular at any given time is *always* dreck. Even when Jerry Lee Lewis and Little Richard were raising hell and Elvis was setting out to conquer the world (and we'll never see the likes of *that* again), you couldn't turn on the radio without suffering through "Volare" or "Strangers in the Night."

I have a theory about all this, which is that history is sort of repeating itself. Back in the early 1960s, the Beatles, the Stones, Dylan, and others got caught up in the aftershock from the fifties Big Bang and became demigods. A few years after their first hits they had won total artistic license, but it happened fast. And suddenly experiencing fame, power, money, and access to unlimited drugs can be extremely disorienting, especially when the prevailing ethos among your peers is that creative people should take as many drugs as possible. By the late sixties, only a few sixties standard-bearers were still making music that could be called vital.



David Byrne: chief Head.

LAURENS VAN HOOTEN/RETNA

The Police: avant-garde, yet jam-packed with melodious pop appeal.

SIMON FOWLER/RETNA

The new-wave explosion of the middle and late 1970s, with its club culture and do-it-yourself philosophy, gave a number of new groups a good start. Most of them stank, but a few of them were very talented and had the stamina to hang in there, perfecting their art and building their following. Now, bands like the Talking Heads and the Police have creative control and commercial clout, and they are determined to make every album a whole new world, as the best of the sixties bands did. But they have achieved a more modest level of fame and fortune, and planned their careers more sensibly, than rockers did in the sixties. They aren't making the same old musical mistakes, like cosmic excess, either. They have studied African, Arabic, and other traditional music, hybrid Third World pop forms like Afro-beat and Juju from Nigeria and reggae from Jamaica, as well as electronic music, jazz, and just about everything else a halfway intelligent musician can find to listen to. And they've already gone through the stage of regurgitating those influences; they've absorbed them into their own distinctive styles. And this is no replay of the sixties' eclectic phase: the Police, Talking Heads, and a few others actually know what they're doing. They may even be able to keep doing it.

In other words, this golden age could go on for a while, and even get better, before it turns to shit. I'm not saying it's likely, but it's possible. Anyway, I hope you're having a good time while it lasts. I sure am.—*Robert Palmer*

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WORDS

ROCK PILE

When Elvis OD'ed on banana-and-Quaalude sandwiches, his trusted confidants consoled themselves by writing detailed memoirs of the freak show. That touched off an avalanche of ghoulish postmortems on Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix . . . Rock stars, it seems, can't die fast enough to satisfy the demand. Danny and the Juniors claim that rock 'n' roll is here to stay. I'm just not sure this is what they had in mind.

The Beatles supply the main ingredient of this year's seasonal dish. For starters, there's ***The Love You Make*** (McGraw-Hill) by Peter Brown and Steven Gaines. Mr. Brown, who oversaw the operation of the Beatles' management company, offers this lively "insider's account" in contrast to the existing volumes of folklore that chronicle the Fab Four's astonishing reign. This version, while loving in tone, manages to drop a few bombshells along the way—namely, John Lennon's affair with manager Brian Epstein, who, Brown purports, cruised the public lavatories in search of "physical satisfaction in the saddest of ways." And I thought it was plugging into your Hoover.

If it's scuttlebutt you want, check out ***Dakota Days*** (St. Martin's) by John Green, a family friend and psychic who read tarot cards for John and Yoko. For nearly five years he counseled the Lennons on matters of sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll and, at Yoko's request, even rescued the former Beatle from "tripping and watching three lesbians making it" before making it with Lennon. Some friend!

Loving John (Warner), by May Pang and Henry Edwards, is both a pathetic and fascinating account of Miss Pang's intimate relationship with John Lennon during his slide from Beatlemania to plain mania. Their affair began precipitously, when Yoko Ono ordered the twenty-two-year-old secretary to seduce her husband. The affair soon developed into a symbiotic addiction based on mutual immaturity and longing. The book, a plangent memoir, recreates Lennon's insular life conducted behind studio and emotional walls, in addition to his well-publicized bout with stardom. The behind-the-scenes anecdotes are starkly revealing, and evoke vivid impressions of a glamorous, albeit nightmarish, world that no Beatles fan will want to miss.

GARY GERSHOFF/RETNA

Bob Marley: spirited struggle.

MICHAEL PUTLAND/RETNA

The Who's Roger Daltrey and Peter Townshend: rock history.

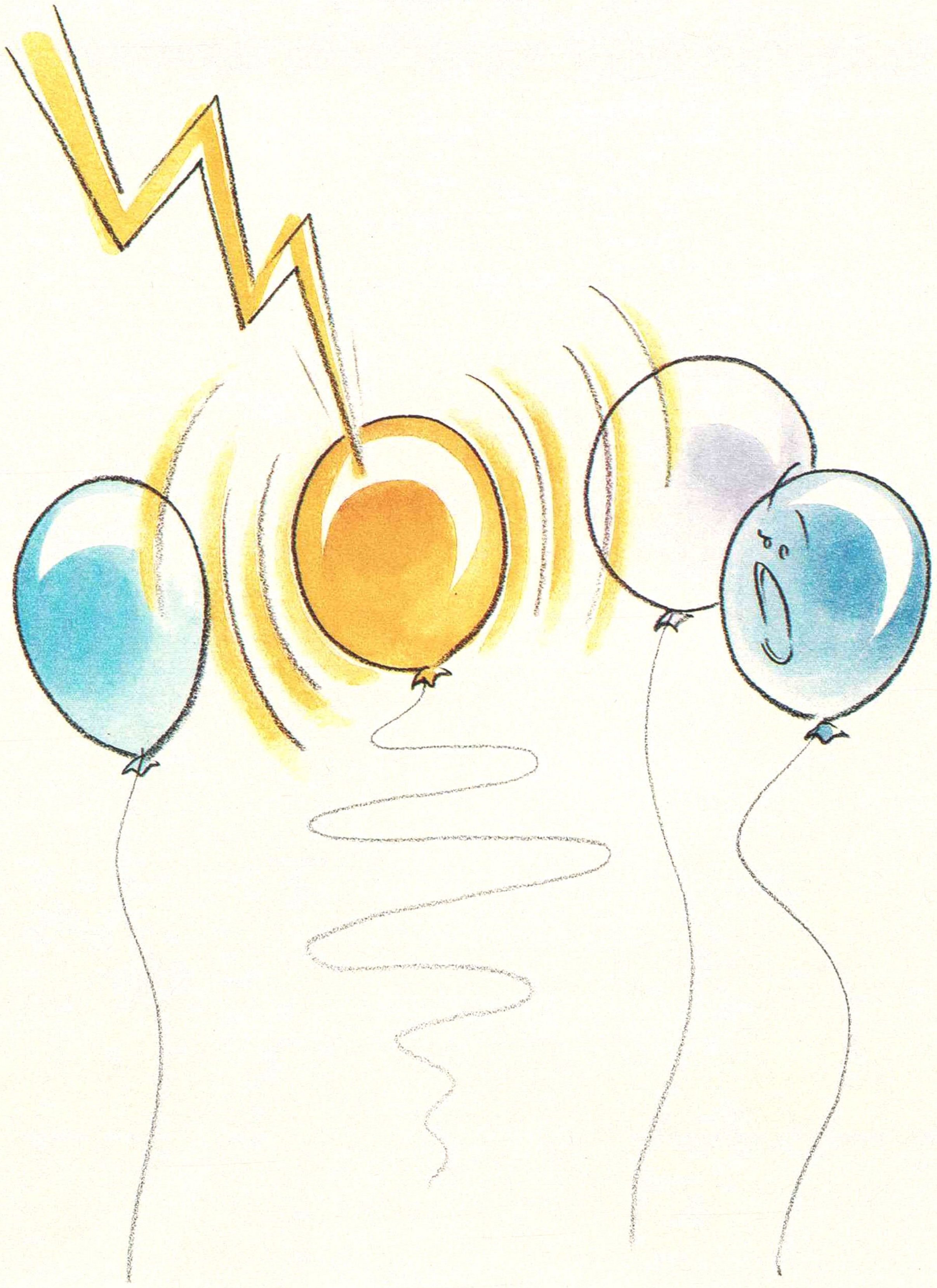
For reggae enthusiasts, there's ***Reggae International*** (Knopf), Stephen Davis and Peter Simon's handsome, fact-crammed anthology of Jamaican music and "those menacing devils with snake nests for hair." ***Catch a Fire: The Life of Bob Marley*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), by Timothy White, profiles the spirited struggle of Marley, a modern-day Caribbean folk hero who took on hypocrisy, bigotry, and a corrupt government with his impassioned music. White's narrative is equally passionate, as well as eloquent and objective. He has written a richly hewn biography that transcends man and music. Love and oppression, the endless search for dignity and freedom—these are the universal themes that dominate this extraordinary book by one of the best observers on the music scene today.

New-wave music makes an appearance in print with ***Lou Reed and the Velvet Underground*** (Proteus), by Diana Clapton, which documents the early days of rock decadence as practiced by its crown prince of punk. There's also ***And I Don't Want to Live This Life*** (Villard) by Deborah Spungen, whose daughter, Nancy, was brutally murdered by Sex Pistol Sid Vicious in 1978. Neither the author's middle-class Jewish upbringing nor common sense prepared her for the ordeal she faced as mother of a critically disturbed teenager. "More than once I fantasized that someone would kill her, put her and us out of our misery," Spungen admits. Instead, she stood by dutifully as Nancy lied, stole, became a rock groupie, a prostitute, a heroin addict, and finally a zombielike participant in Vicious's covenant with death. Spungen recounts her twenty-year odyssey of torment and horror with startling frankness. At times, the events teeter on the brink of madness, especially when she plumbs the depths of the destructive rock world littered with innocent victims. This is a powerful and disturbing book. The personal recollections are unusually shocking, the writing never less than compelling.

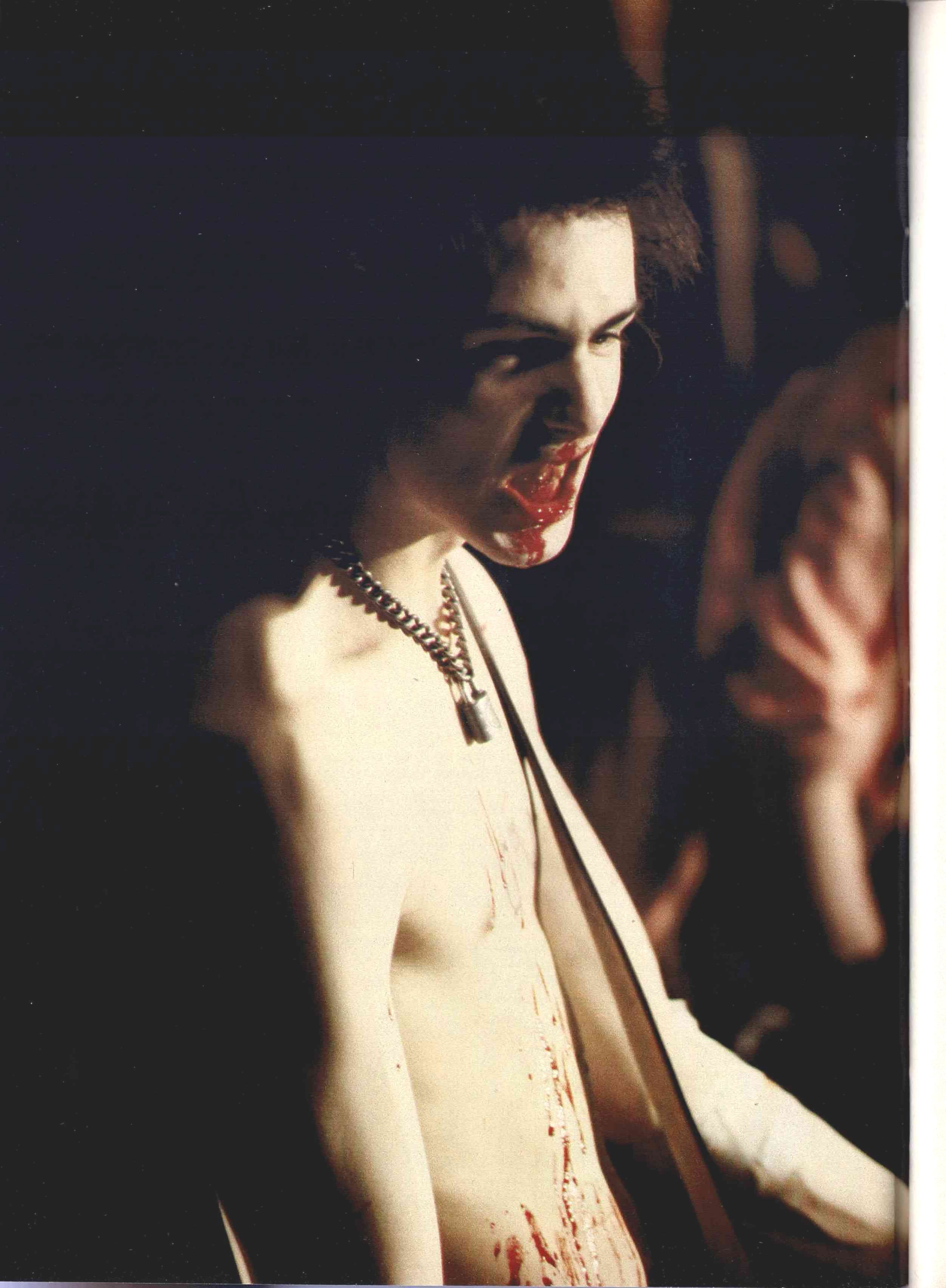
Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for ***Before I Get Old: The Story of the Who*** (St. Martin's) by Dave Marsh. The book, at more than 600 pages, is too ponderous in its assessment of this semistellar group. It does present, however, an insightful history of 1960s rock and the British Invasion, and Marsh's writing is concise and consistently interesting. Which is more than can be said for ***Grateful Dead: The Official Book of the Deadheads*** (Morrow/Quill), edited by Paul Grushkin. Its format resembles the scrapbook of an aging hippie with its hodgepodge of silly pictures, sillier dialogues (including an "Experiment in Dream Telepathy with the Grateful Dead"), and ludicrous "set notes" detailing the band's endless string of concerts. The book's travelogue is as spaced out and mystical as the Grateful Dead's music. I give it a sixty-seven—nice beat, but you can't dance to it.—*Bob Spitz* O┼

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Anyone who says grace over a salami on rye is asking for it."



Bob Gruen/Star File

The almost unbelievable
story of the love-death relationship
of Sid Vicious and his
girl friend Nancy Spungen—as witnessed
by the victim's mother.

Love Me, Kill Me

Michael McKenzie

"There's really a lot goin' on here, Mom. Music. People. I'm meeting a lot of people." It was a transatlantic phone call from my twenty-year-old daughter, Nancy. In the spring of 1976 she had gone to London to visit. She had just spent a traumatic eighteen months away from home, living in New York City, where she had hung out in the rock music scene—her first love—and taken too many drugs, including heroin. Nancy had been emotionally disturbed since birth. She had spent over one fifth of her life in a school for disturbed children. She had also been committed for brief periods to several mental institutions. For years my husband, Frank, and I had had little control over her. Visits with too many psychiatrists had not helped. In the end, there was nothing to be done but let Nancy go, let her lead her own life.

"You know who I met at a party last night?" she continued excitedly. "You won't believe it."

"Who?"

"Sid Vicious!"

"*Who?*"

"*Sid Vicious.*"

"Who's he?"

"A punk rocker. He's with the Sex Pistols, Mom."

"Who are the Sex Pistols?"

"They're the biggest band in England. They're great. The best."

"Oh."

"He's nice. Really nice. I really like him. I think he likes me, too."

"What kind of name is that, Sid Vicious?"

"I met Johnny, too."

"Johnny?"

"Johnny Rotten. The singer."

"He's with the Sex Pistols, too?"

"Uh-huh."

"That's very nice." I had learned long ago not to cross Nancy. My objections had no impact on her. In fact, they only served to fuel her ever present anger.

I paid no further attention at that time to the subject of punk music or to the musician Sid Vicious. I assumed he was just

BY DEBORAH SPUNGEN

another of her fleeting attachments. There was no reason then to think otherwise.

Within two weeks Nancy was, it appeared, back on heroin. She denied it, but on the phone her voice was slurred. She was paranoid and didn't make a lot of sense. And she was out of money.

"I can't stay with my friends no more, Mom. They don't like me. Don't want me there. They hate me."

"So where are you staying?"

"On the street. In a car. Your Nancy's sleepin' in a car. And I got no food. Nothing to eat. No money, Mom."

"You're back on."

"No, it isn't that."

"Nancy, don't lie to me."

"I'm not."

"You told me never to trust a junkie."

"I'm your *daughter*."

"*Even* my daughter."

"I'm not on junk. I *swear*. It's just that . . . that nobody *likes* me. And I'm sleepin' in a *car*. No place. No food. I need money, *please*. The money from my certificate. Send me some of it. There's a thousand left, isn't there? Please, Mom. *Please*."

"Maybe you should think about coming home."

"No! I won't! I'm not ready!"

"But you're not hacking it over there."

"I'm okay. I just need money. I just need . . . I need *spring*. It's so *cold* here."

I told her I'd have to think about it.

I agonized over it. I felt more helpless than ever before. She was so vulnerable, so incapable of taking care of herself. And so far away.

As far as I know, she had no regular place to live until midsummer, when she phoned to inform me that she and Sid were moving in with his mother.

"Sid?" I asked, not placing the name.

"From the Sex Pistols, Mom. Sid Vicious. He's the biggest rock star in the world. And he's all mine. Isn't that great?"

"So you two are . . .?"

"We've been crashing at people's flats for a couple of weeks but it's no good."

I heard a man's voice in the background.

Then Nancy said, "Here, Mom. Sid wants to say something."

There was a rustling and a man with a heavy English accent said, "Hello, Mum."

"Hello, Sid," I said.

"How are ya?" He had a flat, placid-sounding voice.

"Fine. How are you?"

"Fine. Your daughter looks so pretty. I bought her shoes."

"That's nice."

"And fancy underwear."

"That's very nice, Sid," I said. "Sid?"

"Yes, Mum?"

"Could I speak to Nancy again?"

"Yeah, sure. Okay. But could you send us money? For Nancy?"

"I'll talk to her about that."

"Oh, okay. Here's Nancy. Nice talking to you, Mum."

"Nice talking to you, Sid."

"Bye, Mum."

"Good-bye, Sid."

Nancy got back on. "Isn't he great?"

"He sounds very pleasant."

"Oh, he is. He's a very nice lad, Mum."

Nancy was starting to pick up an English accent.

"With that name," I said, "you'd expect he'd be, I don't know, kind of rough."

"Oh, no. That's just for the act. He's nothing like what the papers say. That's all made up. Would your daughter go out with someone like that?"

I decided then and there to find out what the papers said about the Sex Pistols.

"Is he on heroin?"

"No."

"Are you?"

"Yeah, but I'm going on meth again. Sid wants me to. See how good he is. Can you send me some money? So we can get settled? Sid's broke, too."

"If he's such a big success why doesn't he have any money?"

"I think they're holding out on him."

> "I got beat up by the Teddys," said Nancy, "and they pulled my ear off. A doctor sewed it back on, but I forgot to get the stitches out."

I told her I'd think about it. I ended up sending her fifty dollars.

The Sex Pistols' first album, *Anarchy in the U.K.*, was released in England in November 1976. The group first came to the attention of the mainstream British public a few days after its release because of an appearance on a national television talk show. Its host, Bill Grundy, asked them to say something outrageous to the viewing public. They obliged by letting loose with a string of snarled obscenities, resulting in front-page news the next day, as well as the suspension of Grundy.

By the time Nancy arrived in London four months later, the Sex Pistols were the biggest sensation in England.

It was only natural that she would like the Sex Pistols, want to be involved with them. They were angry and violent. They were the newest thing on the musical horizon, the next step past the underground New York punk scene. They were celebrities. Later, when she herself would become a punk celebrity, journalists would characterize her as a girl who took to punk because it was a repudiation of middle-class life. Not so. Nancy loved being middle-class. She was making no social statement. It was simply the music that attracted Nancy to punk. Always, it was the music. It was her flame. All she wanted was to get close to it. As close as possible.

Nancy and Sid stayed with his mother for less than two months. She and Nancy apparently didn't get along. So Nancy and Sid moved into a hotel. Nancy phoned me from her new place of residence. From her calls, I learned that she was becoming exposed to the violence that surrounded the Sex Pistols.

"I got beat up, Mom," she moaned. "My nose is broke somethin' 'orrible. It's all over my face. It hurts."

"Who did it?" I asked.

"The Teddys. They don't like us."

"Who are the Teddys?"

"Assholes who hate punks. They attacked us on the street. They gave me two black eyes, too. Sid got knifed. But we're okay. And I'll be ready for 'em next time. Sid bought me a truncheon."

Two weeks later she phoned to say she and Sid had moved to a different hotel. When I asked why, she replied that the manager of the hotel had asked them to leave.

"Sid got mad," she explained, "and dangled me out the window. I was screaming at him to let me back in and I guess it pissed off the people in the hotel."

"Are you okay?" I asked. What else could I say?

"Oh, yeah. It was nothing. He was just upset."

They got into another reportedly violent quarrel in a different London hotel room at the end of November. Again, Nancy's screams brought the manager. This time the British press was also alerted. The papers reported that the manager went up to Nancy and Sid's room to find a bloodstained bed, a near-naked Sid bleeding from cuts on his arms, and broken glass all over the carpet. There was a bottle of pills on the nightstand. A police inquiry was launched.

A second problem also arose to doom Nancy and Sid's life together: Sid's career. The Sex Pistols were an overpromoted, talentless outfit, and after the novelty of their outrageousness had worn thin, the group disbanded. Sid tried a solo act in London. He cut a single called "My Way," but it failed to take off.

"I'm managing Sid's career now, Mum," Nancy told me over the phone. "He's gonna be even bigger as a solo. He'll do better in the States, I figure," she declared firmly. "So we're comin' back for good. End of August or so. As soon as we get to New York, I'll bring Sid down to meet the whole family. We'll stay for a while. Won't that be great?"

Nancy was coming home.

The prospect stirred bad memories. Not memories of the public Nancy, the punk Nancy, but memories of our private Nancy, the one we'd grown up with. That experience was far more frightening than anything I'd ever read about the punks.

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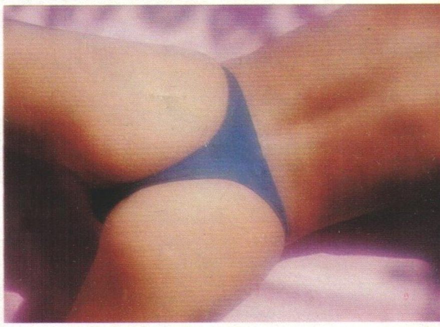

SHOWGIRL

❛Audrey's not too concerned about the future: basically, she's up for grabs.❜

Audrey's a self-confessed party girl. She likes to attend them unescorted, then find the sexiest guy in the room to round out the evening. Sometimes he comes on to her; sometimes she comes on to him. True love, she tells us with a smile, is subtle compromise...

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED HOLZMAN

Basically Audrey's a night owl, though she will venture out by day for leisure activities. If she ever turns her back to the sun, you can be sure it's just for maximum exposure. Obligingly, she does the same here, claiming it's her very best angle, and a beautifully curved one at that...

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Only twenty-two and still glowing, Audrey's not too concerned about planning for the future. Basically, she says, she's up for grabs...

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...just as long as fellows keep grabbing, she adds with a smile. That's the only thing she doesn't like about being single: her romantic life's as quirky and unpredictable as Kansas weather. A flood of admirers can sometimes be followed by a drought, then a cyclone of furious activity...

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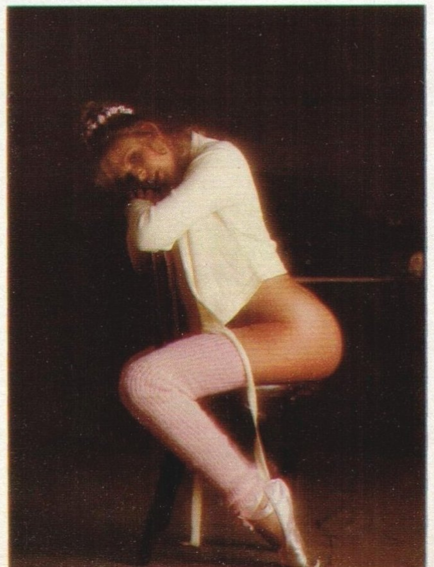
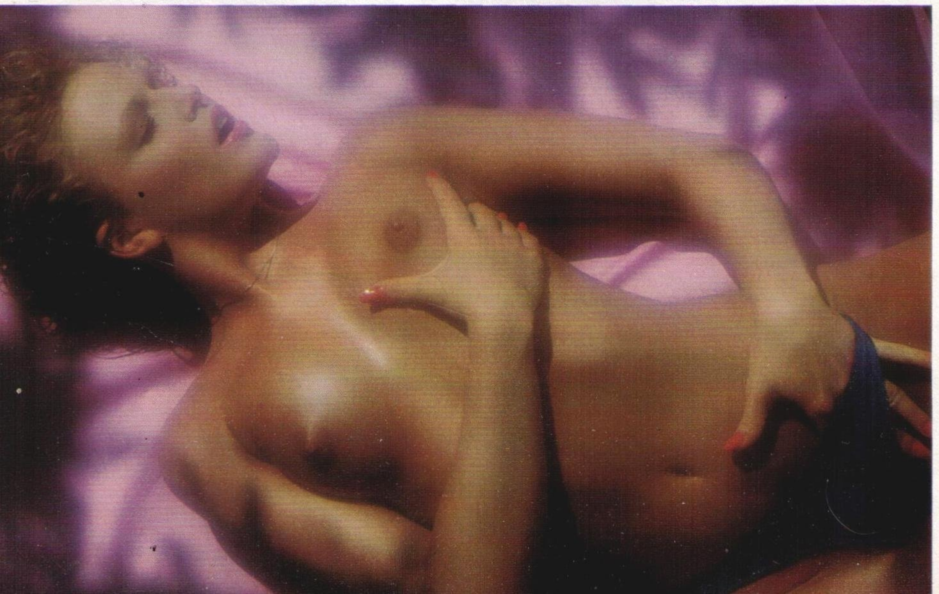


Of course, a girl can always depend on herself on a really slow night, but sex, she says, is far more exciting when it's a team sport for two. That's for sure; but in our opinion Audrey's one-woman performance is a real showstopper.



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The PENTHOUSE 20 WORST COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAMS OF 1983-84

The sixth annual listing,
by America's leading expert, of campus pigskin
disasters waiting to happen.

BY LARRY LINDERMAN

I don't know about you people. Last year I heard from the usual pack of semiliterates, many of whom claimed to be students—or athletic directors—at some of the colleges I wrote about. I don't mind the insults, but do us both a favor: if you really feel compelled to send me a letter, don't write it while eating pizza, okay?

Mine may be a thankless pursuit, but it has its own rewards. Last year, for example, I dropped Vanderbilt out of the Worst 20 for the first time since the feature began. A grateful Commodore team thereupon won eight games and finished third in the Southeastern conference—Vanderbilt's best showing in forty-seven years. This season I'm taking Northwestern out of the Worst 20 for the first time. Coach Dennis Green knows what I did for his Northwestern squad last year: by ranking them the absolute worst in the nation, I provided the Wildcats with enough incentive to win three games. I'd be remiss, however, if I didn't report that Northwestern's success was largely due to the overgenerous contribution made to the school's football program by Charles Schwab, the nation's largest discount broker. Schwab gave Northwestern unlimited use, for four years, of his son, Sandy. Last season Sandy Schwab was the finest freshman quarterback in the nation. Who says rich kids can't play football? Sandy threw for 2,753 yards. If not for him, the Wildcats might have lengthened their thirty-one-game losing streak.

Last year I also predicted that Pennsylvania, coming off a 1-9 season, would end up in the Ivy League basement. Lordy, lordy, was *I* full of it. Jerry Berndt turned in the coaching job of the year by leading his boys to a 7-3 record and a tie for the Ivy League title. Berndt may have been brilliant, but a lot of Penn students know who's *really* responsible for their team's turnaround. Why else did the Quakers' marching band dedicate their '83 opening-game halftime show to me?

All of which may seem like small potatoes compared with the big story in college football this year: Herschel Walker's signing of a United States Football League contract. Although college baseball and basketball players are allowed to turn pro before their classes graduate,

Letterforms by Gerard Huerta

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC MEOLA

before Walker that never held true for college football players. It still doesn't: the USFL said it made an exception in Herschel's case, and from now on will stick to the rule laid down by the NFL. The Supreme Court might feel differently about the matter, but no college player has ever challenged the rule in court. Is it a *good* rule? In an effort to find out, I sought the opinion of people who best know the inner workings of college sport.

One of them is Danny Sheridan of Mobile, Alabama, who provides odds on all sporting events for *USA Today*. Says Sheridan, "In terms of their legal rights, I think college kids should be able to turn pro before their classes graduate. But if I were in charge of the NFL or USFL, I'd say no, because the colleges serve as pro football's minor-league teams. And if I were a college coach or administrator, I'd also say no, because college football pays the bills for other sports."

Nashville's Jerry McCoin, who publishes the Athlon series of college football magazines, sees the issue from a different perspective. "It seems inconsistent to me that baseball and basketball players don't have to wait for their classes to graduate before turning pro, but I'm not so sure that's right, either. It goes this deep: a lot of college athletes come out of high schools without having taken any English, mathematics, or history courses. When your academics slide to that level, you'll have kids in college who don't belong there. Even if they *do* belong there, I think they should be allowed to finish their educations," he says.

Joseph Del Popolo, editor-publisher of the annual GamePlan college and pro previews, agrees with McCoin. "What's good for the goose is good for the gander, but I don't think an athlete should be deprived of the total social and academic college experience," he says.

My own opinion: if Herschel Walker were still playing for Georgia this year and happened to tear up a knee, he'd be out $5 million. Herschel claims he's going to earn his degree; turning pro a year early doesn't seem too high a price to pay for earning a degree a year late.

On to this year's list of losers:

(1) MINNESOTA
I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but if you thought the Golden Gophers were inept in '82, wait till you see how atrocious they are in '83. Funny, isn't it, how things can turn around so quickly? Minnesota started off last year by winning its first three games, but from then on the season turned into one long disaster. The Gophers went on to lose their remaining eight games—most were blowouts—and wound up last in the Big Ten. Matters slid further downhill after the season, when the athletic department fired seven of head coach Joe Salem's eight assistant coaches. Tony Hunter, the Gophers' leading ground gainer in '83, quit the team during spring practice. In June, six offensive and seven defensive starters received their diplomas. Graduation's unkindest cut was quarterback Mike Hohensee, who holds practically every Minnesota passing record. Last season Hohensee completed 210 of 360 attempts, gaining 2,380 yards. Good luck to the freshmen, junior college transfers, and second-stringers who hope to fill his shoes. In addition to losing his brilliant quarterback and best ballcarrier, coach Salem also lost his offensive line. Guard Randy Rasmussen is the lone returning member of the Gophers' blocking corps. Sound bad so far? You ain't heard nothin' yet: Minnesota is in even worse shape defensively. Not a single defensive lineman returns from last year's crew, and the Gophers' depleted linebacking corps is just plain shaky. The secondary is in relatively good shape, so don't expect opposing teams to pass the Gophers to death. Why go to all that bother when you can simply ram the ball down their throats?

(2) RICE
This year pigskin pundit Danny Sheridan picks Rice as the worst college team in the southern half of the nation. Sheridan's report:

"Rice enters the '83 season knowing its football team can't possibly get any worse. How could it? Last year the Owls were 0-11. Since 1977, when Ray Alborn became head football coach, Rice has won 13 games and lost 53, but don't blame him. Rice is a private school that puts more emphasis on SAT scores than football scores, and its student-athletes simply don't belong on the same field as the semipros employed by such opponents as Texas, Arkansas, L.S.U., S.M.U., and Houston. I almost feel sorry for this year's inexperienced and overmatched Owl defense . Alborn will install seven new starters on defense and the same number on offense. The '82 Owls scored only 13 points a game, and they won't do any better this season. Although junior quarterback Doug Johnson figures to improve his sub-50 percent passing stats, Rice's running game isn't about to scare anyone. Alborn is going with a brand new set of ballcarriers and an equally new offensive line—that's a situation guaranteed to give a coach an ulcer. Rice's season ends November 12, which is lucky for its players, many of whom will be all healed by Thanksgiving. Don't take that to mean the Owls are a bunch of turkeys; they're more like sitting ducks."

(3) KENT STATE
Last season the Flashes finished 0-11 and were every bit as maladroit as their record indicates. Kent State's quarterback, Walter Kroan, threw 22 interceptions, and let's hope he's more accurate this year, because that boy's going to need every break he can get. For openers, only one

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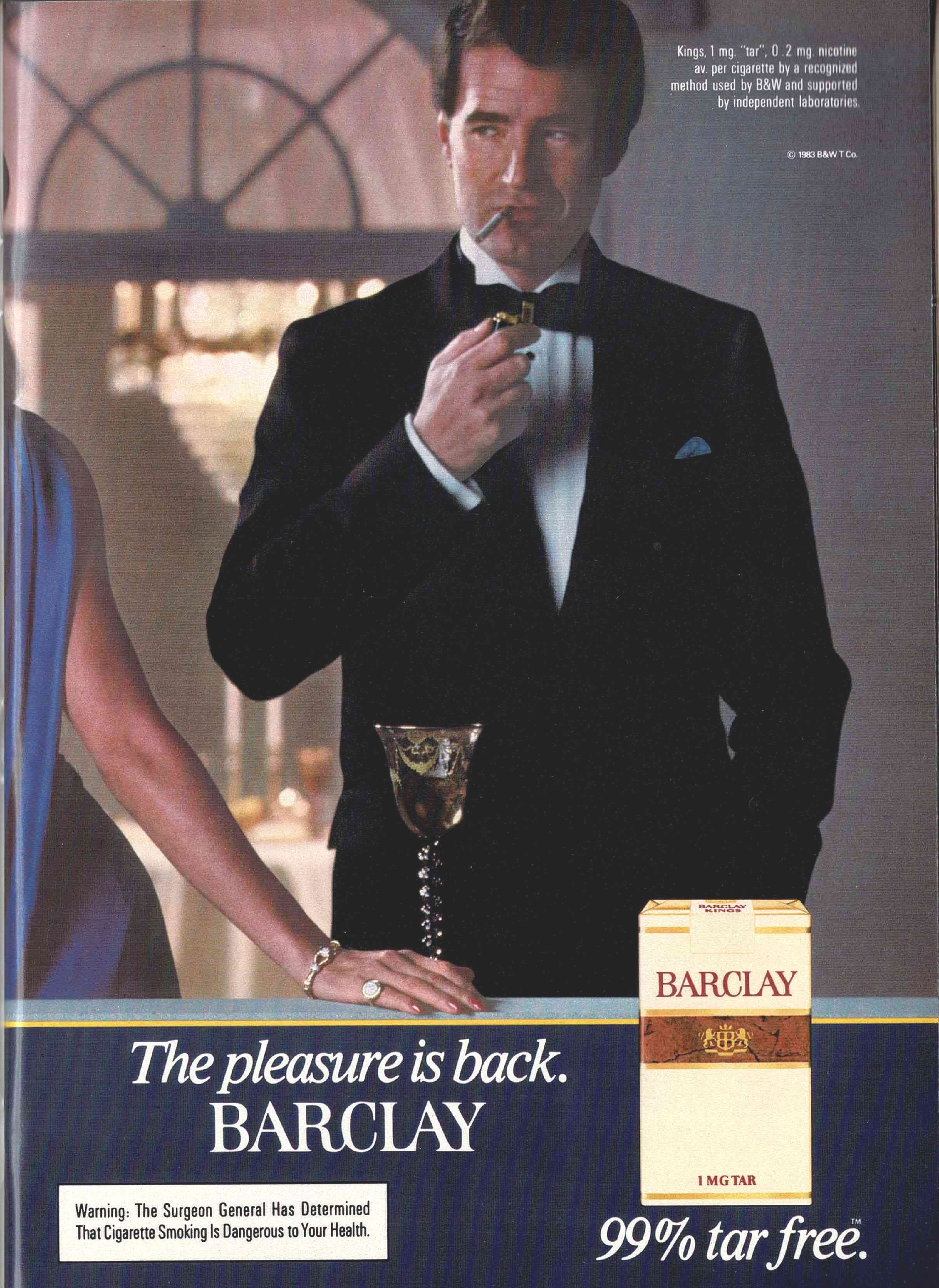
Kings, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by a recognized method used by B&W and supported by independent laboratories.
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With every step he took, Jan
Buk was cruelly aware that his actions
were jeopardizing the lives of
his countrymen . . . in time, he could even
become his own executioner.

POLAND
1939

BY JAMES MICHENER

On September 1, 1939, Adolf Hitler's Nazis crashed over the border into Poland and, with a vast superiority in manpower, tanks, and dive bombers, devastated the countryside and overpowered the cities.

A brief ten days later, having met brave but futile resistance, the Nazis stormed across the Vistula and occupied all territory around Bukowo, into which a contingent of their forward troops rushed, led by a civilian who announced himself to the villagers as Hans Yunger. When everyone was assembled in the village square he produced a carefully prepared document, from which he read a list of eight names: Pawel Barski, Miroslawa Bukowska, Szymon Bukowski, Ryszard Axentowicz, Roman Ostrowski, Bogoria Wyspianski, Barbara Ostrowska, and Jakub Pisecki. Nazi soldiers were able, with help from some villagers, to locate six of the seven; Szymon Bukowski had disappeared into the forest, but no one reported this.

Those arrested were told they could take with them to the jail one small parcel that had to contain everything they would need for an indefinite stay, and when they lined up in the village square to await the truck that would carry them off to imprisonment, they formed a strange lot. Pani Bukowska was tall, thin, quietly aggressive, as if she had known all along that something like this would happen one day. Barbara Ostrowska was a soft, gentle girl studying to be a teacher, not pretty but gloriously youthful and bright of eye. There had never been any Jews in this village, and had Jakub Pisecki possessed

PAINTING BY GOTTFRIED HELNWEIN

the slightest degree of Jewish blood, it would have been known to his neighbors. Father Barski, now a secure, stable priest, looked the role; his parishioners believed the rumor that he was soon to be a bishop. The schoolmaster looked like one; the wealthy farmer was robust, stocky, very square-faced.

The seven held their small packages before them as the truck wheeled up, but as it stopped, three young Nazis in gray-green uniforms leaped out, knelt on the ground not six feet from the Poles, leveled their machine guns, and sprayed them with a terrible fusillade of bullets.

When the seven bodies lay slumped on the cobblestones, Hans Yunger said only three words, using Polish, which had been taught him in a special school for those officials who would govern Poland. Turning to a group of horrified men who had watched the execution, he snarled, "Bury them," and to the general population whom he surveyed coldly as he climbed into his staff car, he said, "Obey."

Hans Yunger had been sent there to strike terror into the hearts of villagers, and he had succeeded. He would now move on to his next assignment, where he would perform just as efficiently.

His place was taken by a Nazi of much different character, SS Major Konrad Krumpf, a low-level functionary of the Gestapo whose job it would be to govern a set of seventeen villages for the duration of the war. He was a tense man of thirty-three when he drove his own small car into town and not at all the imperious commander that Hans Yunger had been.

However, Krumpf was a realist, and knew that he was not intellectually brilliant like some of his competitors in the Gestapo, or as gifted in political maneuvering or even as masculine-looking as the stiff Prussians in the SS or the handsome Bavarians. But he knew he possessed two traits many of them lacked: he had an innate sense of where his enemies, Polish or German, might be hiding and a cunning skill in frustrating them; and he had an almost rodentlike capacity for accumulating facts about everyone with whom he came in contact, assembling huge stacks of cards, in five different colors on which were summarized the bits of information he had collected about them. These files were supervised by two gloomy, nervous clerks whose names were not even known to the villagers but whose laborious work dominated their lives.

No act was too trivial to escape the attention of Konrad Krumpf and his clerks, and when observed, it was written down. For example, he knew that Szymon Bukowski, the fifteen-year-old son of the liberal agitator Miroslawa Bukowska, had been among the seven to be liquidated on that first day and that he had somehow escaped.

It was Krumpf's job to find this condemned man and execute him, and as he studied the cards pertaining to his target, he saw that Szymon was the presumed grandson of the local gentleman now dead, Wiktor Bukowski, who was known as the Hero of Zamość because of his conduct at the siege of that city by the Russian Communists. So Krumpf went to the palace to pursue his ongoing investigation.

There he was greeted by a woman whom he had been instructed to treat with deference, for she was said to be a multimillionaire from Chicago and from a family potentially friendly to the German cause. Marjorie Bukowska, his cards told him—green in her case, indicating a person of high importance—was sixty-seven years old, a widow, an amateur patron of Polish culture, and the mother of the current owner of the palace, Ludwik Bukowski, thirty-nine years old and something of an enigma.

Like many wealthy women free to tend their every need, Madame Bukowska had grown more beautiful as she aged, and now her slender figure and glowing white hair gave her an aura of great dignity as she came forward to greet the commander of her district: "Herr Krumpf . . ."

"Major," he corrected.

"I've never been able to read military designations," she said. "Do join me." She led him into that grand hall dominated by the two huge paintings. He was awed by its majesty and in that first moment he hatched his plot. He, Konrad Krumpf, son of a merchant in Magdeburg, would live in this palace, and from it he would dispense justice to the Poles he supervised. To achieve this he must deal gingerly with the American woman and her Polish son.

"Madame Bukowska," he said easily as he settled into one of her comfortable chairs, "I must interrogate you on what could be a painful subject."

"Many things are painful these days," she replied.

"This missing man, Szymon Bukowski . . ."

"Szymon?" she asked brightly, almost laughingly. "He's not a man. He's a boy. Hardly old enough to drive an automobile."

"He's a fugitive, Madame Bukowska," and he said this with such finality that she made no further defensive comment. "Do you know where Szymon Bukowski is hiding?"

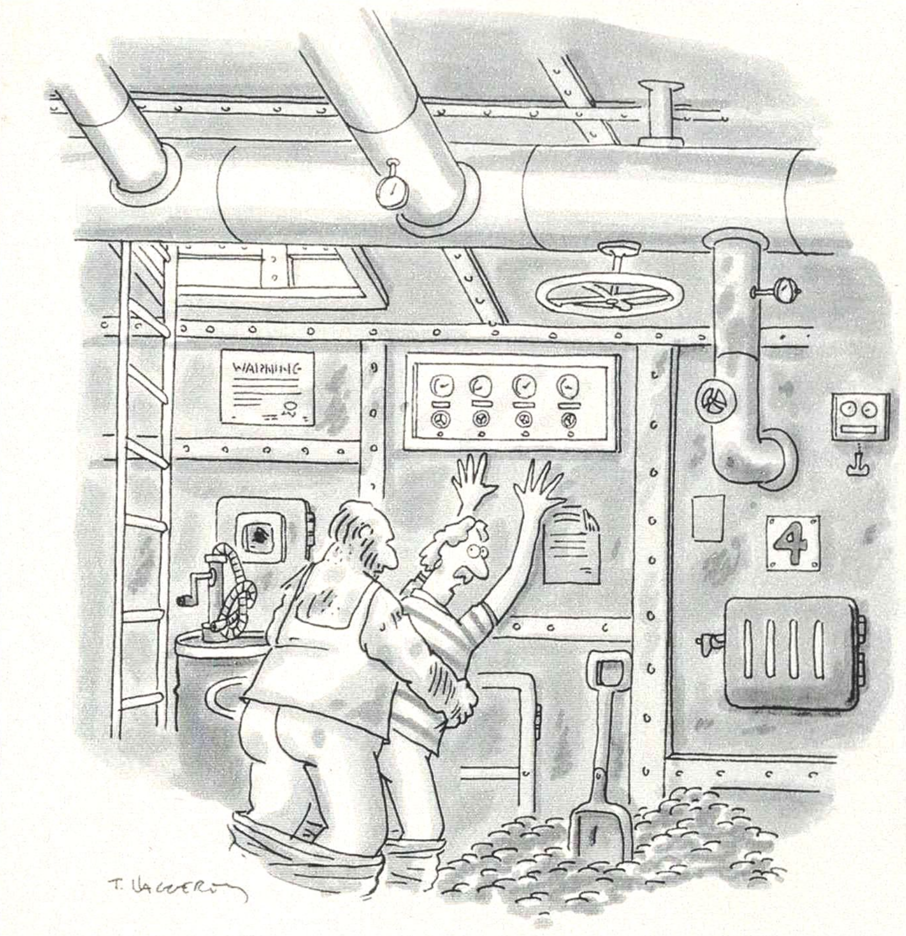
"I do not," she said in the good German she had acquired in Vienna. She sipped her tea, then said emphatically: "I would never have known where he was, Herr Krumpf. For I had little to do with him."

"In Chicago," he began, pronouncing it "Tchee-ka-goe" with equal emphasis on each syllable, "you were very wealthy, yes? Then why are you still in this dreadful country?"

"Because I love it," she said quietly.

"And you would do anything to assist it?"

Turning so that she could look squarely



"Oh, Bruno, please tell me that I'm not like all
the other tourists and that this isn't just another shipboard romance."

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at him, she said: "Yes, I suppose I would. You see, it's my country now."

"Would you be offended if I asked to . . . not search . . . but . . ."

"Look around?" She used a homely German idiom and he smiled, a thin, grudging smile that brought half-tears to his watery blue eyes.

"Yes, I'd like to look around. We're very concerned about this Szymon, you know."

It was during this inspection that Konrad Krumpf first saw the art treasures of the Bukowski palace, and although he ridiculed the two big Polish panoramas, terming them peasant painting, and denigrated the Claude Monet as degenerate Jewish art, he was astonished by the quality and beauty of the Rembrandt and the little Correggio. "But these are museum paintings! Madame Bukowska, your husband had flawless taste."

"I bought them," she said. "I studied art in Italy."

He was on the point of advising her to get rid of the Monet, or at least hide it, because a new world of art was about to take command of Europe, one in which there would be no place for such immoral painting, when he saw for the first time the elegant Hans Holbein portrait of an English lady. It was really a complete work of art, very Renaissance, very German.

"That is a notable painting," Krumpf said with such enthusiasm that Marjorie was compelled to ask, "Where did you learn so much about art?" and he with obvious pleasure replied, "We are not all pigs, as your Jewish *New York Times* would have it." She wanted to know more, but he said, abruptly, that he had to leave, so they returned to the hall, and from the manner in which he surveyed it, with an almost proprietary interest, she was certain that she and her son would be seeing a great deal of SS Major Krumpf in the months ahead.

When the Nazis overran Poland that September they found themselves empowered to put into cruel operation a plan that Heinrich Himmler and Alfred Rosenberg had worked out in harsh detail.

Those sections of Poland that lay next to either Germany proper or East Prussia were to be completely denuded of Poles and resettled by Germans. At first there would be mass expulsions; later there would be systematic extermination. As many as 20 million Poles would either be worked to death in labor camps or be slain instantly. That part of Poland would never again exist.

That left a large southern area well removed from the German borders and based on the triangle of cities—Warsaw, Kraków, and Lowo—in which Bukowo was centrally located. This was given the curious name General Gouvernement. It was governed by an able Nazi lawyer, Dr. Hans Frank, who maintained headquarters in the famous Wawel Castle in Kraków.

But Dr. Frank did not, like many of his subordinates, practice cruelty for its own sake. As he explained to his cadre:

"Long term we work for the extermination of the Polish people. Short term we must use them to help feed our soldiers. Therefore farmers are to be kept at their fields, but the most rigorous rules are to be published in every community demanding that farm families keep for themselves only enough to sustain life. Everything else must be delivered to our representatives for shipment to Germany, and any farmer or housewife who connives to avoid this rule shall be shot."

For most of the villagers and farmers the situation was clear: turn in the little hand mills in which wheat had been ground for generations and from which the good bread of Poland had been made, or run the risk of being shot. From cupboards, from places in the corner behind the stove women with tears streaming down their faces brought forth the treasured querns: two round, flat stones sat in a box small enough for a boy to carry, each top stone with a hole in its upper surface into which a wooden handle could be placed, which, when turned in a tight circle, caused the upper stone to revolve and grind the wheat until it became flour sifting safely into the bottom of the box.

> ‘He did not torture Biruta. . . . He simply knocked her down whenever her answers did not please, until at last she simply lay still where she had fallen, unable to bear anymore.’

The order presented a problem for Jadwiga Buk, now seventy-two and still a determined woman: she delayed bringing forth the little mill on which she had ground her family's grain because she wanted to see what was going to happen to the querns that were surrendered. She was standing off to one side when, at half past ten, the first housewives came forward with their precious instruments, and she was horrified by what Konrad Krumpf did with them.

"Put them there," he commanded, and when they were placed on the ground he directed the soldiers to smash the stones and toss the boxes into a pile that was obviously going to be burned.

This wanton destruction of the little machines that had served so well, this violation of the household gods who keep society together, so shocked Jadwiga that she cried: "Send them to Germany. Don't destroy them."

Krumpf did not halt his operations to check who had called out, but from the corner of his eye he saw that it must have been the Buk woman, and he could visualize her card: grandmother of the Szymon Bukowski we *seek*.

Jadwiga left the village square in a great perturbation. She simply could not surrender her quern to the destruction she had witnessed, and vainly she endeavored to hide it. Her efforts were quite juvenile, really, and when the noon search began the SS men quickly found it. They dragged her into the square, where she was ordered to stand at attention as the stones were crushed at her feet and the hardwood box smashed and thrown onto the pile. She had not the courage to look down at the shattered stones but she did watch as the boxes were set ablaze, and she was still staring in disbelief when the rope was thrown about her neck and she was hanged. Because both his grandmother Jadwiga Buk and his aunt Miroslawa Bukowska had been executed by the Nazis, Jan Buk, inheritor of the farm, had to be looked upon with suspicion by Konrad Krumpf's men, and the three cards that summarized his case contained numerous entries.

He was twenty years old, broad and solid like his ancestors, and a good farmer; if any would produce a surplus that might be hidden, it would be he. He also owned a forest from which branches could be taken by the Germans for firewood. But his greatest asset was his wife, Biruta, a peasant girl of the old type who milked and plowed with vigor.

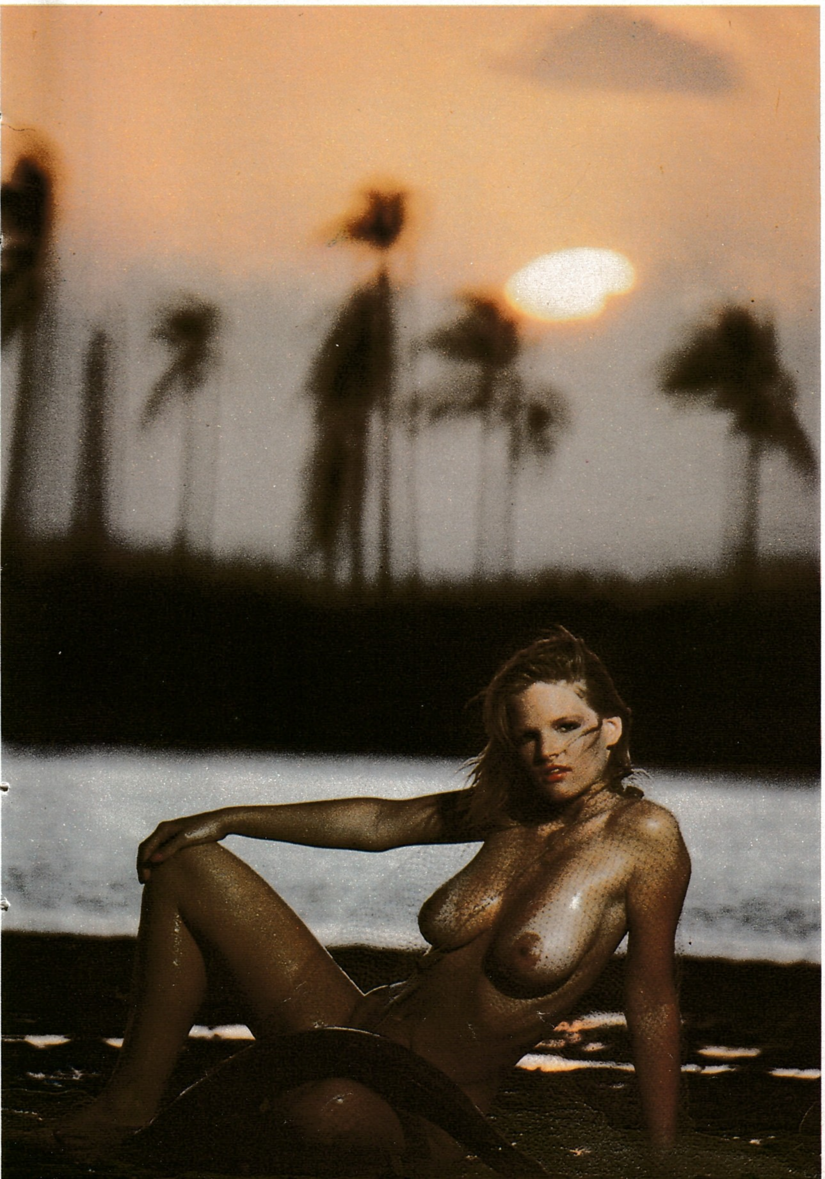
On the day that Grandmother Jadwiga was hanged, Jan returned to the cottage with the cement floor, and he said nothing, but when Biruta returned after having watched the hanging, he stared at her inquiringly, still saying nothing, and by a meaningful glance at one corner where cottage wall joined cement floor, she indicated that something of value lay buried.

His eyes riveted on the perilous spot, Jan listened as his wife spoke in whispers: "When Krumpf ordered that the querns be brought in, I gave them the old one my mother used. Our good one is hidden. But when we need to use it, we shall."

Krumpf's decision to move his headquarters to the Bukowski palace created many new problems for the family of Jan Buk. Now additional troops moved through the village, and surveillance of Polish movement intensified. Under directions from the General Gouvernement in Kraków, renewed drives were made to increase food production, and when a neighbor of the Buks was caught baking more bread than permitted by her quota, the assumption being that she was sneaking the extra loaves to the partisans in the forest of Szczek, the woman was apprehended by Krumpf's soldiers, dragged to the village square, and hanged.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160

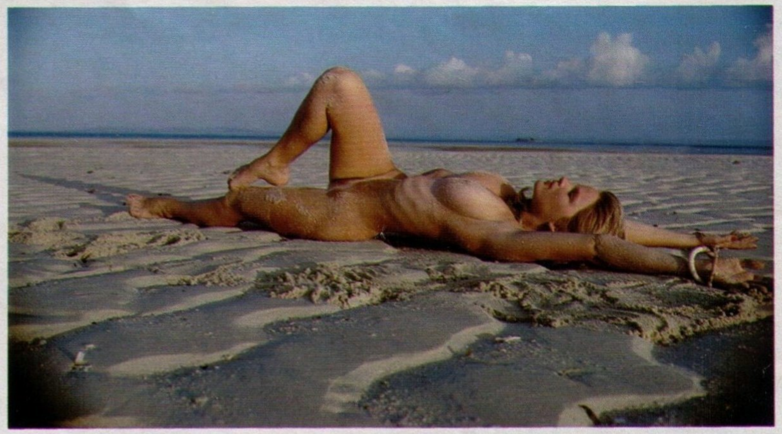
Location courtesy of Tambuli Beach Resort, Cebu, Philippines.



NADINE

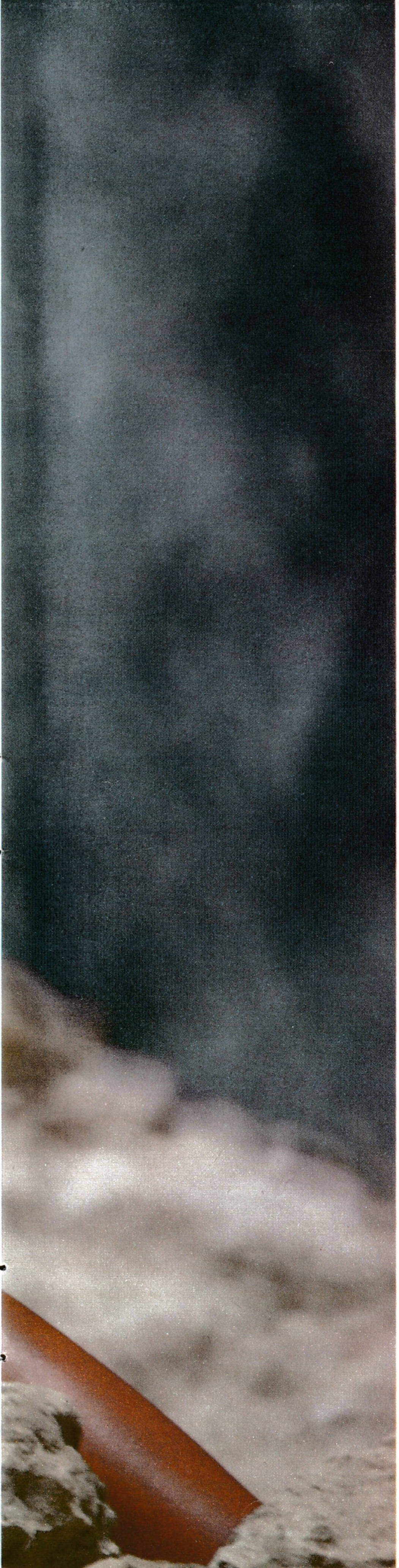
❛Most men tend
to be too rushed in their
lovemaking; I think
I get them too excited.❜

ANGEL IN A STATE OF LIMBO



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

Without really knowing it was happening, October Pet of the Month Nadine Greenlaw had her fortune told when she was a tender (but already tempting) teenager. "I was wandering down a sidewalk, just wearing a T-shirt and shorts, when a guy driving by and gaping at me almost hit a stop sign and shouted, 'There goes the next *Penthouse* centerfold!'" Obviously the fellow's timing was off a bit. Nadine is now twenty-three, and as you can plainly see, the sands of time have only served to ingrain her beauty more deeply...



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During Nadine's on-location shooting in the Philippines, curious Filipinos flocked around our blue-eyed blonde in delirious droves. Watching her dance the limbo, even the tiniest natives were in seventh heaven.

The natives in her home state of Maine had a similar response to Nadine. A panel of beauty-contest judges displayed their Yankee acumen by naming our astoundingly endowed 37-24-35-inch Pet Miss Maine World in 1980.

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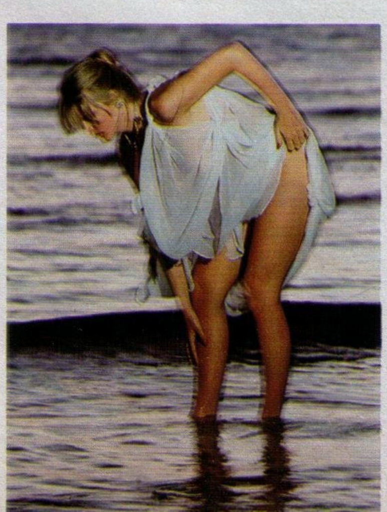

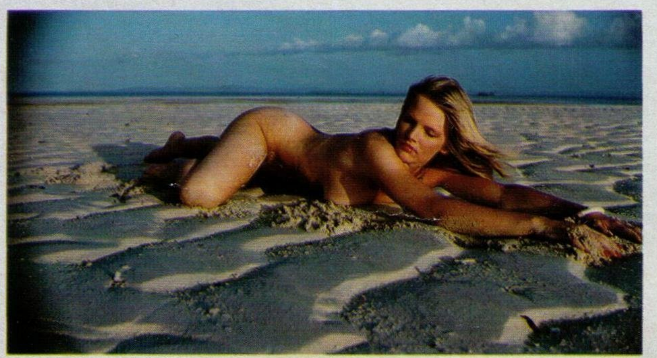

Small wonder, considering her buoyant attributes, that "all hands on deck" brought a flurry of eager volunteers. A cheerful good sport through it all, Nadine dubbed this laying on of hands her cultural-exchange commission...

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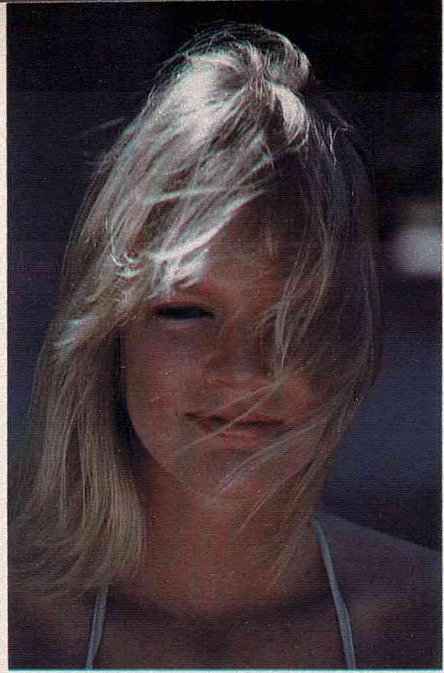

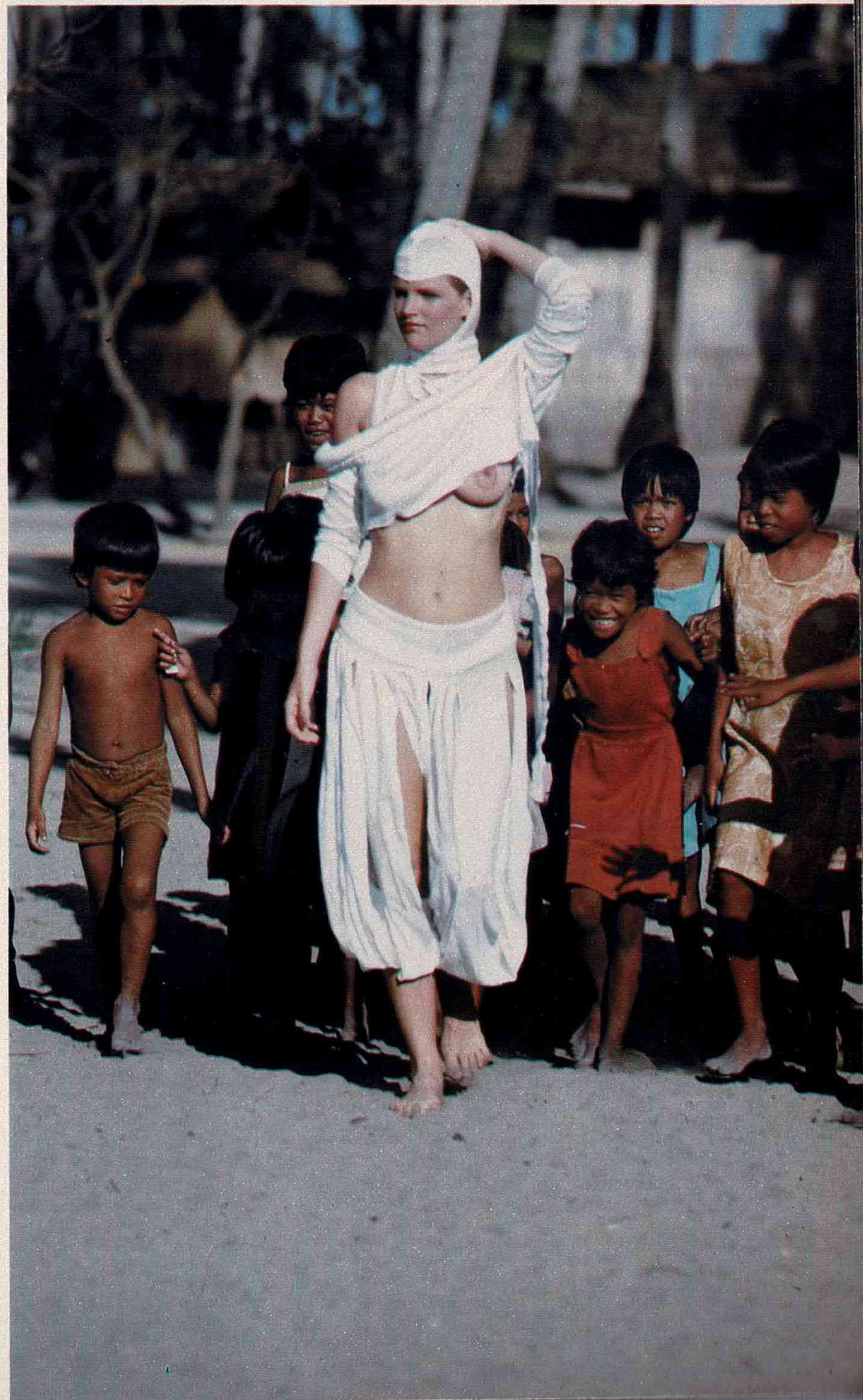

Basically, our Pet admits, casting false modesty aside, men have always been bowled over by her and she has always been openly thrilled by the constant attention.

Her family pampers her, too, she happily adds. Being the youngest and prettiest child, she's always received encouragement to make the most of her gifts. "My parents have always been behind me—I couldn't have done this without them!"

Most of her dreams have come true—including her present desire to continue working for *Penthouse*. But Nadine is still in search of the perfect man to share her bounty with.

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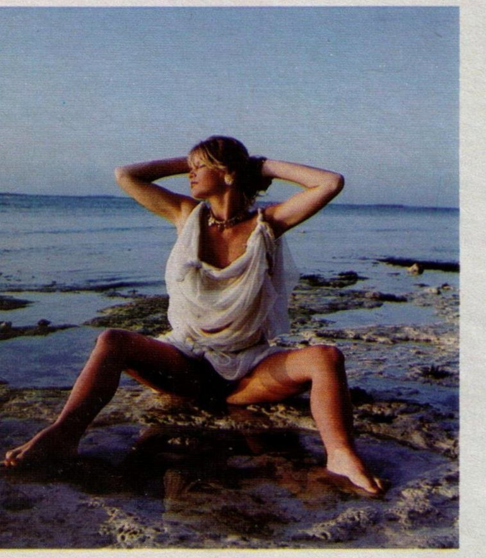
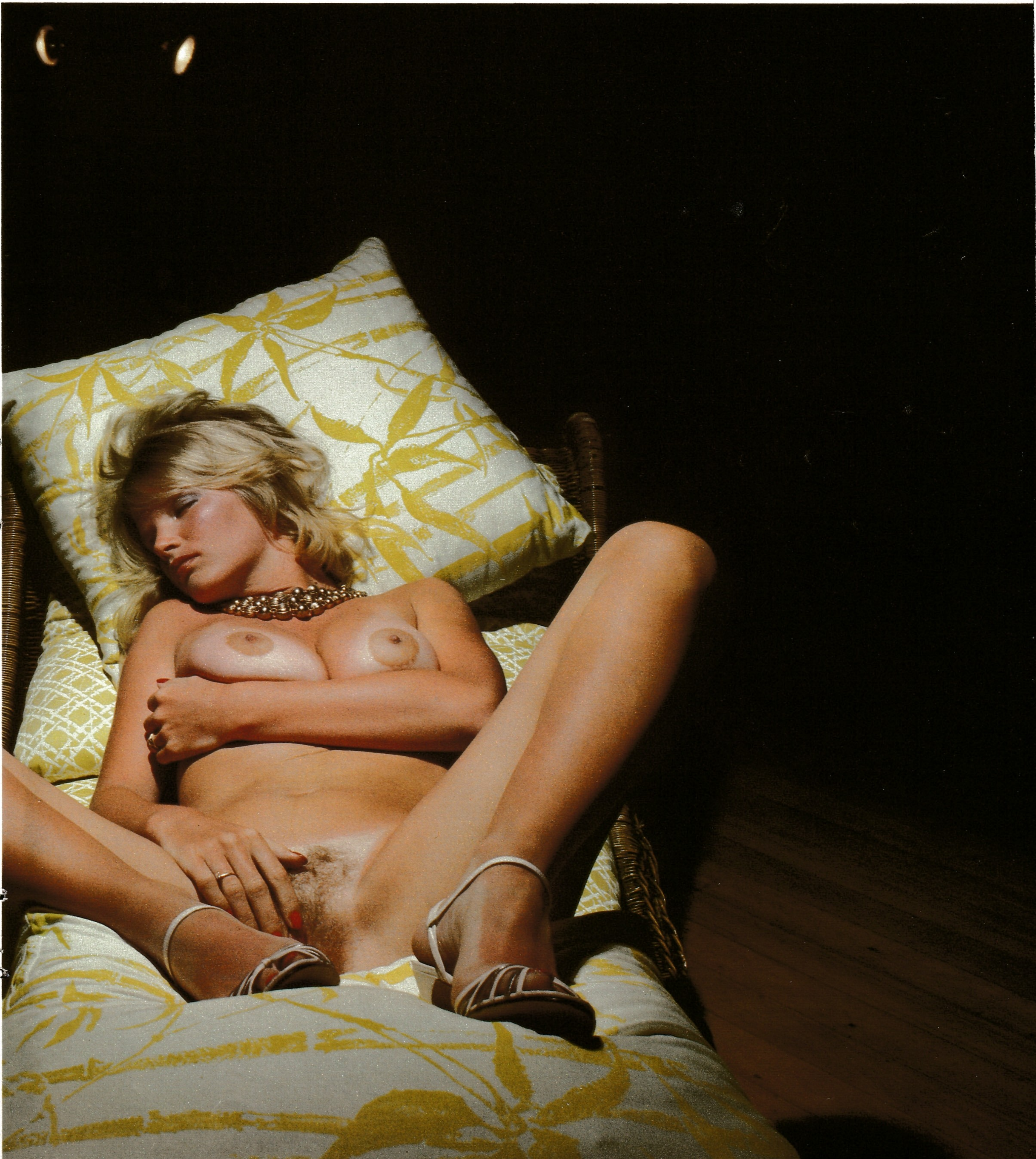
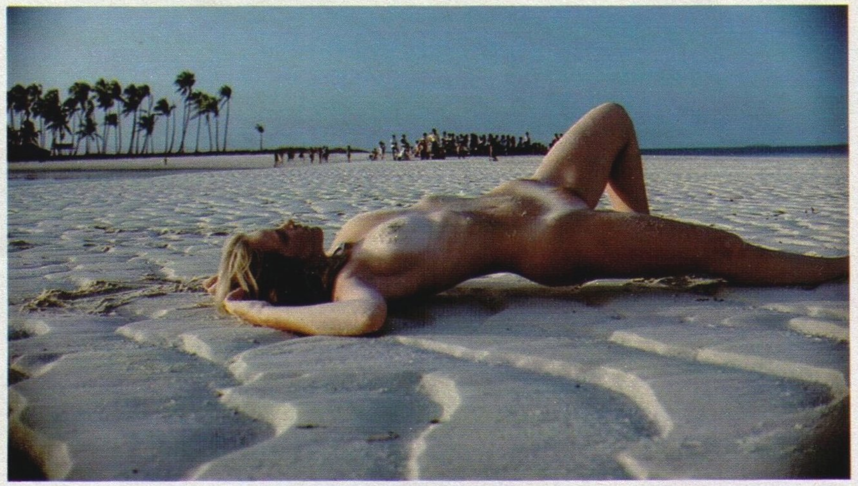




"Most men are much too rushed and impatient in their lovemaking with me," our Pet laments. "I think I get them too excited..." Her ideal man would look like Tom Selleck, or preferably be Selleck himself: "I'm looking for a sexy, handsome hunk who'll take the time and effort to really send me into orbit." A fairly tall order for some girls, but for a marvelous Maine squeeze like Nadine, someone is bound to turn up!



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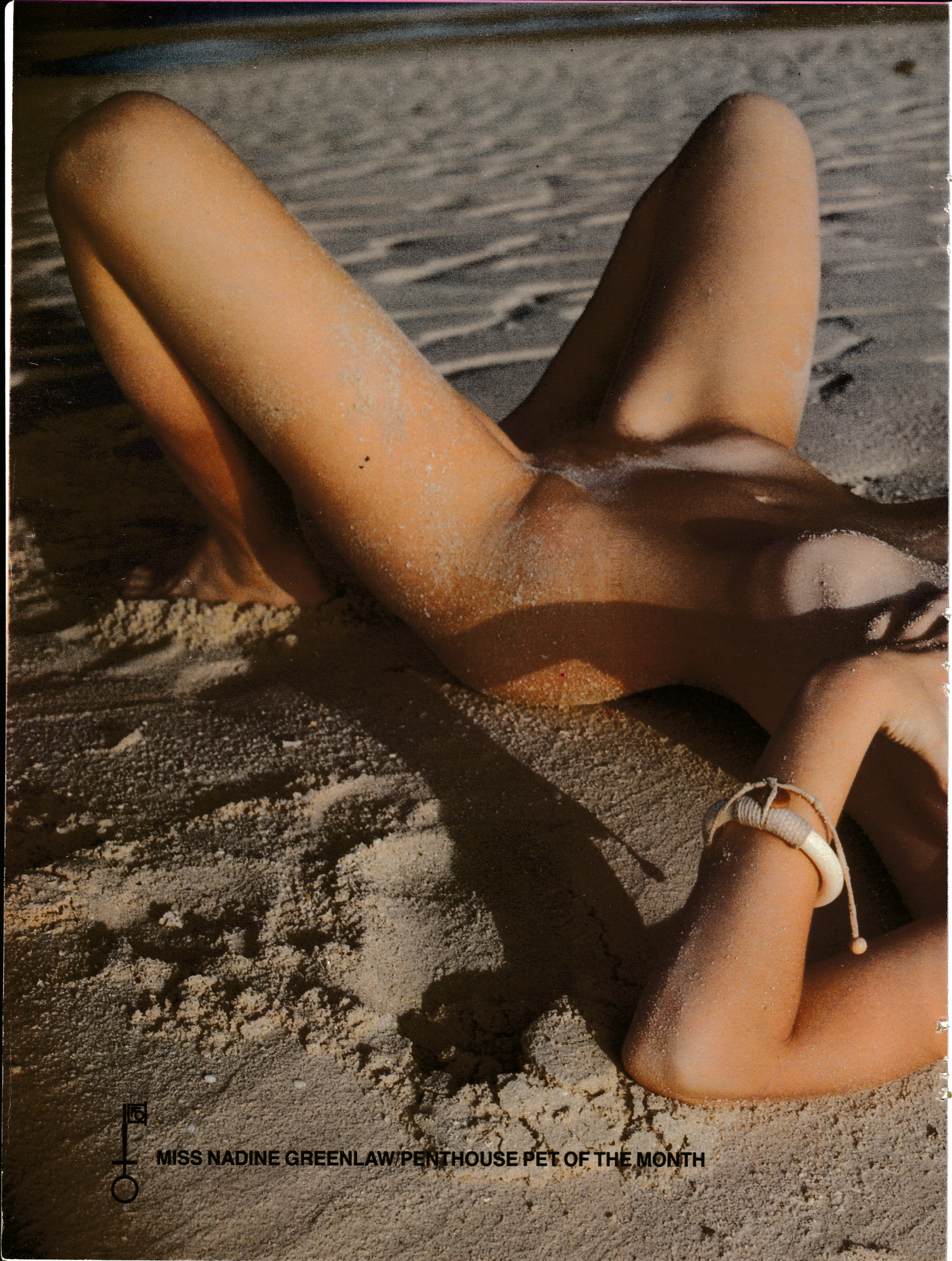
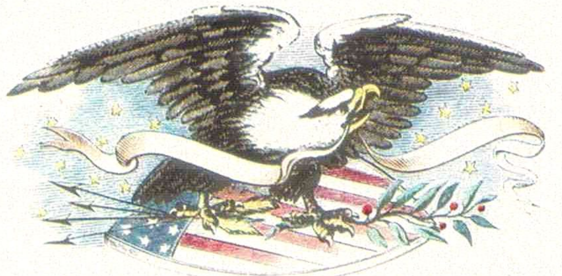


MISS NADINE GREENLAW/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

MISS NADINE GREENLAW/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

America's participation in the Vietnam War will continue to be one of the most controversial and complex issues in our nation's history. In recent years, however, "blame" for American conduct of the Vietnam War has fallen less on the men who fought it than on those whose policies led to our involvement in it. Veterans are no longer made the scapegoats. These days the Vietnam veteran is at least appreciated for answering his country's call, although the vet's experience is still barely understood by those who were not there.

Television and the press distorted the war and marred the public's perception of those who actually fought it. To be sure, there were some journalists who tried to report accurately on the war; however, it was an extremely complex task because of the nature of the war itself and the contrast between life in, say, Saigon and in the countryside where the war was actually being fought. And often, in some accounts, American soldiers were typecast as junkies, baby killers, the dregs of American society. It has taken a while for personal memoirs—Philip Caputo's *Rumor of War*, Peter Goldman and Tony Fuller's *Charlie Company: What Vietnam Did to Us*, and true-to-life fiction like James Webb's *Fields of Fire*—to take hold and to help undermine these more egregious media myths about the men who fought and died in Vietnam.

> More than 100,000 veterans came home from Vietnam to orthopedic wards. Their stories give new meaning to the words "spirit" and "courage."

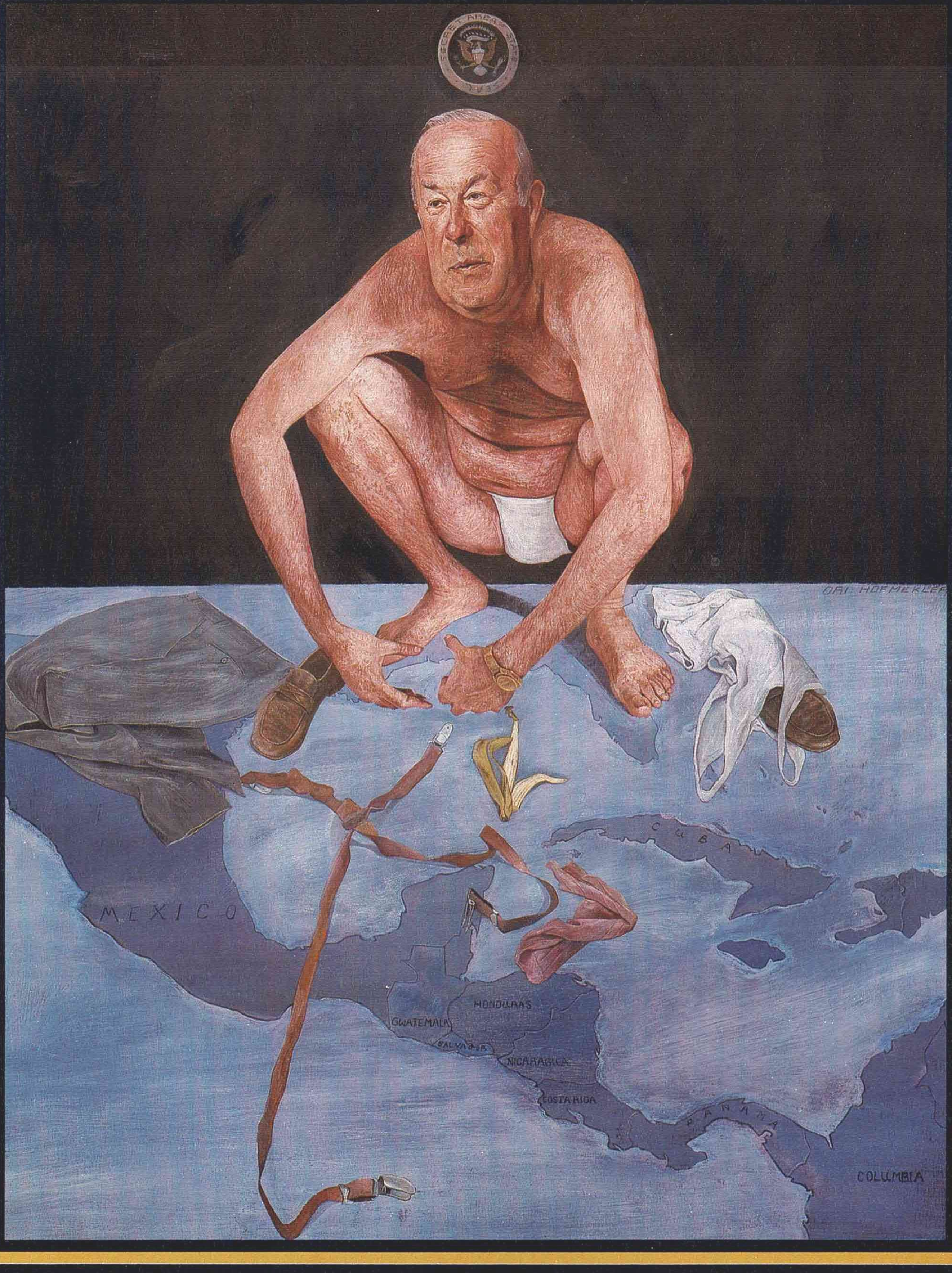
Now there is a new book on the war, *For Self and Country*, by Rick Eilert, published by William Morrow. It tells the story of the wounded in Vietnam, whose journey home often involved more bravery than the act of going into battle. It is the story of America's fighting men who were wounded and rescued from the battlefields by those who manned the MedEvac helicopters. In World War II and in the Korean War, many of the wounded died because they were unable to be transported to medical facilities in time. In Vietnam, however, MedEvac helicopters, accompanied by gunships, were actually able to rescue many wounded marines and soldiers, even while their units were still under enemy fire on the ground.

Eilert tells the stories of those whose tours of duty were cut short by a serious wound. These include his own story and those of his randomly selected "band of brothers." The seriously wounded were evacuated from the battlefields of Vietnam to the orthopedic wards at the Great Lakes Naval Hospital, where doctors fought and strove to save legs and arms, and wounded men struggled to retain their sense of personal worth. This is a face of the war no other writer has illuminated. It is a story of tremendous courage.

More than 100,000 young Americans made the journey from Vietnam to the orthopedic ward "Three South." At Three South, these young men came together to form a new unit, a "band of brothers" who helped one another in their struggle to survive. Eilert's narrative weaves together their individual stories, and these stories are more than a series of accounts about excruciating pain, blindness, physical rehabilitation, and one operation after another. Together they give new meaning to the spirit and courage of America's fighting men.

Vietnam veterans, their loved ones, and Americans of all persuasions should read and take to heart the message of *For Self and Country*. It is a book to bridge the gulf of understanding between those who watched the war on TV and those who fought it. Eilert's band of brothers owe much to the doctors, corpsmen, and nurses of the navy medical corps to whom the book is dedicated, and one of these deserves special mention—Dr. Boone Brackett (Lt. Comdr., MC USNR). Dr. Brackett employed his skill as a surgeon in ministering to the needs of the wounded at Three South, and later in Vietnam at a navy field hospital. Today, Dr. Brackett, in private practice, continues to help, at his own expense, many of the young men whose lives and limbs he saved.

Finally, *For Self and Country* contains some of the best combat art to come out of the war. Each chapter is fronted with line drawings of marines in action—the drawings done by a marine combat vet, Don Samuelson.—*William R. Corson*



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 6

Our intrepid Secretary of State
Is desperately trying of late
To get down in the mud
With the Third World studs
And attempt, in his way, to relate.

THE FAILING U.S. ECONOMY AND THE GLOBAL SPACE RACE

Bruce Frisch

BY JERRY GREY

The author is publisher of the monthly magazine *Astronautics & Aeronautics*, vice-president of the International Astronautical Federation, and recently deputy secretary-general of the Second U.N. Conference on the Exploration and Peaceful Uses of Outer Space. His current book, *Beachheads in Space*, was published by Macmillan in June.

Twenty years ago the "space race" was a titanic struggle between the United States and the Soviet Union for preeminence in ballistic missiles and global prestige. Although that race continues, the past few years have seen the growth of a new and different kind of space race.

As recently as a decade ago the U.S. was the undisputed leader in the "old" space race. Our astronauts had walked on the moon to the point of boredom. Our communications-satellite technology dominated the global system. Our scientific spacecraft were opening new vistas almost daily. Our earth-observation spacecraft were revealing prospects for beneficial and profitable use of our planet's resources.

While the U.S.S.R. still equaled us in the military space race, their scientific space program and their budding space station projects were not on a par with ours. Europe was experiencing the death throes of its ill-fated Europa rocket, along with those of the organization that built it. The Japanese had barely begun to consider space as an activity of national interest.

But the 1970s saw a radical change. Europe got its act together with the strong and effective European Space Agency; Japan formed its National Space Development Agency and committed itself to a fifteen-year, multibillion-dollar space program; and many other nations—France, Germany, Italy, England, and even such so-called developing nations as India, China, Brazil, and Indonesia—started to build up space capabilities.

Meanwhile danger signals were pealing loudly elsewhere. Industrial markets formerly dominated by the U.S. were disappearing into foreign coffers. There's no need to recapitulate what happened to consumer electronic products, steel, automobiles, cameras, and textiles. More ominous were the substantial foreign inroads into such traditionally American-controlled markets as commercial transport aircraft, helicopters, business aircraft, and even computer components.

And now that ominous trend is evident even in space, where scarcely ten years ago the U.S. held what appeared to be an insurmountable lead. The free world had depended on U.S. rockets to launch its satellites from the very beginning of the space age. But then the European Space Agency's Ariane came along and began to scoop up a sizable percentage of that launch business. It is not Ariane's capability or technology that made such inroads possible but rather marketing by a private company, Arianespace, working hand in glove with the European Space Agency's member nations. Further, standing in the wings are the simple but capable Japanese launchers, N-2 (already operational) and H-1. And of perhaps even greater concern are recent indications that the Soviets may enter the commercial launch market in order to garner desperately needed hard currency.

In satellite communications, still the only real business activity in space, the apparently insurmountable U.S. lead developed with NASA technology is shrinking. Although U.S. firms still dominate the present market, the key to the future is in the higher frequencies and in advanced signal-processing technology. In these fields the Japanese and European industries, with the full support and encouragement of their governments, have staked their claims and have already taken the lead.

In another area, remote-sensing of the earth's resources by satellite data from United States Landsats is used all over the world. But our government has decided that either U.S. private industry takes over the operation or we will simply terminate all Landsat operations in 1988. Meanwhile, the French plan to launch their SPOT earth-observation system in 1984, and will follow the successful Ariane precedent by turning over its operations and marketing to a government-subsidized private company, SPOTimage. Japan plans to launch a highly capable radar-equipped commercial remote-sensing system in 1988, and both Canada and Germany have indicated their interest in setting up similar systems.

It was the same old story in space processing—the use of the microgravity available on board an orbiting satellite. The U.S. took an early lead with experiments done in Apollo, in Skylab, and on other rocket flights. But then minuscule NASA budgets and lack of serious attention for nearly a decade allowed the Europeans, the Soviets, and the Japanese to catch up and forge ahead. Two years ago the U.S. General Accounting Office issued a report citing the foreign lead, and urged doubling or tripling of the NASA budget for space-processing research. It looked exactly like another foreign takeover of an industry pioneered by U.S. technology, purely by default.

But then, a miracle! An unprecedented Joint Endeavor Agreement was signed by NASA with McDonnell Douglas and Johnson & Johnson to develop and test the commercial prospects for manufacturing pharmaceutical products in a space-based factory. Theoretically, the conducive microgravity environment would multiply yields a hundred- or even a thousandfold, would provide up to ten times better purity, and could even allow the manufacture of drugs heretofore impossible to produce in earth-normal gravity.

The first space test, on the fourth space-shuttle test flight last July, vaulted the U.S. into the global lead in space processing. This team effort between government and industry demonstrated conclusively that the theoretical projections were not only accurate but conservative. U.S. industry was off and running.

Government help can mean more than the mere difference between success and failure to an industry. The most dramatic example is the role the Japanese Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI) played in the fledgling computer chip business in 1961. At that time, MITI decided that there would eventually be a major market in computer memory components. The ministry therefore supported the activities of a number of Japanese companies in developing—from scratch—a computer chip industry. Twenty years and 800 patents later, Japan virtually took over the U.S. *domestic* market for 64K random-access memory chips, the basic memory element in most modern computers.

The message is quite clear. The key to commercial success in the modern global market is government-industry cooperation, not antagonism. In the commercially successful nations, governments provide financial, regulatory, and political support for their industries. In the U.S., on the other hand, the government not only assumes a hands-off posture but throws all sorts of roadblocks in the path of those companies willing and able to compete aggressively in world markets.

The budding space industry, in which the U.S. still holds a sizable (although shrinking!) lead, offers an excellent opportunity to reassess the legislation that impacts our international commercial activities: antitrust statutes, labor laws, and the whole system of trade, export, environmental, and health regulations. Much of this legislation was enacted many years ago. It was truly important and necessary in its day, and is obviously still necessary in many instances. But the government tends to apply these laws rigidly and all-pervasively, whereas they should be used with some degree of flexibility.

Our regulatory and legal crazy-quilt allows General Electric to team with the French firm SNECMA to build a new jet engine but does not allow GE and Pratt & Whitney to work together on an all-U.S. development. Boeing and Aeritalia can create a new airplane, but not Boeing and Lockheed. Antitrust legislation was intended to protect small businesses from being squeezed out through unfair practices by large corporations, but in many of the U.S. industries competing with overseas counterparts there *are* no "little guys" who need protection.

Similarly, when the U.S. refuses to grant special borrowing privileges to a potential spacecraft buyer, he simply turns to an overseas government who will. There's even a drive today to limit, or perhaps dissolve, the Export-Import Bank, which often represents the sole source of financing for many of U.S. industry's foreign customers.

Moreover, export controls overdesigned to limit "technology transfer" are not only themselves of highly questionable effectiveness but often act as unnecessary barriers to the export of U.S. products whose technology was long since "old hat" in our research laboratories.

Unless steps are taken to reverse the present trend, the U.S. will continue its inexorable march toward economic bankruptcy in the face of ever stronger and more knowledgeable foreign counterparts. Space, mankind's newest frontier, offers us a unique opportunity to take those essential steps.

> “The message from our overseas competitors is quite clear. The key to commercial success in the modern global market is government-industry cooperation, not antagonism.”

20 WORST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

starter returns to the offensive line; last year's leading ballcarriers have graduated; and the Flashes' finest receiver, Todd Feldman, had to miss spring drills because the knee he injured in 1982 still hadn't healed. Kent State scored 10 points a game last year while giving up 25, which is why the school fired coach Ed Chlebek and hired its third head coach in four years, a pleasant fellow named Dick Scesniak. Because the school's moronic athletic department (it *has* to be) is hell-bent on becoming an instant football power, Kent State upgraded its '83 schedule. But if your team gets chopped up by the likes of Bowling Green (41-7) and Iowa State (44-7), what chance does it have against Syracuse and Temple? The least that should be done is to change the team's name from the Flashes to the Kamikazes. Kent State has the most suicidal football program in the nation.

(4) OREGON
This looks like the year Oregon finally edges out Oregon State as the worst college team in the state. They're both lousy, of course, but O.S.U. is sure to finish with a better record for two reasons: the school will play a scaled-down schedule, and coach Joe Avezzano had an exceptional recruiting year. Oregon's Rich Brooks should be so lucky. His Ducks added only marginal talent, and they're facing a murderous schedule that includes non–Pac Ten games against Ohio State and Houston. Oregon isn't ready for that level of competition; Oregon isn't ready for *any* level of competition. The Ducks were 2-8-1 last fall, and even Rich Brooks might admit his team's grown weaker since then. Fact is, aside from a fairly formidable offensive line, Oregon seems devoid of any strengths at all. The Ducks' '82 offense, the worst in the West, produced only eight touchdowns. This year, Brooks is going with a multiple offense that will feature quarterback Mike Jorgenson throwing early and often. In the final analysis, however, Oregon will rise or fall on the durability of its defense. Yo, Rich: *What* defense? Oregon's defensive unit will welcome back exactly one lineman and one defensive back. You know how much fun it is replacing nine graduated starters of a defensive platoon? It is no fun at all. By the end of the year, the Ducks are going to resemble a helping of Wor Shu Opp. If you haven't had the pleasure, check it out.

(5) INDIANA
On October 15, Indiana will face Minnesota at home, and the outcome of that game might well determine who's Number One in this year's Worst 20. With just a little bad luck, Indiana could go all the way. After last year's 5-6 record—and a ten-year mark of 39-68-2—coach Lee Corso was handed his walking papers. The Hoosiers' new coach, Sam Wyche, arrives at Bloomington after a successful stint as the San Francisco 49ers' offensive coordinator. Wyche faces the same problems currently plaguing Minnesota's Joe Salem. His first order of business will be to settle on a successor to Babe Laufenberg, a 60 percent passer who's now enrolled in the NFL. Senior Cam Cameron had a superb spring and probably will beat out two fine sophomore prospects, Steve Bradley and Roger Remo. Whoever gets the job will be throwing to all–Big Ten wide receiver Duane Gunn and equally adept tight end Scott McNabb. Indiana's offense returns seven starters, including its top running backs of '82, so when they have the ball, the Hoosiers will remain respectable. The big question: what happens when the *other* team has the ball? Probable answer: six points. Indiana has only three regulars returning from last year's defense. Hoosier eight other starters gonna be, Sam? Think Sam's worried? You're damn right—and he has reason to be.

> Kent State should change their team's name from the Flashes to the Kamikazes. They have the most suicidal football program in the nation.

(6) ARMY
How the mighty have fallen. The U.S. Military Academy, once the scourge of college football, has produced only one winning team in ten years, and nowadays about all Army does is stink out whichever stadium it's playing in. The Cadets finished 4-7 in '82 and only a schedule that included games against Division II schools allowed Army to save face until it was time to get blasted by Navy again. Jim Young, Army's fourth head coach in the last six years, hasn't arrived at a particularly auspicious time. Since last season, the Black Knights of the Hudson have lost the finest running back in their history. In case you weren't aware of him, tailback Gerald Walker, now on active duty, was West Point's second leading all-time ground gainer; if not for an early season injury last fall, he would have surpassed Glenn Davis as number one. Army's got no one who can come close to replacing Walker. Given the Cadets' continuing succession of quarterbacks who can't pass, don't expect them to score more than their customary one touchdown against first-rate opposition. The defensive auguries are similarly awful: any team with a decent passing game will bomb Army right into the ground. I realize I'm being a mite pessimistic here, so I should report that coach Young believes he can turn the Cadets into winners. Maybe he can, maybe he can't. Maybe he shouldn't unpack.

(7) COLORADO
Slowly but surely, Colorado's football program is beginning to inch its way up towards mediocrity. The Buffaloes were 2-8-1 in '82, but it was a strange season: Chuck Fairbanks departed hastily last June to coach the New Jersey Generals, leaving new coach Bill McCartney no time at all to put his own imprint on the team. The Buffaloes won't trample on the rest of the Big Eight this year, but they won't be stampeded quite so easily, either. In '82, Colorado gave up 27 points a game and allowed enemy rushers to average a whopping 238 yards, but don't look for repeats in either category. McCartney came to Boulder after serving five years as Michigan's defensive coordinator; you can expect his expertise to start showing up this year. Colorado's offensive unit meanwhile, is hardly a scoring machine, but junior quarterback Steve Vogel, who presided over both Buffalo victories in '82, has a strong arm and a cool head. He's also got a pair of fine receivers in Dave Hestera and Donnie Holmes, who caught 68 passes between them last season. The Buffaloes would be dangerous if only they had a running attack, but they don't, so they're not.

(8) U.T.E.P.
A friend of mine has become a celebrated complainer only because he roots for the University of Texas at El Paso. I won't tell you my friend's name, but if you think it's Andy Rooney, you might be right. Then again, you might be wrong. Anyway, here's his scouting report:

"Ever wonder why U.T.E.P. still bothers to field a football team? U.T.E.P.'s last winning year was 1970. Think that's why high school stars stay away from the school? Once in a while a good player will be lured there because he likes the team's nickname: the Miners. I guess I'd rather be called a Miner than a Trojan anyday. Ever notice how they name college football teams after prophylactics? Remember when condoms cost a quarter? Today they cost a dollar. Today, *everything* costs too much, especially tickets to college football games. At some schools you can't even find any overpriced tickets to buy. That's one advantage of going to U.T.E.P. games: there are always *plenty* of tickets available. Ever notice how coaches come and go at U.T.E.P.? Bill Yung, the coach they hired last season, was the school's fifth in ten years. In 1982, the Miners were 2-10. That might not sound like much to you, but it was U.T.E.P.'s best record in six years. This season, Bill's really got his work cut out for him. Think he can patch up a defense that gave up 35 points a game last fall? Think Bill was surprised when quarterback Kevin Ward missed spring practice because he hadn't recovered from knee surgery? Ward was the Miners' leading ground gainer last year; think he'll be their leading ground-gainer *this* year? Ever wonder if U.T.E.P. might have dropped football but forgot to tell the athletic department?"

(9) PRINCETON
Coach Frank Navarro concedes that 1983 is a "rebuilding" year for Princeton—a polite way of predicting his team will be nailed to the wall all season long. Actually, Princeton's roof began caving in last fall, when the 4-7 Tigers got plastered in their final four games. Princeton will continue to be demolished this fall, mostly because Navarro has to remodel his offense without even a foundation to build on. Gone but not forgotten is graduated quarterback Brent Woods, whose 3,079 yards of total offense last fall set a school record. Gone, too, are the team's three leading ballcarriers, both offensive guards, the tight end, and the placekicker. Princeton's defensive platoon also qualifies as a fixer-upper. The Tigers gave up better than four touchdowns a game last year, and since then seven starters have graduated, including the team's leading tackler (linebacker Vic Ruterbusch), and the entire defensive secondary. After the Tigers get their tails whipped this season, overzealous alumni might move to evict Navarro, but the results will be the same no matter who's in charge. Figure at least two years before Princeton gets its house in order.

(10) MEMPHIS STATE
Last year I predicted that Memphis State would field the best 2-9 team in the nation, but I was wrong. For the second year in a row, the Tigers fielded the best 1-10 team in the nation. Matters might have been far worse, for only a season-ending win over Arkansas State prevented the Tigers from extending their seventeen-game losing streak, then the longest in major college football. Memphis State's major obstacle continues to be its inability to get into the end zone: the '82 season was the third in succession in which the Tigers averaged under 12 points a game. Progress was made, however. Coach Rex Dockery finally embraced the twentieth century by opening up his offense and allowing his boys to pass more than a dozen times a game. Led by quarterback Trell Hooper, now a junior, the Tigers doubled their pass attempts and passing yards, with Hooper setting several school throwing records in the process. Derrick Crawford, the team's leading receiver, will return to catch Hooper's bombs—but after those two, M.S.U.'s offense becomes a question mark. The team's top six ground gainers have been graduated, which is why Dockery recruited so many freshman runners. If the neophytes can help them move, expect the Tigers to improve. Given the track record of Memphis State, however, don't expect too much.

(11) SYRACUSE
Why are the Orangemen being shoved into overmatches against Nebraska, Penn State, Maryland, Northwestern, and West Virginia? Simple questions deserve simple answers: three years ago the City of Syracuse built the Carrier Dome, an indoor stadium seating 50,000 people. What else can they stick in there *but* the Syracuse football team? S.U.'s administration has acted on the premise that a first-class facility merits a first-class football team with a first-class schedule. There's only one fly in the ointment: Syracuse doesn't *have* a first-class football team. Last year the Orangemen were 2-9 against a less savage slate of adversaries, and this fall more abuse is in the offing. Syracuse has a sturdy defense and a nickel-and-dime offense. The Orangemen passed for only 135 yards a game last season and they're still in dire need of a high-caliber quarterback. S.U.'s ground game (162 yards per outing in '82) won't be nearly so productive this time out. Jamie Covington, the team's leading ballcarrier, and two other top running backs were dropped from school for academic reasons, but they're all being readmitted this fall. Syracuse, you see, has a real interest—one might say investment—in their futures. If it's possible, they might even be declared eligible to play. Isn't it touching how the dream of big-time football brings out the best in a university?

> Wyoming is another college with delusions of football grandeur. Long before the season is over, a lot of Laramie cowboys will be crying in their beer.

(12) KENTUCKY
Last year, former Maryland coach Jerry Claiborne took over at Kentucky, and the Wildcats made his debut memorable indeed by finishing with an 0-10-1 record. Except for a 13-13 tie with Kansas, Kentucky wasn't really in a close contest all season long. But statistics can be misleading: although the Wildcats' average losing deficit was 19 points, their defense wasn't nearly as terrible as their offense. Kentucky was the nation's lowest-scoring major college football team: the Wildcats scored only 96 points during the entire season. Since coming to Lexington, Claiborne has successfully recruited several sought-after high school hotshots, and if just a couple of freshmen come through—particularly quarterback Bill Ransdell and running back Curtis Cochran—the Wildcats will begin posting some decent numbers on the scoreboard. In any event, expect the Blue and White to get pushed around again, but this time the punishment won't be quite so severe. Kentucky plays a much softer schedule this year, beginning with its season opener at home against Central Michigan. The Wildcats won't go winless again, that's for sure.

(13) MISSISSIPPI
Each fall, thousands of Mississippi students show up at Rebel football games waving Confederate flags, singing "Dixie," and generally acting as if they were waiting for the *Robert E. Lee*. It's mindless fun for everyone but the school's black students—and when they voiced their objections last spring, the word spread throughout the South and eventually surfaced on network TV newscasts. The fuss only underscored, and reinforced, a trend that's grown increasingly evident: Mississippi no longer attracts its fair share of quality black athletes. As a result, Rebel football fortunes have fallen on lean times. Coach Steve Sloan couldn't produce a winner in five years at Ole Miss, and after directing the Rebels to a 4-7 mark in '82, Sloan left to become head coach at Duke. (My Hattiesburg correspondent claims Sloan quit because he had no chance at landing the black talent necessary to win in the supertough Southeastern Conference.) New coach Billy Brewer, coming off a 9-2 year at Louisiana Tech, will have to make do with the Rebs' limited assets. Brewer's most valuable property, quarterback Kent Austin, completed 61 percent of his passes last fall. Austin won't do as well this time around, however, for enemy defenses will be stacked against him: Ole Miss lacks a legitimate running attack.

The Rebs' defense is nothing to write home about, either. Mississippi gave up better than four touchdowns a game last season and won't be a whole lot more miserly this year. The Rebels may have hit a streak of bad luck, but the fault, dear reader, is not in their stars; it's in their Stars and Bars. Anybody down there ever consider waving the Stars and Stripes instead?

(14) RICHMOND
Talk about blind ambition: Richmond was winless in ten games last season, and this fall will face a far tougher slate of schools, including Southern Mississippi and Cincinnati. It's all part of a grand plan to remake Richmond into a pigskin power, but so far all the Spiders have shown is that they might be the Least in the East. The school's gridiron metamorphosis was supposed to take place under coach Dal Shealy, but since he arrived, in '79, Richmond has run up a 9-34 record. The futility will continue this fall. The Spiders are a veteran outfit, but in their case it only means they've grown accustomed to los-

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Love Me

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Frank and I were at the Trenton, N.J., station when the train pulled in. Commuters spilled out of the doors and shoved their way across the platform to the escalators. I craned my neck in search of my Nancy. I couldn't spot her.

Then the air was pierced by "*Mum!*"

It was Nancy's voice. My eyes sought her out and found her.

I was not prepared for how much she'd deteriorated—even from when I'd seen her on TV. She looked like a Holocaust victim. She was much thinner. Her skin was a translucent bluish white. Her eyes had sunk deep into their sockets and had black circles under them. Her hair was bleached white, and along the hairline there were yellowish bruises and sores and scabs. She wore a black leather jacket with a torn, filthy T-shirt under it, tight black jeans, and spiked heels. Around her neck was a charm necklace—silver charms of gargoyles and snakes.

She looked like the walking dead.

Behind her lurked Sid. I say "lurked" because he was at least a foot taller than her, and his spiky hair stood straight up on his head. He, too, was bluish white and painfully thin. He wore a black leather jacket, black jeans, black motorcycle boots, and a matching black leather collar and cuffs with pointed metal studs.

Frank and I just stood there, gaping at them. We weren't alone. Everyone, but *everyone*, on the platform was staring at them. They stood out as much as if they'd just arrived from another planet. There was a total absence of life to them. It was as if the rest of the world were in color and they were in black and white.

They were totally oblivious of the scene they were causing.

Nancy came toward me and I toward her. We met halfway and embraced.

"My mum!" she cried as she held me tight. "My mum."

But it wasn't my Nancy I held in my arms. I felt as if I were holding a stranger. I wanted my Nancy back. But my Nancy was gone. A sob welled up in my throat.

"Mum," she said, "this is Sid. Sid, this is my mum. Isn't she beautiful? Just like I told you."

He stuck out his hand. I shook it. It was wet and limp, a boy's hand. He *was* a boy, shy and more than a little confused by the strange surroundings.

" 'Allo, Mum," he said quietly.

"Hello, Sid," I said.

He wasn't so evil-looking once you got used to the sight of him. It was partly his drooping eye that made him appear so malevolent. His presence, however, was not malevolent. It was subdued. My impression was that he simply wasn't very bright.

At home I barbecued a steak and served it with corn on the cob, salad, and garlic toast. We ate outside on the patio, under our green-and-white-striped awning, seated around our glass-topped wrought-iron table with its six matching wrought-iron chairs.

Nancy's teenage brother, David, and sister, Suzy, watched as she cut Sid's meat for him. Apparently Nancy always did. Then he dug in. He ate ravenously for a few minutes, his face in his plate.

"Fuckin' good food," he said. "Fuckin' good, Debbie. Never have I had a meal like this. Never. Used to be I lived in a place with rats. Had to tie the food up in bags. High up, so they couldn't get at it. Never have I had a meal like this."

"I don't cook much," Nancy giggled.

"But that's okay," he said. "She's so fuckin' good to me."

"That's very nice," I said.

We ate in silence for a moment.

"So what are your plans?" Frank said.

"We're at the Chelsea Hotel in Manhattan for now," Nancy said. "We're gonna get a flat. I thought I'd see if my old one is empty. Our stuff is on the way. Our sofa and clippings and Sid's gold record and his knives and . . ."

> "Nancy once asked if I would pour petrol over myself and set it on fire if she told me to," wrote Sid Vicious. "I said I would, and I meant it."

"Knives?" I asked uneasily.

"Wish I had me knives," Sid lamented. "Never know when you might get cut. That's how I got this eye. In a fight."

"Once we get settled, I'm gonna promote my Sid," she said. "I'm his manager now. I'm a professional. Oh, I'll have to show you my portfolio after dinner! I'm a star! Can you believe it? I made it!"

We smiled and continued to eat.

"Oh, and we have to find a methadone clinic in New York. We brought some back, but it'll run out pretty soon. You know how we got it past customs?"

"No," I said.

"I poured it in a bottle of dish soap. Fairy Lotion, it's called. They didn't think to look in it. Wasn't that stupid of them? I knew they wouldn't. They're so unbelievably dumb." She lit another cigarette. "So, Suzy, how are you doing, love? You moved into the city?"

"Uh-huh."

"Like it?"

"Uh-huh."

"That's grand. Just grand. And David? You're in private school?"

"Yeah, that's right."

"Sid wants to *play*," Nancy said. "David, do you still have your guitar?"

"Yeah," he said. "I'll get it." He went inside to get the guitar from his bedroom.

"Do you know our music, then?" Sid asked us.

We nodded.

"Do you like it?"

We nodded yes.

David returned with the guitar, handed it to Sid.

"Let's go in the den, Sid," Nancy said.

They grabbed their cigarettes and got up.

"Best fuckin' food I ever ate," Sid said.

"Thank you, Sid," I said.

"Debbie?"

"Yes, Sid?"

"Is 'Sha Na Na' on? On the telly?"

"Do you mean right now?" I asked.

"Yes."

"They're on tomorrow, Sid," David told him. "Saturdays at seven."

"Oh," Sid said. "Don't want to miss 'Sha Na Na.' They're my favorites."

He and Nancy went inside.

The four of us ate our food in silence, glancing occasionally at the remains on Nancy's and Sid's plates.

"Come inside!" called Nancy. "Come in and hear Sid play!"

We went inside to hear Sid play. He and Nancy sat close to each other on the sofa.

"Sid has something he wants to show you," Nancy said. "Okay, Sid. Go ahead."

Sid proceeded to bang out two chords, clumsily and with great difficulty. Then he stopped and looked up, grinning crookedly. That was it. That was what he wanted to show us. Our cat could have played it.

The four of us just stood there, staring at the two of them.

"Ain't that great?" asked Nancy.

We agreed it was great.

Nancy looked to Sid for support, but he had begun to melt into the sofa, half asleep.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "I should take you to the hotel."

"Okay," Nancy said. "No, wait. You haven't seen my portfolio yet. You have to see my portfolio."

She jumped up and went to the foyer to get it. Then she came back and cleared a spot on the coffee table. We gathered around the table to be shown her portfolio. Sid perked up, sort of.

Her portfolio was actually a scrapbook in which she had pasted newspaper photos and stories about herself and Sid as well as publicity shots of the two of them.

"Don't I look beautiful in this one?" she asked.

In it, she was by Sid's side, one fist clenched at the camera, teeth digging into her lip. Sid was shirtless and snarling.

"So beautiful," Sid agreed, putting his arm around her proudly.

"It was taken at a press conference," she said. "The photographer told me I

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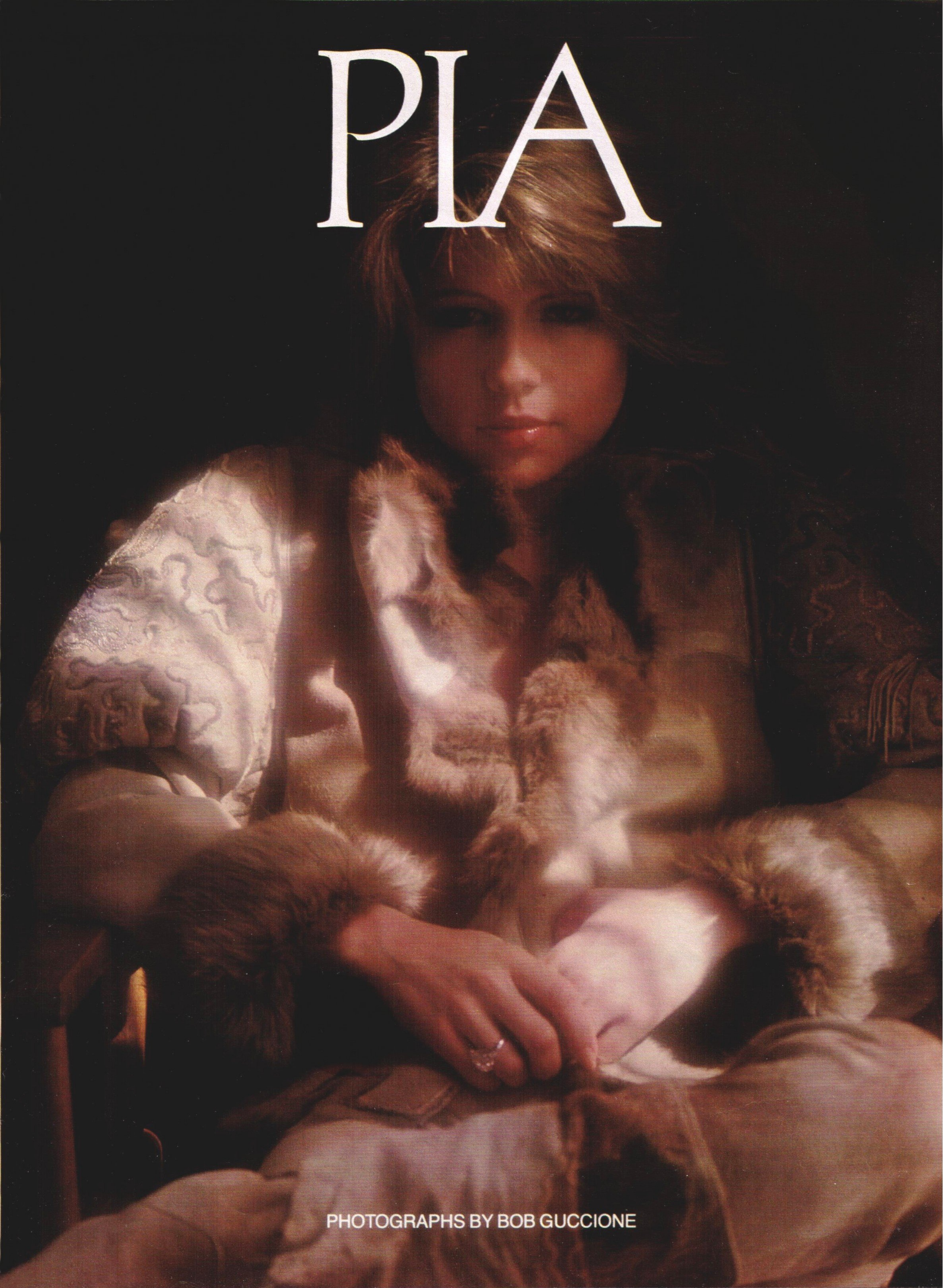
PIA



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

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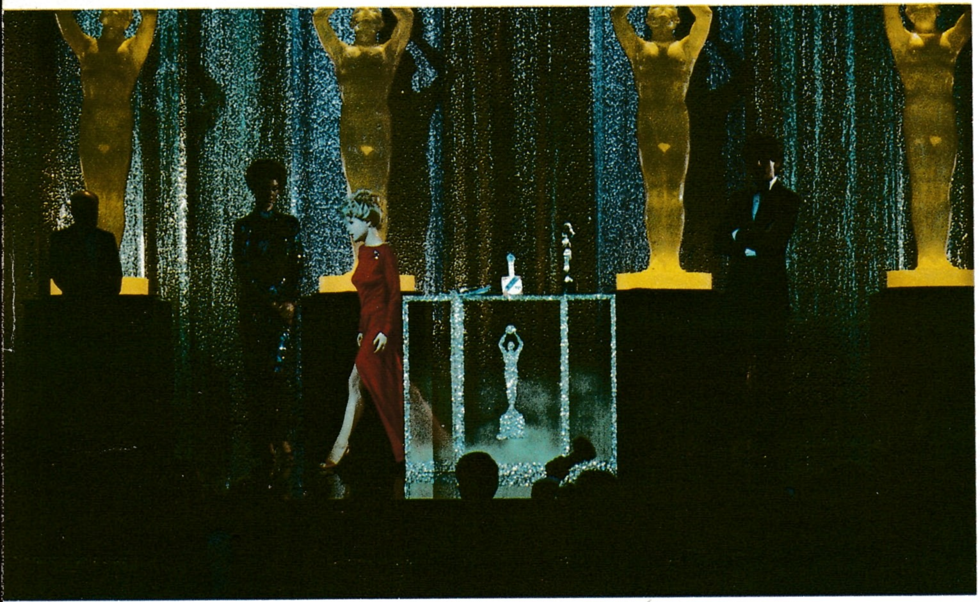
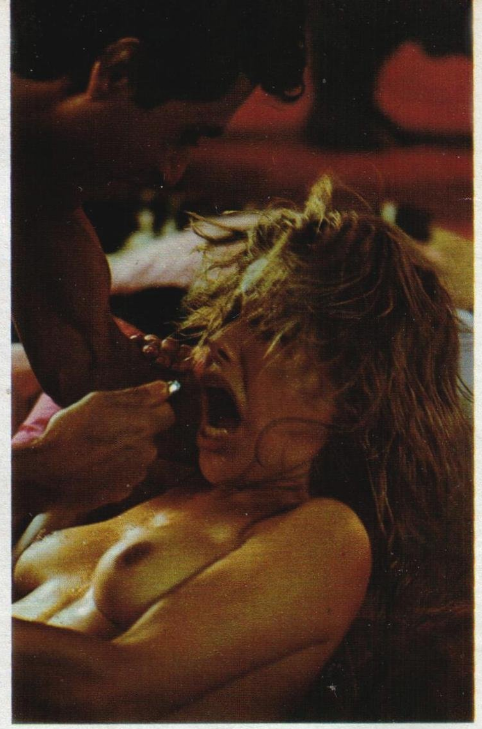
(Above and top left) Pia as JeriLee Randall, with Jared Martin, who plays actor George Ballantine, one of her lovers. (He has also starred as Dusty in "Dallas.") In the apartment pool and whirlpool scenes (above and right-hand page), Pia frolics with Joseph Cali, who plays Vincent DaCosta, a nightclub owner and another of her lovers in the movie. (Right) Jeri suffers a nervous breakdown, but in the climax of the film (top right, both pages) she delivers the most dramatic acceptance speech in Oscar history.

ZADORA
LONELY LADY

When a talented and sensuous ninety-five-pound nymphette named Pia Zadora made her stunning debut in *Butterfly*, she became an immediate household fantasy. One fan particularly adept at noting such phenomena was publisher Bob Guccione, who recently proposed that pretty Pia make another spectacular debut–this time in *Penthouse*. The exciting young actress/singer is now starring in *Lonely Lady*, a first-rate film adaptation of the Harold Robbins best-seller. Ravishing here in Guccione's artful images and in the Bob Willoughby stills from the R-rated blockbuster, Pia may well surface as both the smallest–and the biggest–sex symbol of the day.

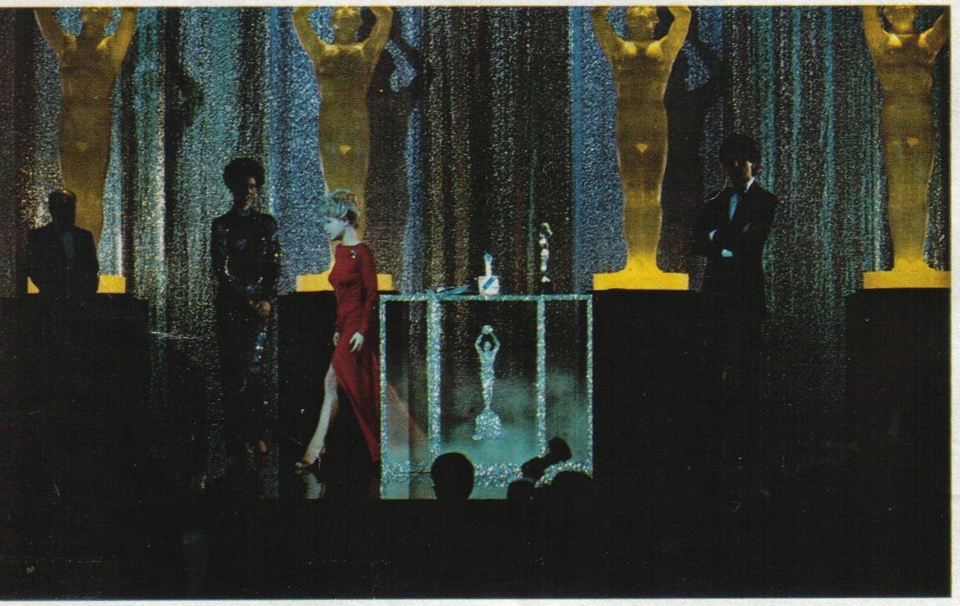
Bob Guccione





In bedroom scenes (left), nightclub owner DaCosta (Cali) tries to induce Jeri to sniff amyl nitrate. (Left-hand page) After making her speech, Jeri leaves the podium, to the astonishment of the Academy Awards audience. (Lower left) Stunned reaction. She is followed offstage. The man to her right is director Guy Jackson, Jeri's friend (played by Anthony Holland). Earlier, a fellow actress (Carla Romanelli) manipulates our lonely heroine into a lesbian affair (left page, bottom right).

The movie *Lonely Lady* concerns a gifted young woman so lovely that her talents are not taken seriously–not until she proves herself by writing a best-selling novel and winning an Academy Award. It's a dilemma young Pia is familiar with in real life. Because of her obvious pubescent beauty and sultry sexuality, it's easy to assume that a serious intellect would be out of place or at best unnecessary. Happily enough, however, the opposite is true...as one learns after three minutes' conversation with her. "I enjoy dispelling the bubblehead image," she laughs, "and I love doing unexpected things, like appearing here in *Penthouse*."



Bob Guccione

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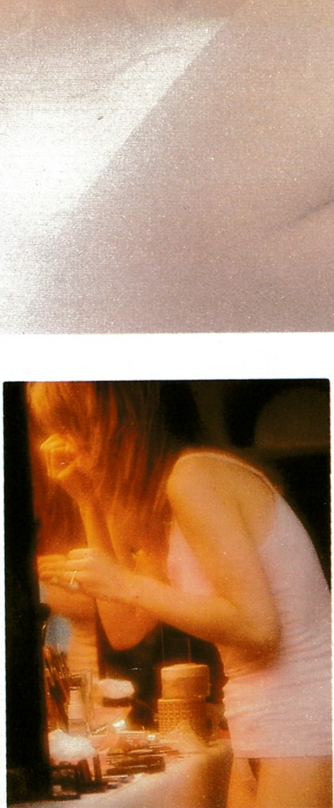
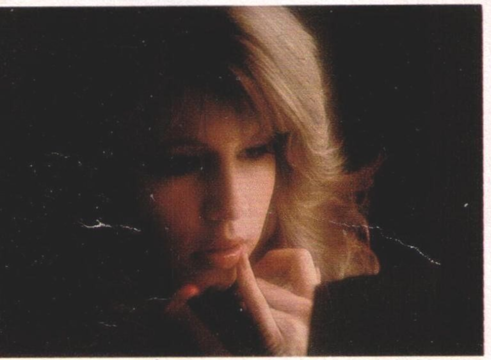
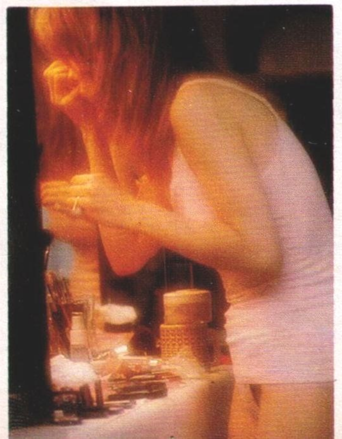
She agreed to do so, she says, because Bob Guccione is "one of the world's most creative, most contemporary photographers. He somehow managed to do a character study in pictures, to capture the essence of the real me....They're the best pictures I've ever seen of myself." Nice compliment from an actress who won a Golden Globe Award for her very first film, although she has spent twenty-one of her twenty-seven years on the professional stage. Today, Pia's singing and acting career holds more promise than ever. She manifests those qualities most prized by men: youth, beauty, sensuality, and staying power.

She agreed to do so, she says, because Bob Guccione is "one of the world's most creative, most contemporary photographers. He somehow managed to do a character study in pictures, to capture the essence of the real me.... They're the best pictures I've ever seen of myself." Nice compliment from an actress who won a Golden Globe Award for her very first film, although she has spent twenty-one of her twenty-seven years on the professional stage. Today, Pia's singing and acting career holds more promise than ever. She manifests those qualities most prized by men: youth, beauty, sensuality, and staying power.







Like most natural wonders, Pia's not easy to label. She finds no contradiction, for example, in the fact that she is both a "sex symbol" and a "feminist." "How can I be exploited, as some women charge, when I'm doing exactly what I want to do–including nude scenes in films? And when I have a husband who's thirty years my senior but still gives me total respect and freedom, who encourages me to pursue my career, to travel the world with or without him?"

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Another secret to her successful Hollywood marriage is avoiding the hectic jet-set social world. "We haven't been to *one* Hollywood party....Usually, we go out to dinner alone, with my family, or with my manager and friend, Tino Barzie." Ironically, their private devotion goes public in the glare of show-biz limelight. "Friends who come see me sing, say, in Vegas, don't know who to watch–me or my husband, Rik..."

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"...and that's because I sing just for him and he sits there watching *me* with such adoration that he's a better show than I am!" Hard to believe this world-famous superstar has ever had to overcome obstacles. But she started life lonely and painfully shy, an only child with a problematic heart condition. Scarcely shy anymore, this bubbly, vivacious young star exudes health in both body and mind. Our own heart condition, however, is critical. Having lost it to Pia, we fear we may never get it back!

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

“The witnesses are slowly
dying off, as are the criminals . . . but
if even forty years after
the crime we bring a man to justice,
it becomes a warning
for the murderers of tomorrow.”

SIMON WIESENTHAL

Simon Wiesenthal will never forget, nor will he allow the rest of the world to forget, the atrocities committed during the Holocaust. For thirty-eight years, this seventy-four-year-old man has assumed the often thankless task of bringing Nazi war criminals to justice. His work also stands as a memorial to the millions of innocent victims, including eighty-nine members of his own family, who were butchered by the New Order of Adolf Hitler. To date, Wiesenthal has been responsible for bringing more than one thousand war criminals to trial.

It was long before World War II, in his native village of Buchach, now known as the Lvov Oblast section of the Ukraine, that Wiesenthal saw firsthand the tragic results of anti-Semitism. In 1915, when he was seven years old, his village was invaded by soldiers of the Polish and Russian armies. His father, an officer in Emperor Franz Josef's army, was killed in the assault, and the pogrom that followed forced his mother to flee Vienna with Simon and his younger brother.

In Vienna, Wiesenthal spent his boyhood in relative tranquillity. His mother remarried in 1925, and three years later he graduated from the Gymnasium. He was denied entrance to the Polytechnic Institute in his native Lvov Oblast because of the quota restrictions placed on Jewish students. He then applied and was admitted to the Technical University of Prague, where he received a degree in architectural engineering in 1932.

Wiesenthal, like thousands of other young and optimistic Austrian graduates, planned to establish his own architectural office and get married. For a brief period his optimism and plans seemed justified, and he returned to Lvov Oblast to open his own business and in 1936 married his wife, Cyla. With the coming of World War II, however, Stalin's dreaded NKVD decided to purge the country's last vestiges of "bourgeoisie." Wiesenthal's stepfather was arrested and died in prison. His only brother was shot. In 1941, the Germans replaced the Soviets and Wiesenthal began his grim journey from concentration camp to concentration camp.

Wiesenthal described this period's hellish existence in the most famous of his several books, *The Murderers Among Us*. The horror of this time determined his destiny. Eleven million people had been slaughtered, and Wiesenthal wanted their deaths remembered and their murderers punished for their unspeakable crimes. He was never to return to his calm and ordered existence.

While Wiesenthal's work is well supported in this country and in Europe, there was a time when hunting Nazis was unpopular. In 1947 Wiesenthal opened the Jewish Historical Documentation Center in Linz, Austria. With the arrival of the cold war, neither the Americans nor the Russians wanted to antagonize the Germans by bringing Nazis to trial, so in 1954 the center closed. Wiesenthal turned over all his files but one, the Adolf Eichmann file, to the Israelis. It was Eichmann's sensational arrest in 1959 and his trial in Israel that created renewed interest in Nazi war criminals. Wiesenthal was able to reopen the center, this time in Vienna, where it continues to operate today.

This interview was conducted in Vienna for the German edition of *Penthouse* by Peter Lanz, with additional questions provided by contributing editor Allan Sonnenschein in New York. The German portions of the interview were translated into English by *Penthouse* chief copy editor David Grambs.

What most impressed Sonnenschein was that Wiesenthal had little anger in his voice and no hatred in his words. According to Sonnenschein, "he reminds one more of a contented and retired businessman than the angry avenger of 11 million souls. He is conservatively dressed in a pin-striped suit, with a neatly trimmed mustache and a more than slight paunch around his middle. It is hard to imagine that the healthy-looking, handsome man sitting

PHOTOGRAPH BY BART BARTHOLOMEW/BLACK STAR

across from you was nearly dead from malnutrition when the American army liberated him from the Nazi death camp in Mauthausen." Peter Lanz, who interviewed Wiesenthal for *Penthouse* in Vienna, was also struck by the man's humanity and humility. Wiesenthal told Lanz that when he decided to devote his life's work to hunting down Nazi war criminals, he had no idea just how difficult the task would prove to be. "I was naive enough to think that justice could be attained in three or four years." Now, thirty-eight years later, Wiesenthal is aware that he alone will not be able to finish the job.

But he is not dismayed by this, for he sees another, perhaps greater purpose to his work. By not allowing us to forget the crimes of the Nazis, he has also brought the emergence of neo-Nazi groups to the attention of both European and American authorities. Wiesenthal told Sonnenschein that although he was tired from traveling on his lecture tour, it was imperative that Americans be alerted to the rise of a new radical right.

Finally, Sonnenschein asked Wiesenthal if he feared for his life from these radical and terrorist anti-Semitic groups. Wiesenthal smiled and told him how he had learned a few years ago that young terrorists from the Baader-Meinhof gang planned to assassinate him; but when the shadowy international assassin "Carlos," the Jackal, learned of the plan, he immediately canceled it. The way it was told to Wiesenthal, Carlos's reasoning was simple: "Wiesenthal is the greatest anti-fascist in the world."

Penthouse: How did you feel when you got the news that Nazi murderer Klaus Barbie had been captured?

Wiesenthal: I hoped he would be turned over to Germany, because I didn't want him to become a martyr of the neo-Nazis. His trial should be conducted in a quiet, factual atmosphere, before impartial judges.

Penthouse: That's a logical explanation, but did you feel anything like joy?

Wiesenthal: It was not joy. It was satisfaction. How can one feel joy when a mass murderer like Barbie comes to justice? It's rather a sense of satisfaction that someone like him has no chance, even if it takes many years to bring him to trial.

Penthouse: What dealings did Barbie have with the CIA?

Wiesenthal: It was during the time of the cold war. Everyone always said that the cold war would have no winner, but I maintain that the Nazi criminals were the true winners of the cold war. The American intelligence services hardly knew anything about the Eastern Bloc, so they enlisted Germans and Austrians to give them information, even when they were Nazis. I believe Barbie wanted to tell the Americans something about the uranium mines in the Soviet Union. Otherwise, he knew very little of a secret nature.

Penthouse: Which of the major Nazi war criminals are still alive and free?

Wiesenthal: Mengele. But the life that he lives is an imprisonment. He is always surrounded by bodyguards. Then there is also the suspicion of cancer.

Penthouse: So Dr. Mengele is first on your list of the hunted?

Wiesenthal: Yes. A Mengele trial would demonstrate to a whole generation what horrors the concentration camps entailed. Then there would no longer be somebody coming forth to say there were no gas chambers. Even the biggest idiot would laugh at him.

Look, the life of Mengele is absolutely without any importance. After so many years, the criminals change to witnesses, because, after all, you cannot punish what has happened. At every trial, the sentence is only a symbol. How can we punish somebody for the deaths of 400,000 people? The man is now seventy-one, and when he's caught he'll get life, and he will probably serve only five or six years before he dies. This will end up to be a few seconds served per victim.

Penthouse: Have you any leads to Mengele?

Wiesenthal: I've just missed Mengele five times. On one occasion we knew he left a Mennonite community in Paraguay one day before New Year's. The Mennonites there are racist Volga Germans from the Baltic. He has been there a couple of times. Up until now he's remained in the area of Uraguay, Paraguay, Bolivia, Argentina. The last time I just missed Mengele was in 1973, in Torremolinos.

Penthouse: Were you personally on his trail there?

Wiesenthal: I'm not really suited for that, but I've been personally on his track a couple of times. Once I arrived in Milan accompanied by a public prosecutor, where I learned that Mengele had left a day and a half earlier. Another time we got there too early. In Torremolinos my colleagues learned that Mengele and a couple of others were traveling in cars with false German license plates.

Penthouse: People have said that Mengele is the most vicious Nazi still alive. Do you agree with this?

Wiesenthal: Well, Mengele is the most emotional case. Let me tell you about him. Mengele has two doctor's degrees, one for philosophy and the other for medicine. He became a soldier and was on the front as an SS doctor, and when he was wounded in 1943 they sent him to Auschwitz. Immediately Mengele saw the possibility of performing experiments on human beings. You see, he looked like a gypsy and this was his personal problem, so he wanted to create a race of blond-haired, blue-eyed people. With this in mind he experimented on the babies in the camps by changing the pigmentation of their hair and the color of their eyes, and then, after the experiments, he killed them by injections. For another experiment he used twins. Twins were brought to Mengele from all over Europe. Why twins? Because he thought that if after the war German women could only have twins, the losses from the war would be brought into a better balance.

On the other hand, he personally selected and sent about 400,000 people to the gas chamber.

But now Mengele has begun to work on his own defense. He told one of my German contacts: "I cannot understand what the world wishes for me. All the people who were sent to Auschwitz were sent to die. I selected some of them for living." You understand . . . he selected some who were healthy to work for a few months for the Nazis, and, if you follow his thinking, he should be given the Nobel Prize!

Penthouse: You always have excellent information. Do you have many detectives working for you?

Wiesenthal: In every country I have people who are there for me if I need them. Every day I receive letters with tips and information about Nazis. Naturally I have to follow up on these things before I pass them on to the authorities, and this can't be done without a certain amount of scrutiny.

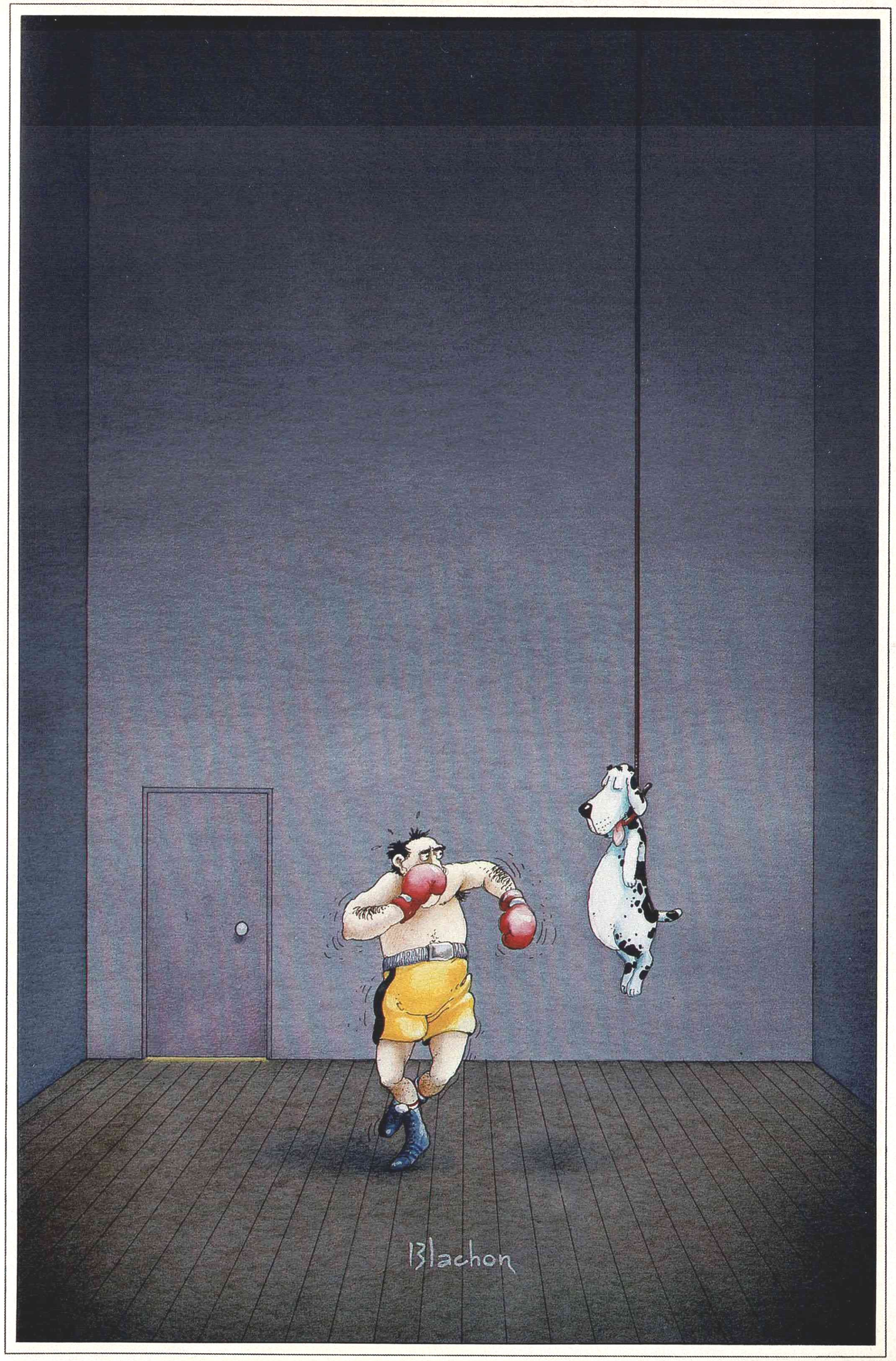
Our best informers are the Germans. You know, in Europe, when two Nazis have a quarrel, one threatens the other with, "I will go to Simon Wiesenthal." This is my biggest satisfaction: that a Jew, whose family the Nazis killed and who was alone for so many years in a concentration camp, sees a time when one Nazi can come to me and say that he knows another Nazi. I don't think anyone else in the world can get the same satisfaction.

Penthouse: How many people work for you?

Wiesenthal: A couple of girls in my office in Vienna, and a couple of researchers who travel around. In Australia there is a nun working for me; if I need something, I write to her. Of course I have to pay her expenses, since a nun has no money. I have other people in Brazil who are so rich they would be angry if I were to offer them money. Elsewhere I pay for any loss of earnings. I hardly work at all with actual detectives. In South America that would cost an unheard-of amount of money, and the person might go right away to the man he was hired to watch and cash in twice.

Penthouse: Tell us how you found Eichmann.

Wiesenthal: That was in 1953, in Argentina. You know, I'm a philatelist. In stamp collecting you come into contact with people you would otherwise never meet. It is a passion that runs through all levels of society. And so it was through a philatelist that I received the information about Eichmann's whereabouts. I immediately turned it over to Israel and New York, to the Jewish World Congress. They sent me an answer saying that the news had to be false, since the FBI had information that Adolf Eichmann was living in Damascus at that time. It wasn't until six years later that



the Israelis received similar information from the general state prosecutor in Frankfurt. They came to me, and I was able to help fill in some remaining gaps. Today nobody claims that he was singly responsible for finding Eichmann. It was teamwork by people who didn't even know one another, who each had one stone to contribute to the mosaic.

Penthouse: How many arrests have you provided the evidence for?

Wiesenthal: Approximately eleven hundred. That's a lot when you hear the number, but not so many when you think it represents thirty-eight years of work. Once, while I was on vacation, one of my associates drew up a progress report, with a diagram showing how many years of imprisonment came out of my trials, how many were imprisoned, and so forth. And I got angry with him. I said, "Why are you making a competitive sport out of our work? You can't fabricate statistics out of blood and tears."

Penthouse: Then you don't want to collect statistics of the atrocities with your Documentation Center, but rather to build a historical foundation?

Wiesenthal: We are seeking witnesses who have something to say about the events that took place between 1933 and 1945, and the people who participated. In this way future historians will not have one-sided information. It's turned out that the reminiscences and memoirs that many people wrote after the war are for the most part useless. There are names that have been mixed up—because people did not always introduce themselves with business cards, and the person who sat in the ghettos and the camps knows only his own tormentors and not those who gave the initial orders. So, we are putting together material for historians, and to this end we give many subsidies to people who wish to write something that is not yet known about the period. At present we're underwriting a book about the Italian SS.

Penthouse: There are some in Germany who believe that there will come a time when a final line on all this must be drawn.

Wiesenthal: The witnesses are slowly dying off, as are the criminals, so that everything is taking its course, biologically speaking. However, as long as the persecutors and the persecuted from those times remain alive, the work will continue. I see it as a warning to tomorrow's murderers. They should know that they have no chance of escape, not even if they're holed up 6,000 miles away.

Penthouse: The courts don't always go along with this theory.

Wiesenthal: There exist no perfectly balanced scales of justice. Eichmann said at one point that a hundred dead is a catastrophe, a million dead, a statistic. I agree with that a hundred percent. Anne Frank's *The Diary of a Young Girl* has said more to the consciences of people than all of the Nuremburg trials. So has the television series "Holocaust." One can identify with an individual fate, but not with 11 million dead in the concentration camps. That is why the neo-Nazis have so vehemently opposed the Anne Frank diary. It took me five years before I found the man who had arrested Anne Frank.

Penthouse: And where did you find him?

Wiesenthal: In Vienna. With the police department. He was a Viennese. Ultimately, he was simply transferred from street duty to an office job, that was all.

Penthouse: Did he know about the diary?

Wiesenthal: Yes. He had bought it and read it, but it didn't make any impression on him. If he had discovered the original diary in Amsterdam, he would have destroyed it. People don't think, especially those who were in the SS. They check their consciences right at the door. We succeeded in bringing eleven hundred Nazis in different countries to court and I don't know exactly, but I think the defendants pleaded guilty in three or maybe five cases. The others reacted just as Barbie has—they were sorry for every Jew that they didn't kill. In fact, the only thing they regretted was leaving so many witnesses alive. It's a lost part of a generation. If they were young today and if circumstances were just the same, they'd do it all over again, only this time they wouldn't leave any witnesses.

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Penthouse: And today in Germany there are many young people who feel drawn to the Nazis.

Wiesenthal: That's why today we must shift our work to deal largely with this most acute danger. The neo-Nazis are not just a German problem. There are right-wing extremists all over the world. What happened in Germany was that while the extreme leftists were being fought, the right eye went blind. I was once standing at a taxi stand in Stuttgart, and I heard a man say, "Hitler may have been a criminal, but all of this couldn't have been possible." For a long time the leftist terrorist groups brought crowds to the Nazis. Things are even worse elsewhere. In Argentina the police have helped rebuild the right extremists so that they can better restrain the leftist extremists. This is also happening in Italy. From the beginning the right-wing extremists were welcome there since they took some of the burden off the executive office in its fight against the Red Brigades.

Years ago I wrote letters to Helmut Kohl and to Willy Brandt, warning them of such things. Brandt answered that he agreed with me, and Kohl initiated a small inquiry in the Bundestag. But like always, the problem was kept under the table. Nevertheless, when I meet German diplomats I often ask, "Why do you allow the image of the Germans in other countries to be represented by a couple of hundred Nazi scrawlers? What are 30,000 neo-Nazis against 30 million good young people?" And they answer—especially those who once had to emigrate—"You know, the Germans have not changed." That's not true!

Penthouse: Who finances the Nazi propaganda?

Wiesenthal: I've written about this to a very noble man, Attorney General William French Smith, whom I met last year to talk about the Nazi problem in the United States. Later I saw in the newspapers that he was in Pakistan and in India seeking cooperation in the war against drug dealers, so I sent a letter about these people in the United States who distribute hatred around the world. At the end of my letter, I said, "What you have done against the drug dealers is very important and I believe in every step you've taken. But from the other side you must know that the Nazis killed more innocent people in one month than all the drug dealers of the world have in ten years." I asked him to do something to stop this flow of hatred from people who are not only misusing the First Amendment but are misusing the reputation of the United States. On every leaflet and on every brochure, you can see the words *printed in the United States*.

In America there exists the unimpeachable right to freedom of expression. Things are printed against the Jews that in Vienna would get somebody thrown into prison if they were distributed.

Penthouse: Is there a significant Nazi party in the United States?

Wiesenthal: There are over 100 organizations—Nazi organizations or right-wing groups. They have a big weekly newspaper in Washington called *Spotlight*. These groups also have other small monthlies or bimonthlies, but mainly they reprint in German all the Nazi books, especially the ones that speak against Jews. They sell them for three or four dollars, and they have a mailing list in Germany of maybe 60,000 or 80,000 people. So understand, when you reprint a book, you cannot reprint one copy. You reprint 500 or 1,000 copies. And when you reprint 100 different books the big question is, Who pays for it?

Penthouse: Who does?

Wiesenthal: We couldn't manage to find out. We know only that there are people doing it. They have nothing. The front man is always a nothing, a wimp. A person who lives in poor circumstances, yet every year sends away for a hundred thousand

YOU
BE A JUDGE
ON THE PENTHOUSE COURT OF SEX-APPEALS

This coming November, PENTHOUSE magazine will present a two-hour television spectacular...THE INTERNATIONAL PET OF THE YEAR PAGEANT from Rome. Over thirty elegant and sexy women from around the world will compete for that coveted title that includes a Grand Prize of one million dollars in cash and gifts.

And this year, PENTHOUSE is adding something special with the International Pet of the Year Pageant: a PENTHOUSE reader will be among our panel of VIP judges. That's right! You could be the most important judge of all! Imagine, sitting in judgment to select the sexiest girl in the world.

To be the judge, write the best essay of 250 words or less explaining why you would love to join our pleasure-laden extravaganza in Rome. Because of the overwhelming response, the deadline for the Here Comes The Judge Contest has been extended to October 1, 1983.

Mail your essay to HERE COMES THE JUDGE, c/o PENTHOUSE, 1965 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10023-5965. Decision by PENTHOUSE will be final.

leaflets. The man who made the attempt on President Reagan's life, Hinckley, was part of such a Nazi group for six months. There are so many names to discuss. You hear about involvement by oil millionaires, Texas millionaires. Many also think that the Arabs are behind it, but I don't believe that, because in the United States the blacks are abused as well as the Jews, and the Arabs would not stand for that.

Some people who distributed this literature are now in jail. In Sweden, one person got ten months. In Germany, one got three years, eight months, for distributing propaganda that said that the Holocaust never existed and that the gas chambers were only for the disinfection of clothes. In many cases these people claimed that they had received the literature from the United States.

Penthouse: What do you think the United States government should do about neo-Nazi parties? Do you think it should allow their existence, that outlawing the parties would be a violation of our Constitution?

Wiesenthal: You need what we have in Europe, in all the countries: a law against racial hatred. It should not destroy the First Amendment, because the First Amendment is so beautiful . . . it could not be better. The First Amendment guarantees individual freedom, but this freedom also has a border, where the freedom of another individual begins. When people cross the border, they should be stopped.

There are some groups, like the White Power group, that have ten times the members that Hitler's group had in the beginning. They are waiting for a crisis, because they hope that what happened in the twenties or in the thirties will happen again.

This should be stopped, so that the enemies of the U.S. cannot say, "Look, this is the great country of democracy, and this is possible."

Penthouse: Is the anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union the same as the Nazi anti-Semitism here and elsewhere?

Wiesenthal: Anti-Semitism has many faces. Of course, the Nazis were worse, because theirs was a direct genocide. But in the Soviet Union, there is spiritual genocide of the Jews. They wish the Jews would disappear. There are no schools for Jews, no theater, no newspapers, nothing. Absolutely nothing. Under these circumstances, it is a big miracle that young Jewish Russians know that they are Jews. The anti-Semites make them Jews.

Penthouse: So they are more aware of their religion than American Jews?

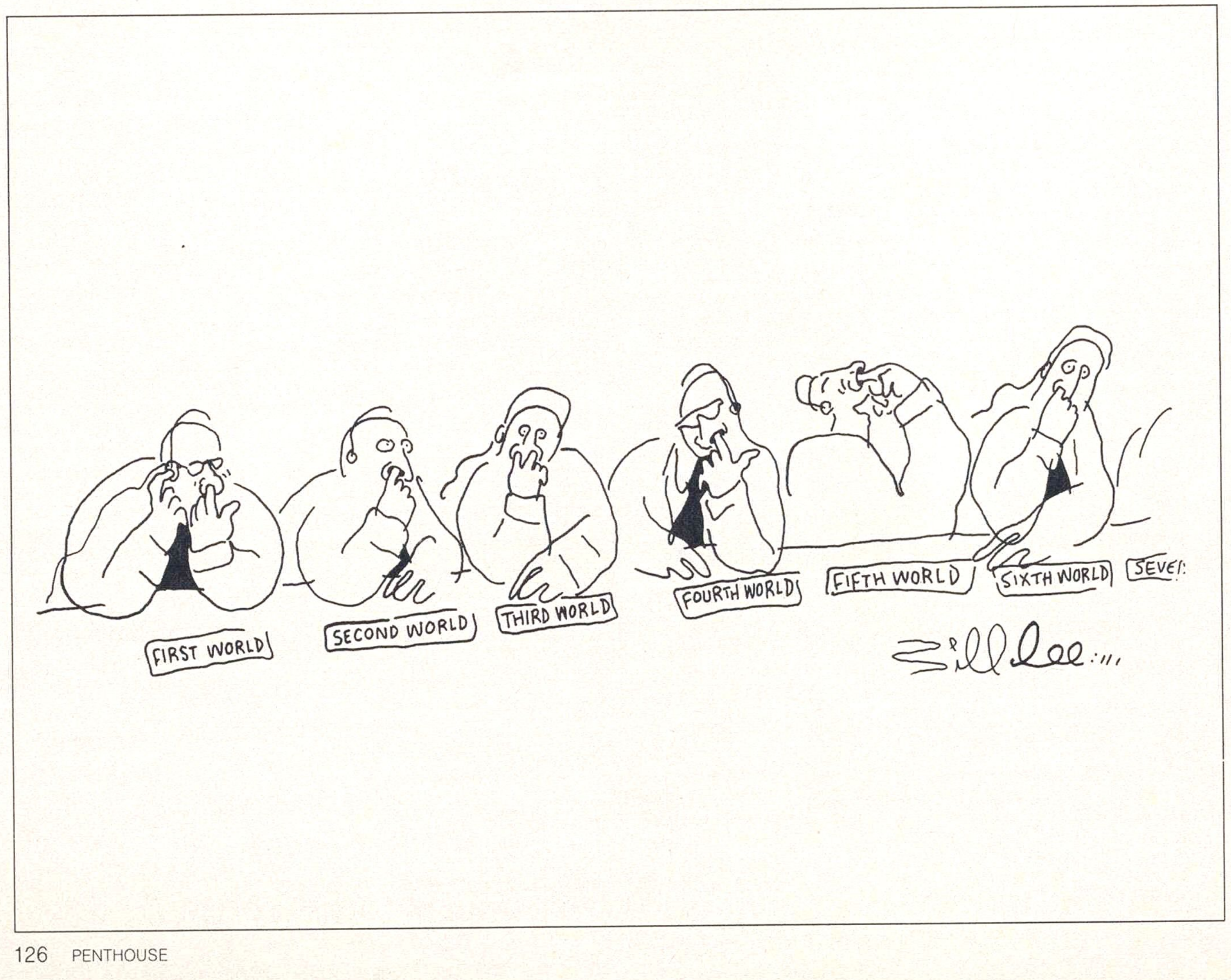
Wiesenthal: Yes, because they suffer for it, they pay for it. The young American Jews have it for nothing. In 1964 or 1965, I was invited to the Soviet embassy for the anniversary of the Revolution. I came in contact with a Russian diplomat, who knew a little about me, and he asked if he could visit me. The next morning at nine o'clock, my secretary came into my room and saw there was a man waiting for me who refused to give his name. It was this Russian diplomat. He asked me to close my door, and he sat down and didn't say one word for a long time. Then he began to cry. His tears were like the rain you see through the window now. I was shocked and in Russian I asked the man to tell me what had happened. He said, "Nothing special. This is the first time that I can cry as a Jew. No one knows that I'm Jewish. My own children don't know. Only my wife knows." We talked for maybe an hour, and I let him cry, because it was like therapy. I never saw him again.

Penthouse: Are you ever afraid for your own safety?

Wiesenthal: Every week I receive two or three threatening letters. Today one arrived from America. You get used to it. When a week goes by and I don't receive any threatening letters, I feel that something is missing. Do you know what I do with the letters? I file all of them under the letter *M.*

Penthouse: What does "M" stand for?

Wiesenthal: "M" stands for *meschugge*, "crazy." You know the person who really wants to do something to me won't write me ahead of time. The people who left a bomb in front of my house a couple of months ago didn't send an announcement first. They were serious about what they were doing.



Penthouse: Have you been attacked often?

Wiesenthal: Once a Jewish man who had been a *Kapo* [or member of the *Kamaradschafts Polizei*, concentration camp inmates serving as a disciplinary staff under the SS] came at me with a knife. I had had him locked up because he was guilty of the deaths of many inmates. When he was freed, he tried to get revenge. I threw a bottle of ink in his face, and that's what saved me. Often the federal police warn me when they get information about a plotted attempt against me. I have weapons in my office and at home. I like the Colt, but I know that I will never be the first to shoot.

Penthouse: Have you received assassination threats in other countries?

Wiesenthal: In Germany, never, never. In Canada, yes, and above all in the U.S.A. In Texas the police wanted my assurance that I would wear a bulletproof vest when I spoke before students. I refused. In Chicago, I was speaking before 1,500 students when twenty boys in uniform came up to grab me. They wanted to mop up the floor with me. If the stupid rascals hadn't come in uniforms, they probably would have succeeded. It goes without saying that anybody who lives the kind of life I live has to take such things as part of the bargain. It wouldn't be normal if it weren't true.

Penthouse: Have you ever resorted to physical force?

Wiesenthal: There was one instance, and I'll never forget it. A rather pretty, half-Jewish woman came to me. She told me she had suffered. I asked her for details. "Good, I'll bring them to you," she replied. A few days after, two men brought over a large trunk. "This is my evidence," the woman said to me. And then she told me her story. She had been a student at the Gymnasium—she had a Christian upbringing—and there she had met another student and they had married. In 1933 her husband became a Nazi and under party pressure had to divorce her. Their love turned to hate. She worked at the state railway office, and each day her husband sent her two or three postcards at the payroll division, where she worked. On them he pasted slogans, mottoes from *Der Stürmer* and other Nazi pamphlets. Everybody saw them, and she saved them all. I sent for the man. I knew that he had tormented the poor woman for a period of seven years in a way that he could not be legally punished for. So I spit in his face.

Penthouse: Did you know while you were in the concentration camps that if you survived, you would make the full and complete documentation of the Holocaust your life's work?

Wiesenthal: Perhaps unconsciously. I recently saw in Washington an old letter I had written, a week after liberation, to the American commander at our camp in Mauthausen, with the names of all the people I knew of who had committed war crimes. We all stayed for a period in the camp after the Americans came. The letter came into my hands because Kirk Douglas in Hollywood wanted to do a film of my life and therefore had had all the material about me collected.

Penthouse: Your daughter was born in 1946. Did you see her birth as an act of hope against all the terrible things you'd gone through?

Wiesenthal: My wife and I saw that we were alone in the world. All our relatives were dead. If we wanted to have survivors, there had to be a family, a child. When my daughter was ten years old, she came home one day before Christmas, very upset, and said, "What kind of people are we? Every kid has a grandma, a grandpa, an aunt, and goes to visit them. How is it that I'm alone? Why have I never seen any relatives?" Do you know what I did? I gave my child no answer but went into another room and wept. It was this incident that first made me realize how poor my child is. That evening I called up a friend in Vienna and described my problem to him. I told him to call up the next day as a cousin and invite her to Vienna. And so, with the help of friends, I created a family for her. I didn't tell her the whole story until she was fourteen years old.

Penthouse: How did you explain to your daughter that she was living in the same country that had put you in a concentration camp?

Wiesenthal: I told her that one can fight malaria only where it breaks out.

Penthouse: What satisfaction do you get, in the end, after the people you have helped track down are sentenced?

Wiesenthal: It's not a matter of satisfaction. When you look at history, you see that the history of man is a history of crimes. History can repeat itself. The fact is that if forty years after the crime we catch such a man and bring him to justice, it becomes a warning for the murderers of tomorrow.

Penthouse: Do you think the Holocaust could ever happen again?

Wiesenthal: When it was possible for it to happen in a nation as rich with culture as Germany, it could happen in any country of the world. And this is the big danger. By the end of this year I will be seventy-five years old. I'm still going to universities to talk to young people, and I will still say to them, "For your benefit, learn from our tragedy." It's not a written law that the next victims must be Jews. It can also be other people. We saw it begin, in Germany, with Jews, but people from more than twenty other nations were also murdered. When I started this work, I said to myself, "I will look for the murderers of all the victims, not only of the Jewish victims. I will fight for justice."

There are a number of people in the United States within the circle of Holocaust survivors who don't understand that this is very, very important. I have fought against the Jewish internal propaganda about the Holocaust because, first of all, I want to present our tragedy as a human

CONTINUED ON PAGE 139

HIGH PERFORMANCE
THE PENTHOUSE RACING JACKET MAKES YOU A REAL WINNER.

This handsome metallic gold jacket carries the crest of the Penthouse keys and is emblazoned across the back with the Penthouse name.
Crafted from the finest 100% light-weight nylon, this exceptionally well-tailored jacket provides for great freedom of movement. The pockets are comfortably positioned. Double stitched seams to provide year-round rugged wear. Bold black racing stripes, stretch knit cuffs, zippered front and a velcro collar fastener keeps you ready for the main event.
Great to wear over your swimsuit or to dress up your favorite jeans. Unconditionally guaranteed. Sizes: S, M, L, XL–Mens and Womens. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

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Please send ________ Penthouse Racing Jacket(s) (#PHRJ) @ $59.95 ea. plus $2.50 p&h ea. I must be satisfied or I may return my purchase in 15 days for a full refund.
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THE COMPLETE SEXENDERS® PROGRAM

The only-seven-days-to-chastity program—for those who should quit but can't break the habit.

BY CATHY HILLER AND ROBERT HOFLER

YOU ARE READY TO GIVE UP SEX TODAY

Does the above statement make you feel anxious or uncertain? If so, ask yourself the following questions. This test is designed to make up your mind for you.

1. Are your orgasms so intense that you sometimes black out?
2. Do you resent your girl friend's multiple orgasms?
3. Do you wish that your boyfriend were a premature ejaculator?
4. Do you think of impotence as just another way of saying, "I have a headache"?
5. Do you often find yourself at a loss for excuses in bed and wishing you had herpes?
6. Do you sometimes have to think about the person you are with in order to climax?

HOW YOU ANSWERED THIS QUIZ:

A. If you answered yes to any question, you need Sexenders®.

B. If you answered yes to all the questions, not only are you severely addicted, you are also bisexual.

PHOTOTEQUE

Bored with orgies? Chastity is the answer for you.

Dr. Döffenberg and patient.

A SEX-FREE LIFE CAN BE YOURS

Day One: Mind-Control

Sexenders®. For those who should quit but can't break the habit. A program that will show you how to make love to absolutely nobody. Not even yourself.

Sexenders® has helped millions. And we can help you. Our program is safe, effective, and doesn't hurt much. You will continue living a productive life while learning to withdraw!

Chastity. The sure way. The pure way. Contemplate the alternative—continuing as you are, subject to the sexual itch, the need to scratch, to possess, to dispossess, to pleasure places better left unnamed. How boring and expensive life is on this pre-sex/post-sex/pre-sex treadmill that's kept you bar-hopping and bedridden for years.

Many people have not heard of Sexenders® even though pro-celibacy sentiments have been around longer than Pat Nixon's cloth coat. Yes, the need to wipe out sex began long before anyone gave it a name, organized rallies, or sold the idea to cable. If one man must be credited as founder of our movement, Dr. Maximillian Döffenberg deserves the honor without question. Over thirty years ago, Dr. Döffenberg discovered the D Spot, a tiny area located in the right or left ear canal, depending on your sexual option. The D Spot, when gently rubbed, can anesthetize one's sex drive and, in some cases, induce the ejaculation of ear wax.

THE "SHOW US YOUR D SPOT" PROGRAM

Day Two: Entertainment

Many people are tied down all day. They cannot leave their homes to participate in a program, even if it will change their lives forever.

- If you have too much TV to watch . . .
- If you are confined to bed all day because you like to sleep a lot . . .
- If you are burdened with demanding pets that consume your every waking hour . . .

DO NOT DESPAIR!

Sexenders® has recently developed a self-help, stay-at-home entertainment program, "Show Us Your D Spot," that has been designed with you in mind. It begins with your ear and applies Dr. Maximillian Döffenberg's revolutionary theories on sexual anesthesiology.

For those who have trouble reading straight, unadulterated prose without lots of pictures and commercial breaks, Sexenders® has developed a question-and-answer format that mimics the Merv Griffin TV talk show. You can desex your body and you won't have to budge from your favorite La-Z-Boy chair. Get out a clean Q-Tip right now, and start rubbing.

"Show Us Your D Spot!"

Q. Tell me, who is Dr. Döffenberg, anyway?

A. Dr. Maximillian Döffenberg was an eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist who practiced medicine in Stuttgart, Germany, shortly after the war. He was performing a routine examination of a patient's ear when he discovered the D Spot. The ear ejaculated.

Q. What do you mean, ejaculated?

A. The ear spurts liquid earwax.

Q. Rubbing the D Spot makes the ear ejaculate?

A. Yes, and more important, it also anesthetizes the sex drive.

Q. Where can I find my D Spot?

A. That depends on you. If you are male, try the left ear, about one-quarter inch into the ear canal. Women should try their right ears. Go in about one eighth of an inch.

Q. What if I am bisexual? Does that make a difference?

A. Come on, make up your mind!

Q. Well, I think I am.

A. Then take your pick. In fact, some bis have found their D Spots up their left nostrils. But really, that's a whole different story.

Q. I've rubbed my D Spot, but there was no ejaculation. Is this natural?

A. It's natural, but not exactly normal.

Q. I've tried thrusting a finger into my wife's ear. I thrust and thrust, but it doesn't seem to stop her sex drive. What am I doing wrong?

How to Exercise D Spot.

JOHN MUTH

How Not to Exercise D Spot.

A. Perhaps you are trying too hard. Like many men, you think the harder your strokes, the longer your strokes, the more effective and macho you will be. Wrong. Go gently. Also, don't thrust all the way into the ear. It's best if you hit—gently, please—the head of your finger against the Spot itself.

Q. Is my finger the best instrument?

A. A clean Q-Tip is better. Many men are brainwashed into thinking bigger is better, so they go at the ear with a thumb. In such cases, the D Spot has been known to disappear.

Q. What happens then?

A. You become a nymphomaniac or satyr, depending on your original sex.

Q. Is there a cure?

A. Not really.

Q. How often must I rub?

A. For sixty seconds, every hour.

Q. How long does the rubbing anesthetize you?

A. Unfortunately, the effect is short-lived. Say a day or two. Meanwhile, follow the complete Sexenders® Program to prevent yourself from returning to sex. This is necessary in case you should forget to rub.

LOVE POSITIONS GUARANTEED TO FAIL

Day Three: Exercise

Remember the last time you read about John Belushi? You passed up that extra line of coke.

Remember the last time you read about Linda Blair? You swore off having kids.

Sexenders® employs the same theory of live-and-learn. Since the consequences of sex play may not be readily apparent to you, we offer "Six Love Positions Guaranteed to Fail," an exercise regimen that was developed by an Anaheim chiropractor.

JOHN MUTH

Position One: the consequences of sex.

Position One is illustrated here by Sexenders® models. These exercises were only simulated for our camera. The models are actually marathon joggers who have no need for sex and whose need for protective head gear during the photo sessions needs no explanation.

Position One: "Skewered." Martha and Don, a married couple, were making love in the so-called spoon position. Don, thinking he had orgasmed (he still believed in the myth of male orgasms), pushed his wife, propelling her chest forward and causing her to sustain a severe whiplash. Martha's knees met her chest in a head-on crash, while her buttocks thrust back into Don's genital area. It took weeks of therapy, gentle coaxing, and reassurance to separate the couple.

Position Two: "86." Perhaps the most common crash position. Lorie was on her knees performing fellatio, or sixty-nine, on her boyfriend Rick. He eventually bucked to let her know he had orgasmed, which, of course, he had not. Poor Lorie was thrown backward, but she forgot to let go of Rick's hips. In no time, they had turned themselves into a hideous human wheel and went rolling out of her bedroom, down the stairs, and

Refine your love technique *and* polish your furniture all at the same time. You don't need a lover to be a lover!

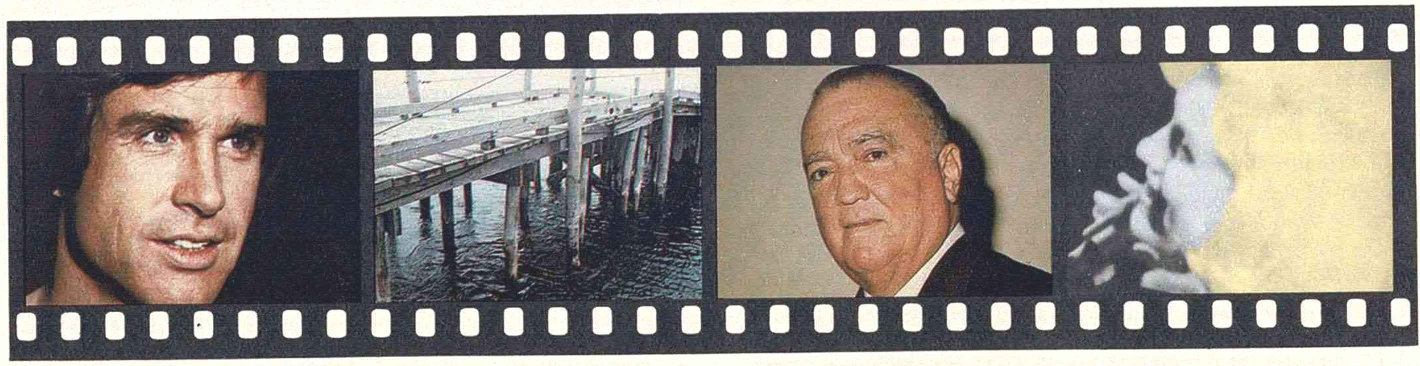
out the front door. Black and blue for months. Not to mention very red.

Position Three: "Stay at Home." Lorraine and Tim had their heads between each other's legs in the infamous "around the world" position. They were hopeless believers of the simultaneous orgasm. Unfortunately, Lorraine had a particularly devastating climax (½ point on the Richter scale) and Tim developed a real bad charley horse in his right thigh. Simultaneously, they slammed their legs together and both heads got stuck. Neighbors found them days later in this sordid, viselike leg grip. Because of their cauliflower ears, Lorraine and Tim never go out anymore. The Elephant Man would draw less attention. Which is why it's called "Stay at Home."

Position Four: "Dumbo." This is the name you deserve if you submit to making love doggie fashion. As soon as the man fakes his orgasm, he will propel the woman forward. If her orgasm is over two horsepower, forget it—unless walls, mirrors, and headboards are your idea of landing pads. The most disastrous incident on record involving the "Dumbo" position occurred when two couples in adjoining motel rooms had a head-on crash.

Position Five: "Massacre." Don't believe what they tell you about the missionary position. It's a real S & M scene. Couples lock their ankles together. They wrap their wrists. They plug up their mouths with each other's tongue. They even practice semi-suffocation, whereby one person is on top and won't let the partner up for a breath of air. Kinky? This is heavy-duty stuff we're talking about!

Position Six: "Dazed 'n' Crazed." If two people can create havoc with their sex, just think what happens during an orgy. All you can do afterward is call a senator and hope your town qualifies for aid.


SYGMA/STEVE SCHAPIRO / JAN HALASKA / UPI

THE GREAT ALL-AMERICAN SEX TRIVIA QUIZ

Day Four: Education

1. A "mouseburger" is . . .
   (a) McDonald's new sandwich for kids.
   (b) the polite word for rodent do-do.
   (c) Helen Gurley Brown's definition of a woman who has "a natural sex drive."

Answer: (c) Even though (b) and (a) sound more appropriate.

2. Warren Beatty, preferred boyfriend of Hollywood actresses everywhere, has never been . . .
   (a) in a VD clinic.
   (b) to bed with a mouseburger.
   (c) around the world.
   (d) All of the above.
   (e) unsure.

Answer: (e) Except, perhaps, of the exact numbers.

3. J. Edgar Hoover was a great director of the FBI because . . .
   (a) he never married.
   (b) he rejected Nixon for the FBI.
   (c) he did not bequeath his porno collection to the Smithsonian.
   (d) he never consummated his relationship with Clyde A. Tolson.

Answer: (a) Our hero. Although the other responses aren't bad choices.

4. Marilyn Monroe definitely did *not* kill herself because . . .
   (a) she was really getting too old.
   (b) she heard Norman Mailer was writing her biography.
   (c) RFK threw her out.
   (d) JFK didn't like the way she sang "Happy Birthday."

Answer: (c) All the others are distinct possibilities. Actually, JFK loved the way Marilyn sang at his birthday party. It was the president's father, Joe, who thought M.M.'s voice could not handle the tessitura of "Happy Birthday."

5. Chappaquiddick is where . . .
   (a) the *New York Post* sends a team of reporters every time Teddy Kennedy runs for president.
   (b) the Nixons and the Rebozos vacation every August.
   (c) Suzy Chafee recently opened her fast-food restaurant.
   (d) Nancy Reagan buys all her clothes on Rodeo Drive.

Answer: (a) Liberal sex, liberal politics.

6. Anita Bryant was crucified by the national press because she . . .
   (a) led a crusade against gays.
   (b) wore a padded bra at the 1959 Miss America contest.
   (c) sold S & M gear under the counter in her Selma, Ala., dress shop.

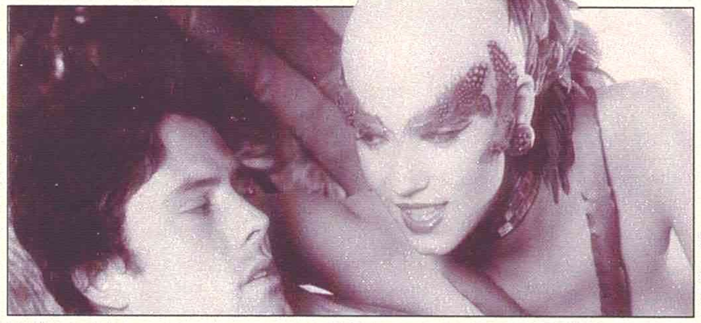
Answer: (a) And if Anita would only do for straights what she did for gays, we could all rest a lot easier.

Play "Sexual Malpractice Sweepstakes" in court and collect millions on past crimes against your body.

NO-FAIL TURN-OFF LINES

Day Five: Self-Defense

Listed below are the most popular pick-up lines of all time. When you are hit with one of these lines, do you know how to come back? Do you know how to pick off boys who try to pick up girls? Take this test and find out if you're a warrior or a wimp.


"Where'd you get those eyes?" How to respond.

EARL MILLER

1. *"Can I buy you another drink?"*
   Response A: "I guess one more won't hurt."
   Response B: "You mean, if I get drunk, you'll start looking like Tom Selleck?"
2. *"Can I borrow a light?"*
   Response A: "I don't smoke, but I'm sure there's a lighter here somewhere."
   Response B: "No, but I'd be happy to sell you one."
3. *"So what brings you here [to this pet shop]?"*
   Response A: "I'm into canaries."
   Response B: "Oh, the Pyrinate A-200 didn't work, and I'm looking for something a little stronger, so in the meantime could you scratch my back?"
4. *"Aren't you somebody famous?"*
   Response A: "People say I have Liz Taylor's chins."
   Response B: "Does the name Sybil ring a bell?"
5. *"Haven't I seen you someplace before?"*
   Response A: "Well, I work uptown."
   Response B: "Yeah, the *Time* magazine 'herpes epidemic' cover. Want an autograph?"
6. *"Is that a Doberman pinscher?"*
   Response A: "No, it's a beagle."
   Response B: "Look, I've already got one dog and *he's* trained, so take a walk."
7. *"Like to dance?"*
   Response A: "Yes, but I'm not very good."
   Response B: "Only if I lead and you not follow."
8. *"Where'd you get those eyes?"*
   Response A: "Mom, only hers are brown."
   Response B: "Three Mile Island."

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO YOUR FURNITURE

Day Six: Decor

Having acquired a gamut of sexual skills and techniques, you now, suddenly, cannot use them. It's like being a New Jersey housewife without having a single charge card. You want to do what you're good at—but can't.

Nonsense. It is now possible to continue refining your love technique *and* polish your furniture all at the same time. You don't need a lover to be a lover! Just replace that somebody special with that something expensive. Here are a few household items to get you started.

1. *The couch.* Once merely the environment in which you practiced your techniques, now the couch can be their focus! Tenderly arrange the pillows around you as you lie on your back on the couch. Now, with your "outside" hand, reach down and *under* the couch, where the upholstered fabric meets the backing. This seam is exquisitely sensitive: lightly run your fingers up and down it, sometimes tickling slightly, sometimes teasing. Your couch will stay absolutely still for hours if you do this right.

Rotary-dial phones are best.

BOB SPITZ

2. *The bureau.* Get to know its secret places. Remove its drawers. Put your head into its hollows. Nose around. Enjoy. After you withdraw, give the bureau a butterfly kiss and it will open up for you beautifully next time.

3. *The telephone.* Rotary-dial phones are best, but you can still have a good time with a push-button model. The ideal telephone has a tightly coiled telephone wire, never one that is limp or knotted. First, stroke the telephone all over to get it humming. Now remove the receiver to reveal two shy, shiny buttons. They are so responsive to your touch that as you play with one, pushing it up and down, the other moves in tandem. You may also twiddle these buttons. Now take the telephone wire in one hand and enjoy its firm bounciness. Finally, between fingers and thumb, roll the wire lightly, using only the balls of your finger. This is called "balling" and will show the phone you have its number.

SEXUAL MALPRACTICE SWEEPSTAKES

Day Seven: Finance

SEXUAL
MALPRACTICE
SWEEPSTAKES

Bad sex? Sue and win!

JOHN MUTH

Selecting superior accessories and maintaining your car in top-notch condition can help turn an ordinary ride into an automotive experience.

FINISHING TOUCHES

BY REGGIE JACKSON

This past year for *Penthouse*, I have had the pleasure to have driven and reported on some magnificent cars: from the luxury Mercedes 380SEL, BMW733I, and Maserati to the more sporty 308GTS Ferrari. With some minor variations, all are superior driving machines, both inside and out. Yet these cars, with their top price tag, vary considerably in their interior appointments. Fortunately for you, the consumer, this is one area where you have a lot of control without spending a fortune.

Take radios. Anyone who spends any time in his car will want a top-notch system. Often, this means purchasing your own instead of the factory-provided radio. When I ordered my $20,000 Jeep Wagoneer, I told the dealer I didn't care about the radio, because I intended to install my own Panasonic cassette AM/FM stereo. A few cars—Datsuns, Toyotas, Lincoln Continentals—come with excellent radios. The same is true, of course, of the BMWs and Mercedes. However, even a Rolls-Royce doesn't come equipped with a quality radio. Porsche could also improve its sound system, and the Ferrari I drove this year didn't even *have* a radio, and for $60,000 that was some disappointment. Especially in certain American economy-type cars, because of a lack of quality, it's often best to purchase your own sound system. Make sure that you've got an AM/FM. I feel FM should be standard. You simply can't travel any distance and rely on AM. By the same token, insist on stereo, with speakers in the back. Driving at 50 mph in an economy vehicle will sometimes create a sound problem, and you'll have trouble hearing speakers located only in front. It's also nice to have balance for the front and back as a courtesy for the

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW UNANGST

passengers. Tape decks are also worth the investment. Whether your taste is classical, rock, jazz, or country and western music, anyone who enjoys driving and music should enjoy prerecorded cassette programming. I like cassettes because they're space-saving. As with radios, it's best not to skimp too much on price. Car sound quality has improved so much of late that it's a shame not to take advantage of it. Spend an extra few dollars if you have to. In the long run, I don't think you'll be sorry.

The interior of a car, of course, should both be durable and look nice. Many people go for leather or vinyl interiors, but the choice of cloth offers a lot more versatility. Cloth doesn't sweat as much, it stays constant with the temperature, and if you pick your fabrics properly, it will look very impressive. I personally like to cover my seats with lambswool or sheepskin, which can run anywhere from $75 to $400. That's expensive, but there are less costly covers (try to avoid plastic) that save on seat wear and tear and also look sharp, though they sweat a great deal. Factory vinyl may be more durable; however, if you're careful about upkeep that shouldn't matter with other materials. I'm also a strong believer in covering the factory mats with some after-market product. And make sure you keep the car clean. There's nothing more distasteful and noticeable in a car than a dirty floor. With clean floors and clean windows, somehow your car always seems to run better.

There are other options, or after-market modifications, that you may also want to consider. Try and change your door lock, if necessary, to a knobless one. That cuts down on accidental openings and theft. Also, automatic door locks are also extremely useful. In an emergency you can get out faster and don't have to reach across the seat. Electrical door locks, as both a convenience and an important lifesaving aid, are particularly crucial if you've got small children; everybody is locked in. Similarly, electric-controlled mirrors, included as options in some higher-priced cars, are excellent for safety. Far more important than power windows, these permit the driver to readjust the passenger-side mirror from his seat; otherwise, a lazy driver may fail to make an adjustment for clear rear vision after the mirror has accidentally been nudged or its position shifted. I also insist on rear-window defoggers, especially in the East or northern California, where you have lots of humid, foggy weather. It's practical, very useful; it's an extra item that works. So, too, is something like a small Red Cross kit. These can be very handy after a minor accident when you find yourself stranded on a highway.

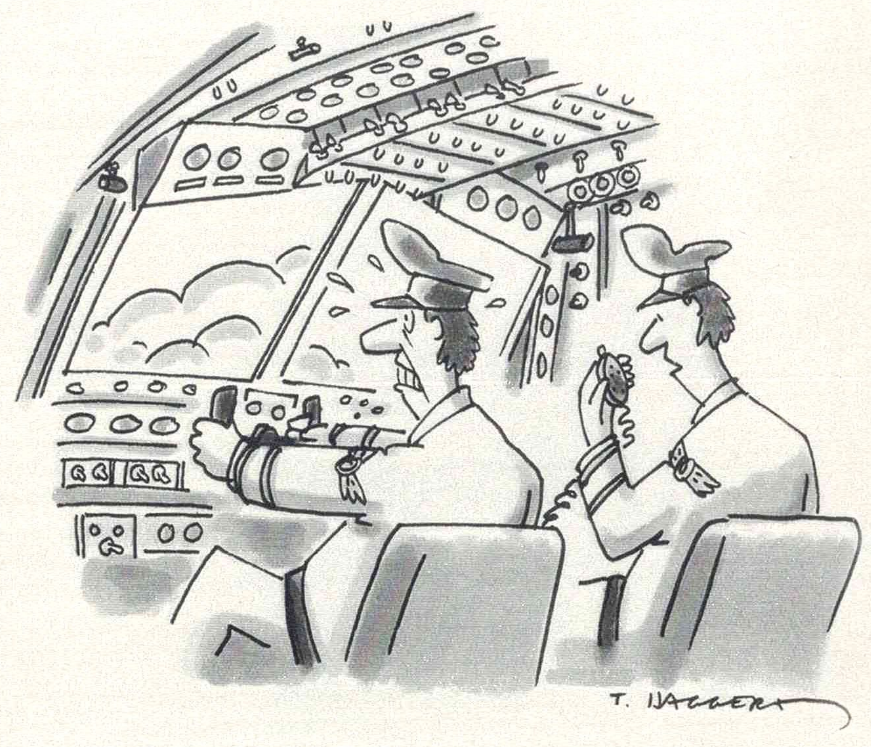
Though it's not necessary to be a professional mechanic to drive a car, it is of crucial importance that you know how to operate your jack. A surprising number of people never bother to learn. Take it out and read the instructions *before* you get into trouble, before you're stuck on a heavy-traffic road at night. Not all jacks, unfortunately, are equally functional. In the interests of space- and weight-saving, most companies have discarded the old, heavy metal jack with the four-sided lug wrench. Some of the replacements are a bit on the tinny side, and you might invest, for less than ten dollars, in the sturdier lug wrench. Also, learn how to inflate your spare. Remember that many of these spares are not meant to serve as a fifth tire but are intended only for driving 50 to 100 miles, enough to reach the next service station.

As far as tires are concerned, a steel-belted radial will grip the road much better and provide a much safer ride. Look for a tire that is at least four-ply. If you're buying a used tire, always know whom you're buying it from. Buy from reputable people. I pretty much stick to B. F. Goodrich—they have a fine track record and know what they're doing. Check the tread, but be aware that some tires can have wonderful treads but will break down in the sidewall. And don't try to save pennies here. Spend those extra few dollars. If your tires cost a little bit more money, remember: there's only one you.

No matter how much you know, or don't know, about a car's inner workings, try to stay on top of your maintenance and upkeep. If you've just purchased a new automobile, you should change your oil every three to five thousand miles. For both safety and warranty purposes, don't neglect the 10,000-mile service check. If you want to ensure smooth driving, change the oil every 1,500 miles. Your oil can pick up metal shavings from all parts of the engine; the more your oil thins out and the more dirt and chips it accumulates, the greater the likelihood of knocks and problems with your engine.

As far as outside upkeep is concerned, you should wax your car a minimum of three times a year. Use a heavy paste to seal it. Especially in the East, where the cold, moisture, and humidity can eat up the metal, it's important to wax. Remember, salt will rot and rust the metal. Try to put a cleaner on your car another three times a year and, if possible, try to wash your car once a week. The more you take care of the car, the higher its resale value will be. Remember, looks—or as I say, eyeball—are very important. You can have a horse underneath the hood, but if the car looks good people will take an extra look.

As I wrap up this year as *Penthouse*'s automotive editor, let me again stress how much enjoyment you can derive from a car if you select it carefully, give it proper attention, and drive safely. O+

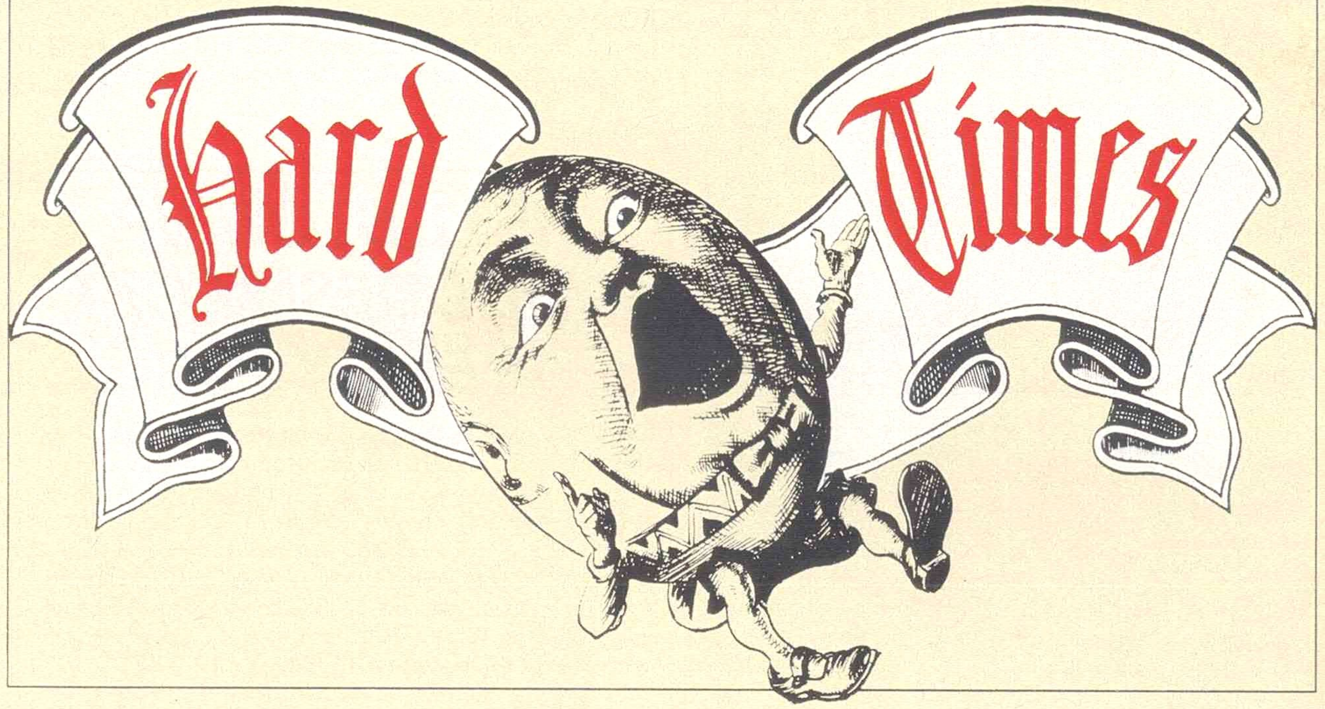


"Copilot Matthews to the control tower. Our only stewardess has gone into shock and nobody knows how to blow the pilot. Get one of the girls from the ticket counter and let's see if she can talk me through it."

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



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MAYOR THE BEST MAN WIN!

WIDE WORLD

Harry (Hammering Hog) Holand slugged his way to the mayorship of Kingston, Idaho, in front of 200 spectators. His opponent, Robert (Potent Pulverizing) Pankonin, also 56, hit the canvas four times, giving Holand a unanimous decision in three rounds. The win gave Holand a 30-1 record, mostly in bar fights. The men decided on a boxing match after both claimed to be the unofficial mayor of Kingston, the "Frog Croaking Capital of the World." (*New York Post*–submitted by Gregory J. Craft)

Idaho, the potatohead state.–Editor

WHERE'S THE GOVERNMENT'S SAFETY NET?

WIDE WORLD

Eric Hendrik, left, and Governor Dick Thornburgh of Pennsylvania got Be Kind to Animals Week off to a flying start by letting a five-week-old kitten fall off the table. The kitten landed on its paws, unhurt. (*U.S.A. Today*–submitted by Jerry Rosenow)

THE WRONG BOX

When Blondell Hudson went to the funeral home to view her son's body, she was kept waiting in an empty room for an hour before finding out that her son had been cremated by mistake. Lawrence A. Jones, the owner, explained that he had mixed up her son, Deno Hudson, with another body, that of Theodore H. Patterson. "Their names were similar," he explained. (*Kansas City Star*–submitted by Grant Mulloy)

Deno and Theodore. Uh huh.–Editor

HE'LL BLOW UP IF HE DOESN'T GET A BLOW JOB

Kenneth Judd came home claiming a kidnapper had attached a bomb to his body and threatened to explode it by remote control unless Judd performed sex acts with his wife and sister-in-law. Mrs. Judd called the Vernal, Utah police who called in a team of U.S. Army bomb disposal experts. The bomb disposal team discovered that the so-called bomb was a fake. While no sex acts occurred, Judd, 26, was found guilty of criminal mischief and ordered to pay $2,500 restitution. (*Weekly World News*–submitted by Bill Galbraith, Providence, Ky.)

Next time try flowers, Mr. Judd.–Editor

THE NAKED TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES

Cable TV has all the fun. If you're plugged in, you soon may be watching "Razzle Dazzle," a quiz show based on "Family Feud," "Password" and strip poker. Every time a couple fails to guess a word clue, they must remove an article of clothing. Two couples try to be the last ones to bare all, with the winners receiving cash prizes of $50 to $500. Says producer Larry O'Daly, "We are making every effort to keep the series tasteful." (*Weekly World News*–submitted by Mrs. Gerry Cantonwine)

Plaid boxer shorts will not be allowed.–Editor

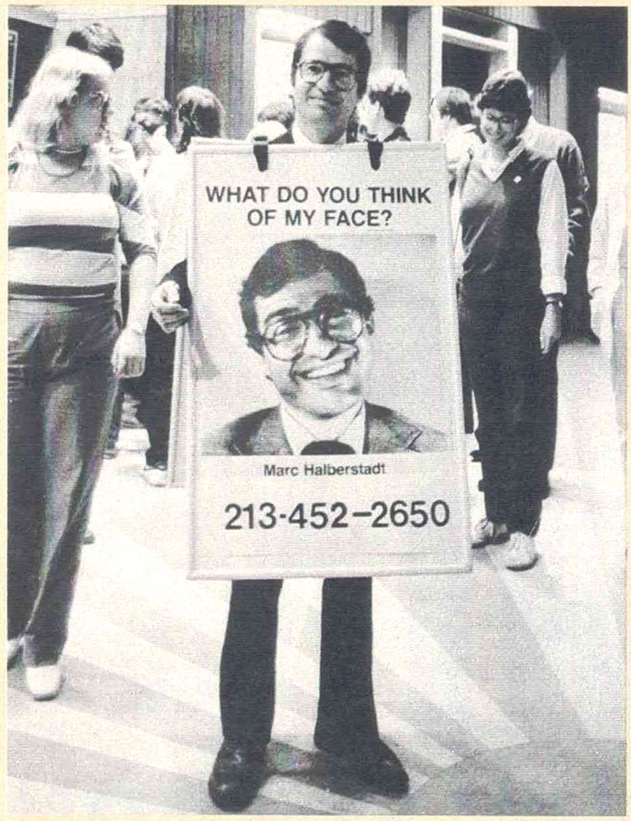
LIZZIE
ROGER
BOBBY JO
Razzle Dazzle

UPI

HOW NOT TO PICK UP GIRLS

Bachelor Marc Halberstadt, 36, tried to meet girls at the movies. He produced a short $2,000 film about himself called "What Do You Think of My Face?" in an effort to get a date. The film, shown in a Los Angeles theater, has resulted in 2,000 calls, but less than ten dates. (*Philadelphia Inquirer*–submitted by Daniel P. Kramer)

There's nothing wrong with his face that a brick couldn't cure. –Editor



IRIS SCHNEIDER/LOS ANGELES TIMES PHOTO

GANJA GRANNIES RELEASED

WIDE WORLD

Vera Tood Hayes, 65, and Florice Bessire, 66, of La Pine, Oregon, were released from prison in Canberra, Australia, after serving 5 years for smuggling 2 tons of hashish into that country. They were released nine years early for good behavior. (*Arizona Republic*–submitted by Ronald Frey)

Bet those grannies can really whip up some brownies.–Editor

THEY CAN REALLY TEACH YOU THE ROPES

A high school football coach and his wife, an assistant principal, pleaded guilty to prostitution charges stemming from their ownership of a sex dungeon. Also charged was a teacher's aide, Pamela Ann Gitthens. Part of the Bentons' Sacramento apartment had been converted into a "dungeon," with torture racks, electrodes, branding irons, vibrators, chains, leather hoods and whips. They were arrested after detectives answered an ad that read: "MS. BRANDI: Sensual sadist now granting permission to a few select supplicant slaves to enter her dungeon," and found Mrs. Benton offering to perform lewd acts for $80 an hour. Ms. Benton was third runner-up in the Miss Teen-Age America contest and won the national Miss Wool beauty contest. (*Record Searchlight*–submitted by Jeffrey Jones)

It seems like Ms. Brandi traded in her woolies for a little something in black leather. –Editor

WIDE WORLD

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127

tragedy. And second, I don't want to reduce the whole of Nazism to a Jewish problem, as the survivors have done by separating themselves from other victims.

Penthouse: That has been done?

Wiesenthal: Yes, sure. Because when we fight against a repetition of the Holocaust, we cannot fight alone. We need the survivors from the other nations or their children or their families to help us fight. The survivors themselves understand this, but their so-called leadership here in the United States doesn't.

Penthouse: Do you mean Elie Wiesel?

Wiesenthal: Yes, he is the biggest opponent of my position that there should be a brotherhood of the victims. Of all the victims.

Penthouse: Why doesn't Wiesel agree with you?

Wiesenthal: He's a chauvinist. And I am not. The big secret is that I am not a hater.

Penthouse: How can that be after all you have seen in your lifetime?

Wiesenthal: I cannot hate, and I never in my whole life have accused a whole nation. I never accused all the Germans, because I do not wish to hear somebody say "all the Jews."

Penthouse: You didn't hate the Nazis even after what they did to your family?

Wiesenthal: No, no. In my opinion, no one is born a criminal. The life picture of an individual is created by three components: parents, school, church. Later comes the fourth component: society. When one of these facets is bad, the life picture is destroyed. During the Nazi period, there were many cases where all four components were bad. For many people with sadistic inclinations, there was the possibility to commit crimes without having to take responsibility. After the war, I arrested many people and I saw their dossiers. I was in their homes, I read their letters. And there was one man, I remember, who got life imprisonment. He told his wife in a letter that there was a big hole at a Russian airport, and as there was no chance to make it an airfield again, they were going to kill fifteen hundred Jews and put them in the hole. And in the same letter he asked about his child, about the flowers in the garden, and so on. Okay, you can say these people were mentally destroyed, but there were many of them. What I have against these people is something physical. I don't want to come into physical contact with them. But it isn't hatred.

Penthouse: What is it?

Wiesenthal: I don't know what it is, but there were many occasions when these people could have been killed. And I prevented the killing.

Penthouse: Why?

Wiesenthal: Why? Because our world is very small. And our children are condemned to live with their children.

Penthouse: Do you sometimes manage to laugh?

Wiesenthal: Yes. You know, I once wrote a book about humor. Under a pseudonym.

Penthouse: Really?

Wiesenthal: Yes. Humor is the weapon of the defenseless—or so I put it in the book. And earlier, when I was studying in Prague, I was the master of ceremonies for the student theater. I had a joke for every situation. That is my life-affirming nature.

Penthouse: Can you recall a moment in your concentration camp experiences about which you were able to laugh?

Wiesenthal: No. Not in any of the camps that I was in. There the officials laughed, not us. In the ghetto I'd hear jokes. The Jewish joke has the quality of Jews healing their wounds while they ridicule the situations that have inflicted these wounds on them.

You know, I was once in the Kruger National Park in South Africa with my wife. And there we saw some well-fed lions, and near them were a certain number of gazelles. And I said to my wife, "You see, that's the difference between animals and men. An animal takes only what he needs. A man takes more."

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

WHAT TURNS MEN ON?

BY BRIGITTE NIOCHE

A woman may look great all dressed up for an evening out, but even the most stunning outfit, hair, and makeup are no match for a glimpse of what's underneath, closest to her. Whether silk panties, a translucent nightgown, or jeweled garters, intimate clothing items set the mood and can add a whole dimension to intimate occasions.

Every man has his own tastes and fantasies about lingerie. One man's lace can be another man's leather. Brigitte Nioche, a former model and author of *The Sensual Dresser*, is researching a book on how women can please their men. "The details of intimate situations are important and fascinating. To find out what, besides a sexy bra, pleases and excites a man and makes lovemaking more enjoyable for both partners, I had to ask men."

Ms. Nioche prepared the following questionnaire to find out about *your* sexual preferences. Please send your (anonymous) responses on a separate paper to her at 201 West Seventieth Street, New York, N.Y. 10023. We will publish many of them in a future issue.

Answers should be based purely on enjoyable sexual preferences, disregarding whether you are married or in love with the woman.

AGE (please circle):
21-30 31-40 41-50 51-60 older
MARRIED _____ SINGLE _____
OCCUPATION _____
LOCATION _____

1. How can you tell if a woman is sexy? By the way she:
_____ dresses
_____ behaves
_____ moves
_____ talks

2. Which part of a woman's body excites you the most?
_____ face
_____ bust
_____ legs
_____ buttocks
_____ other

3. Which body type arouses you the most?
_____ slim/tall
_____ medium/slim
_____ voluptuous
_____ other

4. Which characteristic stimulates you the most?
_____ assertiveness
_____ shyness
_____ helplessness
_____ vulgarity

5. Do you prefer to make love to a woman who is:
_____ sexually experienced
_____ sexually inexperienced
_____ a virgin

6. Do you prefer women who are:
_____ younger
_____ older
_____ your age
_____ it doesn't matter

7. Name an actress whom you find very sexy and tell us why.
_____
_____

8. How do you want *your* woman to look when you go out with her (you may check more than one)?
_____ elegant
_____ sexy
_____ conservative
_____ fashionable
_____ other

9. Do you like *your* woman to wear makeup?
_____ yes
_____ no
_____ a little
To wear nailpolish?
_____ yes
_____ no
_____ a little

10. Do long fingernails turn you on?
_____ yes
_____ no

11. Does perfume excite or attract you?
_____ yes
_____ no

12. Do you find women wearing glasses less attractive?
_____ yes
_____ no

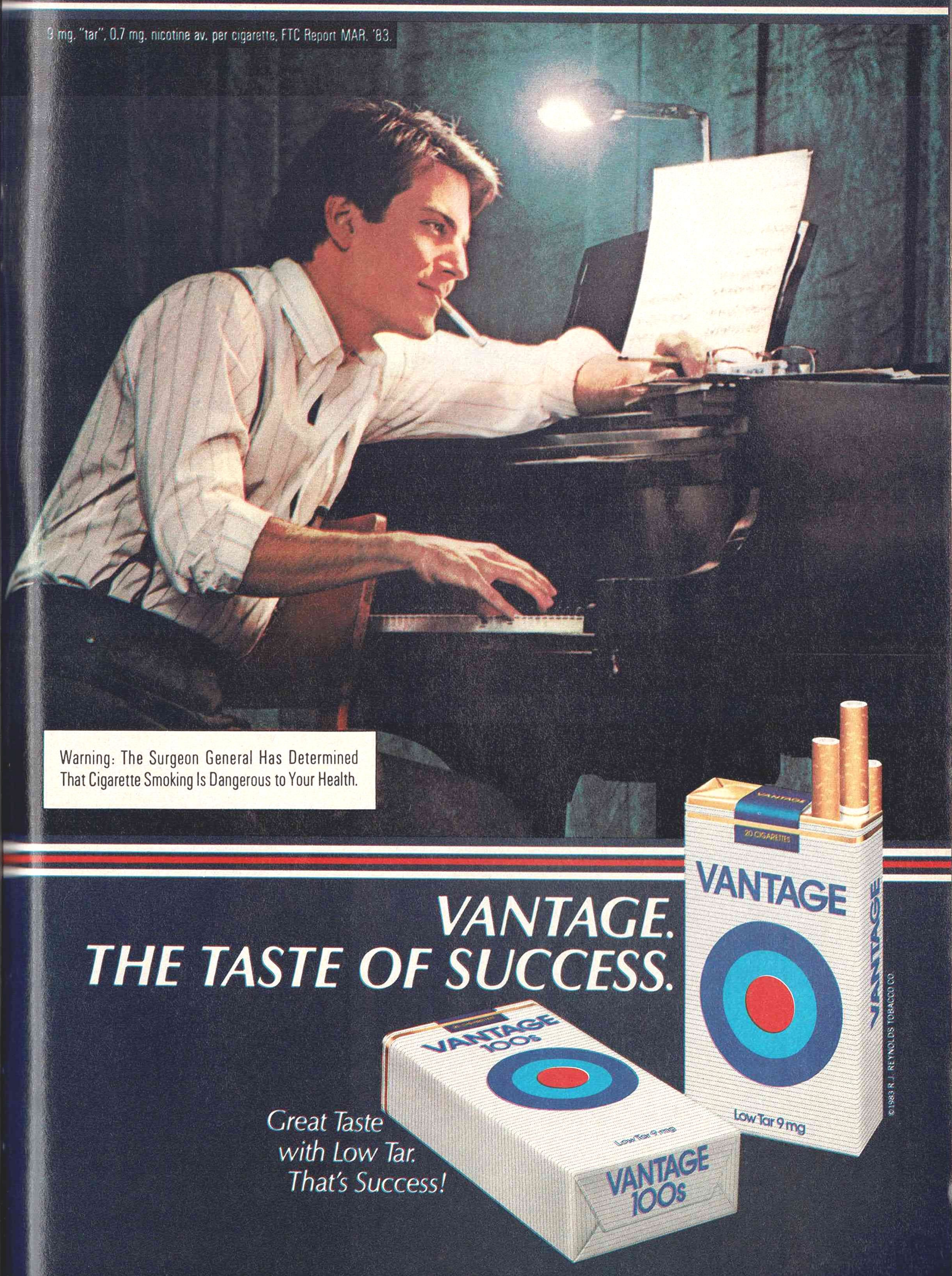
13. Which characteristics are important for a long-lasting relationship (you may check more than one)?
_____ beauty
_____ sensuality
_____ intelligence
_____ assertiveness
_____ submissiveness
_____ personality
_____ warmth

14. When a woman has good breasts, do you prefer her _____ with or _____ without a bra? Why? _____
_____

15. Which kind of underwear excites you?
_____ tastefully sexy
_____ naughty and provocative
_____ garterbelt and stockings
_____ pantyhose
_____ no underwear
Name the item (e.g., a G-string panty) that turns you on the most.
_____
What type or types of underwear turn you off (please list)?
_____

16. Which color do you find most provocative and sexy in underwear? _____

17. What type of sleepwear do you find



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‘To find out what excites a man and makes lovemaking more enjoyable for both partners, I had to ask men.’

PSYCHOGRAPH

arousing?
_____ long nightgowns
_____ short nightgowns
_____ transparent nightgowns
_____ pajamas

18. Besides sexy underwear and sleepwear, what clothing items (e.g.,boots or low-cut dresses) excite you (please list)?
____
What type of clothing turns you off (e.g., flat shoes)?
____

19. Does it increase your excitement when a woman wears high-heeled, sexy shoes?
_____ yes
_____ no
During lovemaking?
_____ yes
_____ no

20. Do you like it when a woman asks you to go to bed with her?
_____ yes
_____ no
How should she say it?
_____ directly
_____ indirectly
Does it excite you?
_____ yes
_____ no
Why? __________
____
____

21. Do you like it when a woman runs her fingers through your hair and over your chest?
_____ yes
_____ no

22. Do you want a woman to be completely naked during lovemaking?
_____ yes
_____ no
Or wearing something, such as a garterbelt (please list)?__________
____

23. Do you like to undress a woman?
_____ yes
_____ no
How?
_____ during foreplay
_____ everything at once
_____ partially
Or do you prefer that she undresses herself:
_____ in front of you
_____ in privacy

24. Do you like to be undressed by a woman?
_____ yes
_____ no
Why not? __________
____
_____ shirt and tie only
_____ completely

25. During lovemaking, do you like the light:
_____ on
_____ off
_____ dimmed

26. Besides the bedroom, what is your favorite place or places to make love (please list)? __________
____
Why? __________
____

27. While making love, should a woman be:
_____ aggressive
_____ suggestive
_____ initiatory
_____ clinging
_____ shy
_____ a little mysterious

28. Does it excite you when a woman asks you to touch her?
_____ yes
_____ no

29. Do you like a woman to give you a massage?
_____ yes
_____ no
Where? __________

30. What kind of remarks will make you feel more aroused?
____
____
____

31. Does pornographic language:
_____ shock you
_____ excite you

32. Do you like to take a bath or shower with your partner?
_____ yes
_____ no
Why? __________

33. After lovemaking, what should a woman do to arouse you again? __________
____

34. After a night of passion, do you like to:
_____ be served breakfast in bed
_____ make breakfast with her
_____ prepare breakfast for her

35. Would you like your partner to be sexually more:
_____ responsive
_____ initiatory
_____ adventurous
_____ aggressive

36. In conversations, what subjects or remarks *before*, *during*, and/or *after* turn you off? (Example: "Don't wrinkle my blouse" or "Was it good?")
____
____
____

37. FOR MARRIED MEN ONLY
How long are you married? __________
Are you sexually attracted to other women?
_____ sometimes Why? __________
____
_____ often Why? __________
____
_____ never Why? __________
____
Is your sex life:
_____ routine
_____ satisfactory
_____ very good
_____ exciting
_____ not enough
What do you think your wife could improve on (you may check more than one)? Her:
_____ clothes
_____ hair
_____ makeup
_____ manicure
_____ figure
Would you mind if she spent more money on the above?
_____ yes
_____ no

38. If you had to give one suggestion to women regarding how to be better lovers, what would it be?
____
____

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Everything you need to
know about ordering wine in
or out of restaurants.

GRAPE EXPECTATIONS

BY JAMES GOLDMAN

Question: Which of the following lines do you dread hearing the most? (Check one or more.) (a) "Okay, let's have your driver's license." (b) "Sorry, insufficient funds."

PHOTOGRAPH
BY BRIAN KOSOFF

(c) "Your money or your life."
(d) "Would you like to see the wine list?"

If you checked (d), you clearly suffer from fear of wine. Like most fears, if left untreated, it will follow you through life. And what's worse, it will grow. Wine panic is bad enough when you're eighteen and on a date. But if you're thirty and taking your boss and his wife to dinner, you are courting catastrophe.

Not only because your anxiety is bound to show. Or because the choice you make may be embarrassing. But because today, more and more people are drinking wine. Especially important people, like clients and employers. Being comfortable with wine, having at least a little *savoir-faire*, is an asset in the business world. For anyone who's on the rise, seeming confident and worldly cannot hurt.

There are many kinds of cures for oenophobia. Some of them, like reading books and memorizing what you read, are difficult and time-consuming. Others—courses in wine tasting, for example—are expensive and, as with any school, involve the risk of being asked questions you can't answer. But the cure I am about to recommend to you is not only instructive and affordable, it offers the possibility of having fun at the same time.

Anyone who has lived through a humanities course in college has heard the instructor tell that deadly joke about the blue-haired lady at the art exhibition who says, "I don't know what's good, but I know what I like." As it happens, where wine is concerned, that little old lady was really on to something.

Knowing what you like is the cornerstone, the basis, to mastering your fear of wine. Let's say you're in a restaurant and you order a well-done sirloin steak. Do you feel nervous? Does the waiter smirk at you? Do people at your table gasp in horror? Never. For the simple reason that you know what cut of steak you like best and you know you like it brown.

Believe it or not, the same principle applies to wine. Knowing what you like is knowledge, and where wine is concerned, a little knowledge is *not* a dangerous thing. Quite the opposite. A little knowledge is a little power. Once you have it, you need never be intimidated by a wine list or an arrogant waiter again.

The question at this point is: how do you get to know what you like? The answer to this puzzler was first articulated by that great American educator John Dewey. Education, he maintained, was "a reconstruction of accumulated experience." In short, we learn by doing.

Or, in other words, you'll never know what wines you like unless you drink some. In this regard, my own experience may be instructive. When I grew up, out in the Midwest, there was no wine to speak of. No one I knew drank it. Later, when I made it to New York, things were a little more sophisticated, but not much. We lived on martinis or gin and grapefruit juice and drank water with our meals, and when we took a date to dinner, she drank water, too. So if or when a waiter with a wine list came around, we'd shrug and send him on his way, and no one thought much about it.

Europe changed all that. Being young and broke in France was not all bad, and I discovered that no food was truly edible without a glass of wine. I'd walk into a really shabby bistro, and on all sides, men wearing shirts with frayed blue collars were swilling down wine with their sandwiches and french fries. I couldn't miss the message: wine was not just for the rich or for special celebrations. Wine was part of life. It was a lesson I took to heart, to the point that I can say, with some honesty, that I have not consumed a glass of water in a quarter of a century. What I have done, others can do, although perhaps without going that far. But there are lessons to be learned from my experience.

Lesson 1. When people in these bistros ordered wine, they did it in one of two ways. They said, "rouge" or they said "blanc." That's all; just "red" or "white." The waiter understood, and so will yours.

Most restaurants have house wines, which they'll sell you by the glass. Of course, if it's a real occasion, you can't get away with this; you've got to face the wine list. Otherwise, do what the French do: ask the man to bring a glass of red or white.

"Yes, but—" I hear you saying. "Which? Which color do I ask for?"

Lesson 2: If you're having wine *without* food, let the weather be your guide. White wines are always chilled before they are served: they're cold. Red wines are not. If it's a hot day, obviously, white wine will go down better. It's that simple.

If you're having wine *with* food, it's not much harder. White wines go with white food: chicken, fish, and shellfish. Red wines go with red food: beef, lamb, and pork. Vegetarians are free to swing both ways.

Of course, there are exceptions to this. The study of wine is complex enough to devote your life to it. I know men who have done so, and the best of them will tell you this: at heart, wine is dead simple. When Omar Khayyám wrote that paradise was "a loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou," he knew what he was talking about.

Which makes it easy to go crazy when you listen to most people talk about wine, because you hear more nonsense, bilge, and bull. I know too many people who will gladly go on for hours on end about oak barrels versus stainless steel barrels or what harvest conditions were in Bordeaux in '66.

Lesson 3: When you hear this kind of talk, don't let it throw you. Do not be intimidated. Having information is a fine thing, but it has nothing to do with the taste or pleasure of what is in your glass. You don't have to know where your raspberries come from in order to enjoy them.

At this point, it is time to hunker down and bite the bullet. *What do you do when the wine list comes?*

Lesson 4: When the waiter puts it in your hands, do nothing. Lay it down. Don't even look at it until you know what your guests are having to eat. If everyone is having fish, or they're all having meat, you know your color. If it's mixed, if there are four of you and it breaks down to two and two, discuss the color with your guests. Some people have things about reds or whites. If they don't care . . .

Lesson 5: Go for the white. White wines, in general, are safer. Safer means: (a) they're easier to drink—they're milder and

WINE LIST

RED WINES

BEAUJOLAIS. Soft, round, full, fruity, fresh. It's hard to find a bad one.

BORDEAUX SUPÉRIEUR. Darker-tasting, more astringent and complex than Beaujolais. The best are hard to find—but worth it.

CÔTES-DU-RHÔNE. Fairly big and slightly rough, their taste falls in between the two above. More alcohol than most French wines.

CHIANTI. Strong, vigorous, and heady-tasting. Holds its own with spicy food. The older ones are gorgeous, but they cost more.

RIOJA. Though Spanish, the best of them taste French. Take care; there are a lot of them around. When good, they're a terrific buy.

ZINFANDELS AND MOUNTAIN REDS. Good, honest, straightforward, pleasant, fairly dry. They are popular—and for good reason.

VALPOLICELLA. Rich, red color—and they taste it. Most of them are safe to buy.

WHITE WINES

MUSCADET. Clear, fresh, cool, slightly flinty-tasting. Like a spring day. Most are wonderful and few are less than very good.

MACON. Softer, smoother, more delicate and mellow than Muscadet. Easy to love and easy to find.

SOAVE. Dry, smooth, clear, and crisp. Most labels taste the same, so buy by price.

VERDICCHIO. Light and dry, a lot like Soave.

FRASCATI. Very light and very pale. Terrific ice-cold when you're thirsty.

VINHO VERDE. A find, a treasure. Light and medium-dry, but with a lot of flavor. Slightly sparkling when uncorked. Really inexpensive, cheap at twice the price.

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Chicago . . . . Sept. 9
Cleveland . . . . . . Sept. 12
Detroit . . . . Sept. 10
Alpine Valley . . . . Aug. 27
Hampton, VA . . . Aug. 6
Houston . . . . Sept. 17
Indianapolis . . . . Sept. 13
Los Angeles . . . . Sept. 23
New York . . . . Aug. 9
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Pittsburgh . . . . . . Aug. 10
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less complicated; and (b) they're less expensive.

There is one magnificent exception to this rule: it's called Beaujolais. Most wines are named for places, and Beaujolais is a little region in south-central France. The wines they make there are soft and easy drinking, full of flavor, and, at three to seven dollars retail, they're a steal. On top of which, you drink them either cold or at room temperature. It's okay either way, which means they go with fish *or* meat. If you're having some with scampi, chill it; if you're eating meatballs, don't. Engrave it on your memory. *Beaujolais.*

Also remember this: no matter how flush you may be, it makes no sense to order costly wines in restaurants. Not only is their profit margin huge—a bottle you can buy for ten dollars may cost you thirty—but, Paul Masson notwithstanding, most wines are sold before their time. The bottle you select may be a great one, but odds are the wine inside it isn't ready yet.

With all this information under your belt, you should be feeling a little less anxious. But sooner or later, you've got to face that list and order something. Once you pick it up, you're instantly confronted by a mass of foreign words and phrases. What to do?

Lesson 6: Never order wines by name if you're not sure of yourself. Most lists will have a number by each wine. I order wines by number all the time. No one will think the less of you for it and most waiters don't understand French or Italian to begin with.

If there are no numbers, you're still okay. When the waiter comes over, tell him what you're eating, say you want a modest wine, and ask him to point out the one he recommends.

I said, "point out." Most waiters, if you raise the list so they can read it, will instinctively bend down and point. If he points to anything over $15, tell him you know the wine and don't much like it. Keep him pointing until the price is right.

Now, while these simple lessons will help you face the wine list crisis, they haven't solved the source of your fear. Wines are like women: the more experience you have with them, the less you sweat. You can't be truly cool and confident about your wines until you know which ones you like.

There is nothing wrong with learning about wines in restaurants. But unless you eat out all the time, it takes forever. It is also costly. There are less expensive ways to speed your education.

Lesson 7: Suppose you're dining out one evening and the waiter brings you a terrific wine. It's wonderful. You love it. What you do is ask the waiter for the label. Any decent restaurant will gladly soak the label off the bottle for you. It's flattering; it means you liked their wine.

What do you want the label for? It is your ticket to your education. Take it to a wine shop or a liquor store that stocks a lot of wine and show it to the man behind the counter. If his reaction falls anywhere short of what you felt, take your business elsewhere. But if his eyes light up, you're home. You have just found your wine purveyor. He enjoys wine, he knows something about it, and he shares your taste. This is crucial. Everybody's taste is different. There are lots of good wines I don't care for. You won't either. All that matters is that it pleases you.

Once you've found your man, be honest with him. If you know nothing, say so; he'll find out soon enough, in any case. And if what you want to spend is five or six dollars, do not—repeat, do not—feel embarrassed. All it takes to buy a $100 bottle of Château Lafite is $100. But getting to know which five-buck bottle of Chianti is the best one—*that's* the name of the game. The only way to know this is by tasting, trying, having some.

Some of you may not want to go the soak-the-label route. In that case, there are some suggestions I can offer.

Lesson 8: If you prefer to buy wine on your own, without advice, treat your liquor store like any unfamiliar subject: break it into categories and zero in on one thing at a time. Pick a country, then a region or variety, then eliminate all wines that cost too much.

How do you know the region or variety? Not hard. Wine labels are crammed with information. Imported wines are usually named by regions; you can't miss it. California labels mention regions, too, but the largest type spells out the kind of grape the wine is made of. Zinfandel and Cabernet are grape varieties. (Omit all jug wines. Not because they're poor—a lot of them are very nice—but because they won't reduce your fears; you don't see Gallo by the gallon on a wine list.)

Don't worry about vintage years. The taste of the same wine varies from year to year. Don't let this confuse or worry you. Most modest wines don't vary all that much. They do go up and down in quality, but not a lot.

Lesson 9: Some of the most delicious, modest, inexpensive kinds of wine to zero in on are: Beaujolais, Muscadet, Macon, Côtes-du-Rhône, and Bordeaux Supérieur from France; Soave, Frascati, Verdicchio, Valpolicella, and Chianti from Italy; Rioja from Spain; Vinho Verde from Portugal; and California Zinfandels and Mountain Reds. I've included two small tables on page 146 with brief descriptions of the kind of wines you will come in contact with most.

And that, I think, should do for now. From this point on, you're on your own. I turn you loose. You know enough to start to educate yourself. Learn what it is you like. Your taste, your preference, is what matters most. And finally, above all else, don't be afraid of what is in that bottle.

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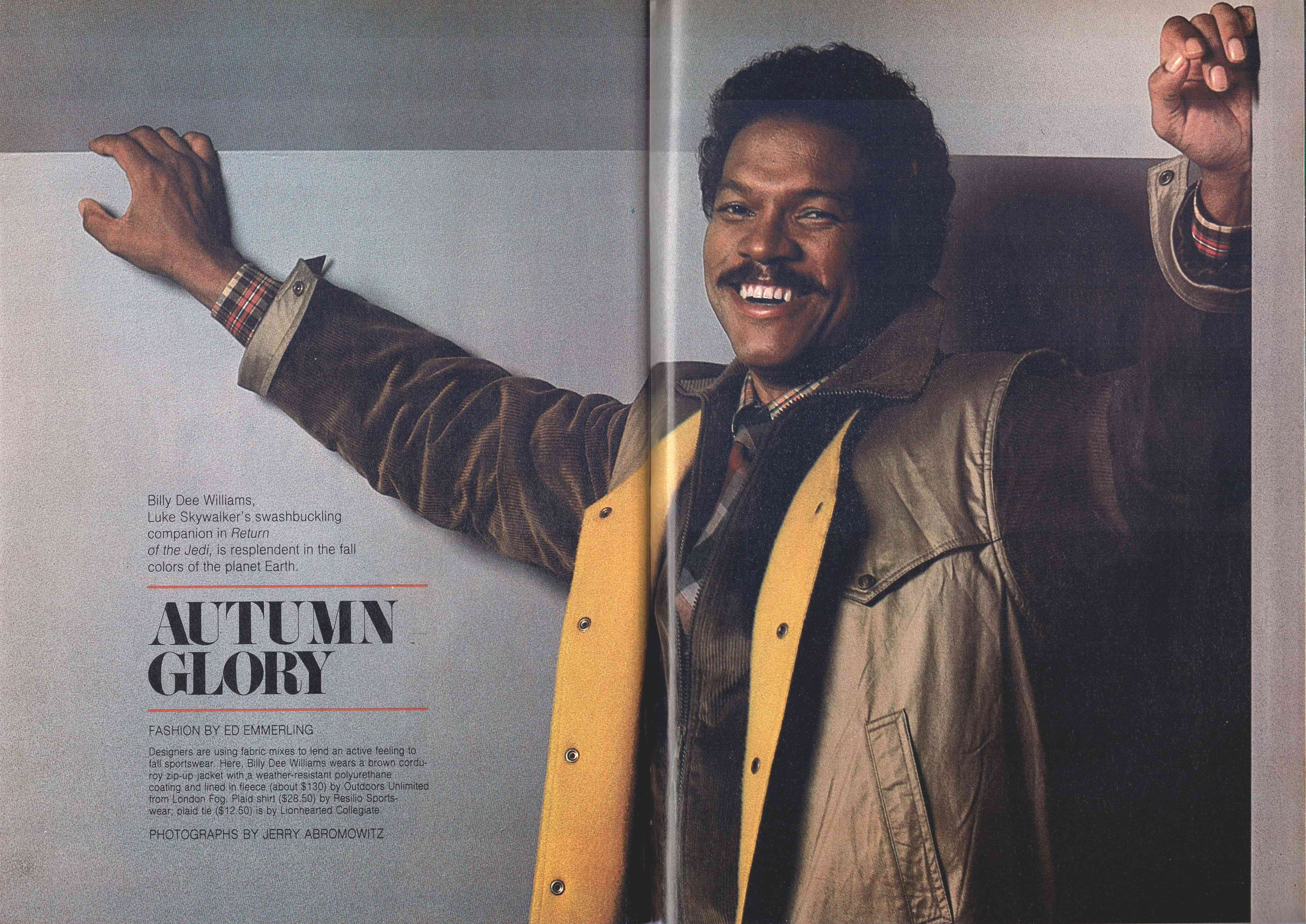


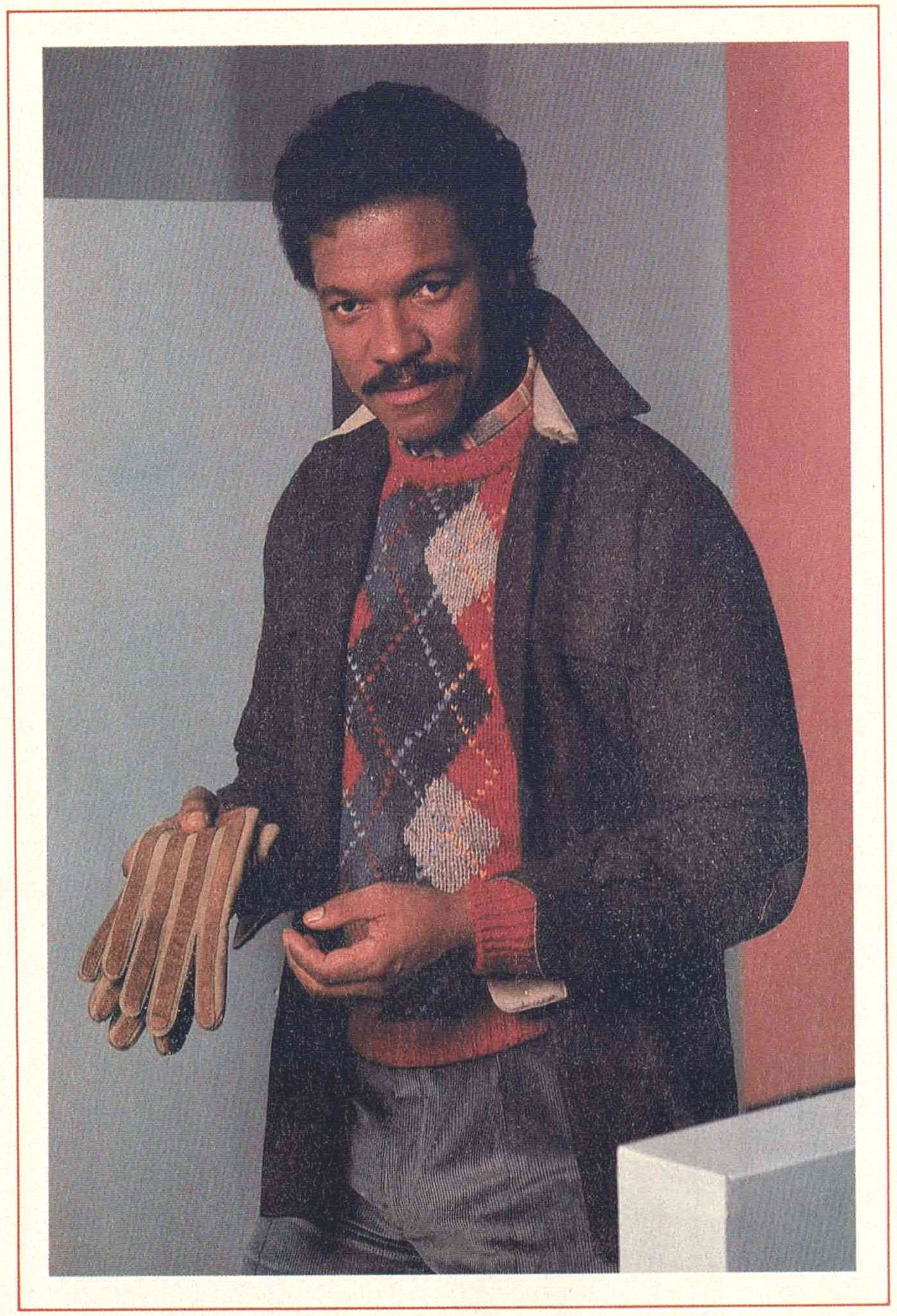
Billy Dee Williams, Luke Skywalker's swashbuckling companion in *Return of the Jedi*, is resplendent in the fall colors of the planet Earth.

AUTUMN GLORY

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

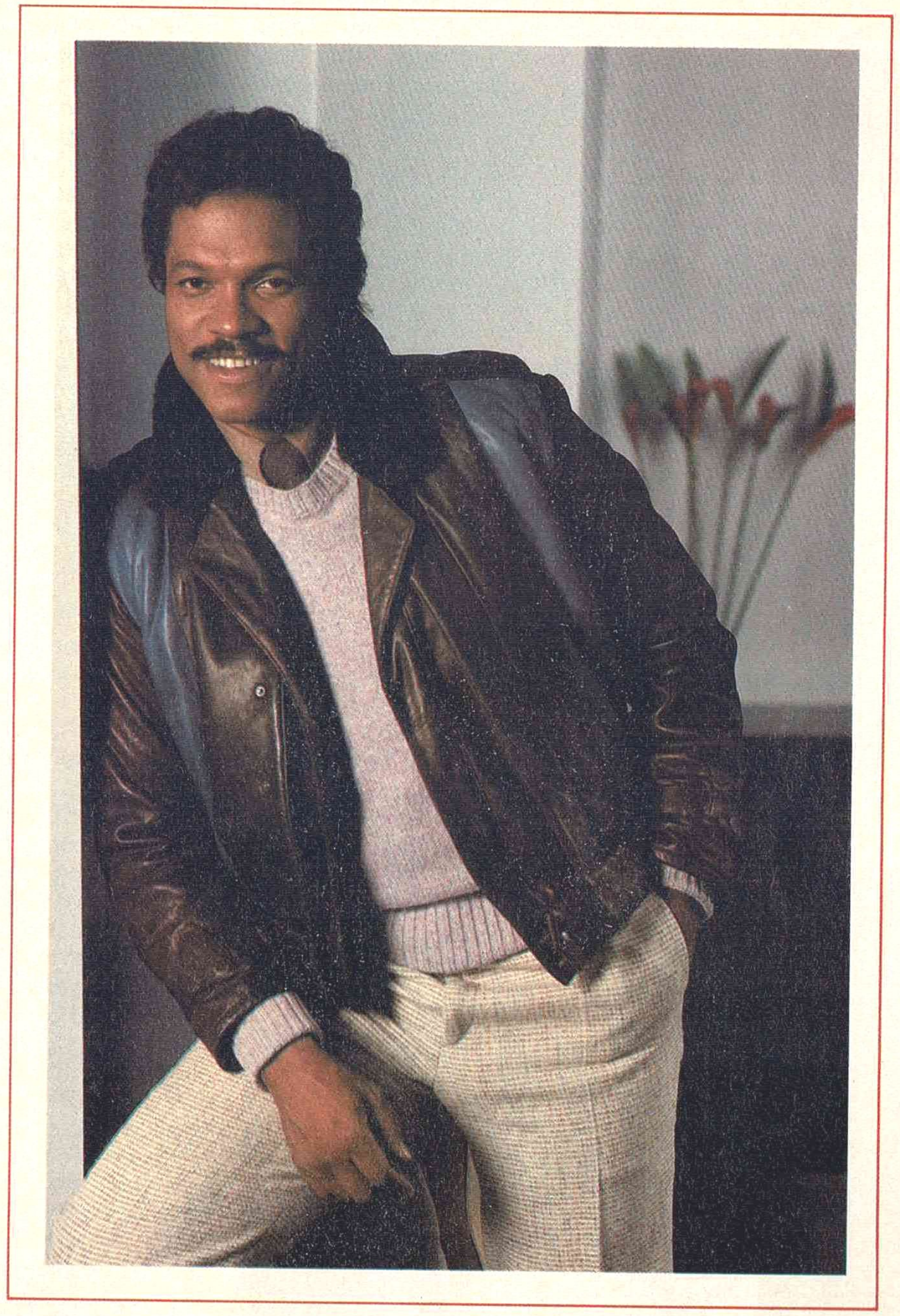
Designers are using fabric mixes to lend an active feeling to fall sportswear. Here, Billy Dee Williams wears a brown corduroy zip-up jacket with a weather-resistant polyurethane coating and lined in fleece (about $130) by Outdoors Unlimited from London Fog. Plaid shirt ($28.50) by Resilio Sportswear; plaid tie ($12.50) is by Lionhearted Collegiate.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY ABROMOWITZ



As versatile as Billy Dee, colors and fabrics that suggest the rugged outdoors can be mixed and matched for a layered look. The colors are autumn's—rust, copper, and mauve.

A new interpretation in wool outershirts is this tweedy version with leather elbow patches (about $100) and plaid flannel shirt ($26), both by Robert Stock. Red wool argyle-front sweater (about $145) is by Daniel Caron; blue-green corduroy pants ($88) are by Barry I. Bricken; driving gloves by Aris.



Knit sweaters, flannel shirts, corduroy pants, wool and leather outerwear. Haphazard combinations are the idea. Exciting and unpredictable, like this pirate from a galaxy far away and long ago.

The burgundy leather bomber jacket ($420) and leather overvest with turquoise panel design ($275), shown with herringbone-stripe sportshirt and burgundy wool tie, are all by Yves St. Laurent Menswear. The Shetland wool sweater (about $35) is by Jockey International; white-gray wool pants ($125) are by Barry I. Bricken.

For more information on merchandise featured here, see page 164.

20 WORST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

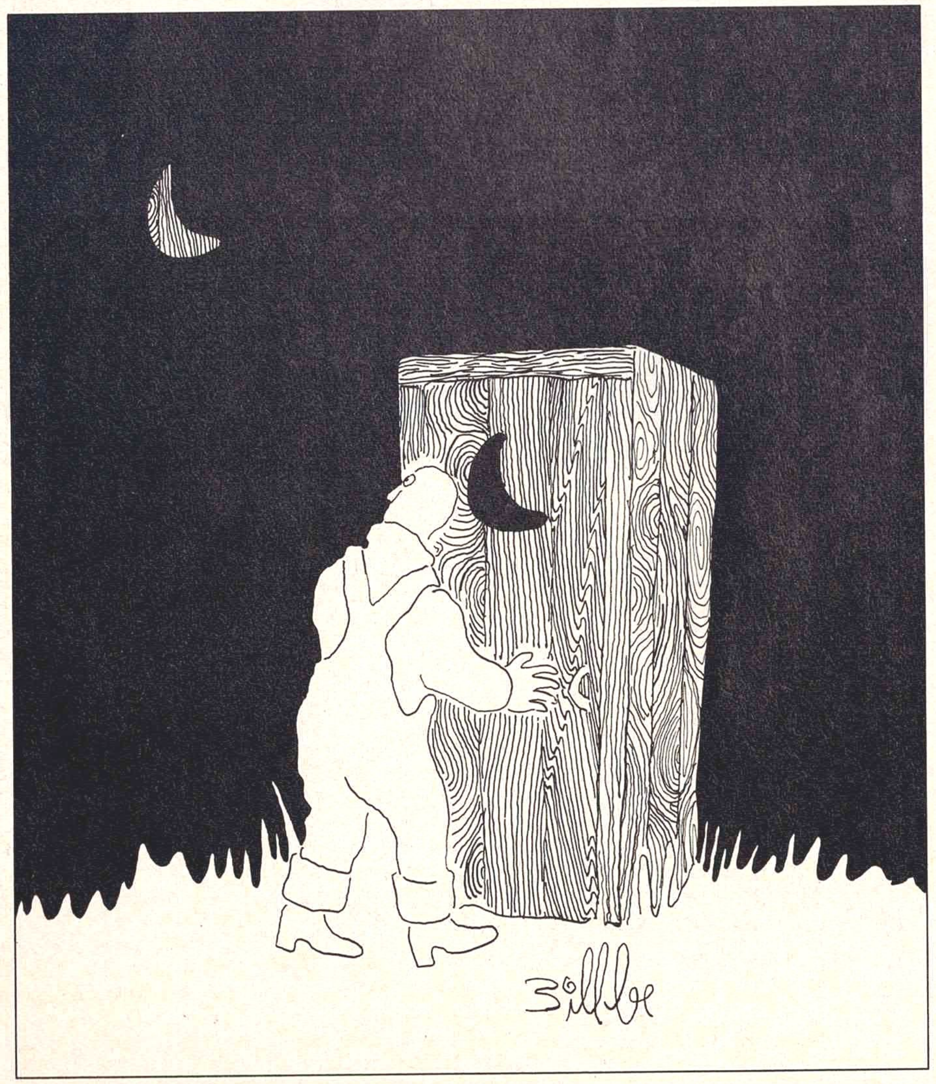
ing. And losing big: in '82, Richmond gave up four touchdowns a game while cashing in only 10 points a contest. The team's single bright spot is its aerial game, presided over by quarterbacks Napolean Dubois and Danny Kees, both of whom hit on more than half their throws last year. On defense, Richmond has trouble stopping the run, but then, it can't stop the pass, either. That'll be especially true now that the Spiders' top defensive back, Mike London, has been graduated. Richmond is filled with optimists who daydream about glory, but wishing won't make it so.

(15) WAKE FOREST

Wake Forest is a lovely little private college in Winston-Salem, N.C., that has no business belonging to the football-crazed Atlantic Coast Conference. Each year—and '83 won't be an exception—Wake Forest does well in early-season games against schools its own size, but then conference play begins and the going gets nightmarish. Last season the 3-8 Deacons dropped their seven ACC contests by an average score of 36-16, which isn't exactly competitive. The irony is that Wake Forest football exists in a twilight zone of the school's own creation: because of their conference affiliation, Deacon teams are far superior to those usually fielded by small colleges, but they remain easy pickings for ACC kingpins like North Carolina, Maryland, and Clemson. Still, coach Al Groh has put together a superb air show, which again will feature quarterback Gary Schofield throwing to his favorite targets, all-ACC receiver Tim Ryan, David Richmond, and Dexter Hawkins. The Deacons' running game also is worth watching now that it's been juiced up by the ACC's 1982 Rookie of the Year, Michael Ramseur. It seems a shame that Wake Forest will get its bell rung by the rest of the ACC, but it will, it will. Until they pull out of major college football, they'll remain losers.

(16) WYOMING

Add Wyoming to the list of colleges with delusions of football grandeur. The Cowboys, 5-7 last season, are taking a big step up in class by taking on Nebraska, Kansas State, and Colgate this fall. The results aren't going to be pretty, sports fans, for Wyoming just isn't ready for such a move. The Cowboys' offense will have to get along without graduated quarterback Craig Johnson and all–Western Athletic Conference center Joe DiGiorgio, among others, but their defense is a much greater cause for concern. Coach Al Kincaid's defensive line lacks depth and experience; and the same holds true for his secondary. Long before the season is over, a lot of cowboys in Laramie will be crying in their beers.



(17) VIRGINIA

During the last four years, Virginia has been embarrassed by the disparity between its great basketball team and lousy football program. No need to be embarrassed any longer: now that Ralph Sampson's gone on to the NBA, Virginia basketball has a shot at sinking as low as Cavalier football. Last season, when George Welsh came from Annapolis to Charlottesville, he received mixed reviews from his players. An old Navy man himself, George is military in every sense of the word. After an initial amount of bitching and moaning, Welsh's troops sucked it up and then went out and played up to their usual standard: Virginia finished the '82 season with a 2-9 record. That is not George Welsh's usual standard. George had predicted a winning season during his first year on the job; he won't get it during his second year, either. The Cavaliers' offense is mediocre, mainly because of a weak passing game. Virginia's most pressing need, however, is to tighten up a defense that last season allowed more than four touchdowns a game. If the Cavs don't lower that yield significantly, boy, will George be a sourpuss *next* year.

(18) PACIFIC

Last year the University of the Pacific nosedived to a 2-9 record, reason enough for coach Bob Toledo to be sent packing. His successor, Bob Cope, inherits a strong passing attack, but *every* team in the Pacific Coast Athletic Association has a strong passing attack: in '82, the PCAA's seven member schools averaged 253 passing yards per game. The PCAA is so enamored of putting the ball in the air that only two running backs in the conference carried it on the ground for more than 500 yards. One of them was Pacific fullback Gary Blackwell, the PCAA's leading rusher with 661 yards. Blackwell's since been graduated, and a similarly rugged replacement isn't waiting in the wings. The Tigers' passing combo returns intact, however. Quarterback Paul Berner and his leading receivers—tight end Tony Camp and flankers Ron Woods, Greg Thomas, and Lionel Manual—will all take part in another season-long fling. In '82, Pacific's air attack produced 2,586 yards and 12 touchdowns. Unhappily, Pacific's air defense gave up 2,981 yards and 26 touchdowns. Cope obviously has to shore up Pacific's defenses, but he doesn't have much to work with: only one lineman, one linebacker, and one deep back return from last year's starting contingent. To make matters worse, Pacific will play a longer (twelve games) and tougher schedule this fall. In '82, Pacific allowed opponents to score 330 points. Don't be surprised if the Tigers again play like pussies.

(19) TEXAS CHRISTIAN

In last year's annal of agony, I reported that time was running out on T.C.U. coach F. A. Dry, whose teams had won just nine games in five seasons. The good news is that in '82, Dry led T.C.U. to its best record in ten years: the Horned Frogs (charming name, isn't it?) finished 3-8. The bad news is that the good news wasn't good enough, which is why Dry's finest season also turned out to be his last. After icing Dry, T.C.U. replaced him with Jim Wacker, whose teams were 103-33-1 during the twelve years he coached at Southwest Texas State. In an attempt to turn things around, Wacker is introducing the Froggies to his Veer offense, which places a premium on a quarterback who can run and throw with accuracy. Unfortunately, T.C.U. doesn't *have* such a quarterback, at least not one with any experience. Freshman redshirt Thomas Ledet looked like Wacker's best bet during spring practices, but it'll be a while before he grows into the job. Even then, the offensive front returns only two starters from last year's team. A new offense directed by a freshman operating behind a rookie offensive line does not make for winning football. Neither does a porous defense: T.C.U. yielded 24 points a game in '82. All of which doesn't deter coach Wacker. "One of the reasons this school appealed to me," he says, "is that it's been so long since they've had a winning season." After the current campaign is concluded, T.C.U. will appeal to Wacker even more.

(20) STANFORD

Stanford is America's prep school for pro quarterbacks and receivers. Cardinal alumni currently throwing NFL footballs for a living include Jim Plunkett, Guy Benjamin, Steve Dils, Turk Schonert, and The Golden One himself, John Elway. Stanford alumni currently catching NFL passes include James Lofton, Tony Hill, Ken Margerum, and Darrin Nelson. Given all the talent that annually congregates in Palo Alto, Stanford alumni who don't play football but only watch it have begun asking a sensible question: how come the Cardinal (as in color, not bird) isn't a big winner? And if you can't win with an Elway (rated by pro scouts as the best college quarterback in history), when *can* you win? In Paul Wiggin's three years as Stanford's coach, the Cardinal has finished 6-5, 4-7, and 5-6. To be blunt about it: this could be Wiggin's last waltz. Most of its fans expect the team to do extremely well, but the Cardinal's offensive platoon has been severely depleted by graduations. Stanford thus can't merely coast to a mediocre record this fall. Still, the Cardinal football squad is loaded with outstanding players, including wide receiver Emile Harry, linebacker-turned-end Garin Veris, all-American safety Vaughn Williams, and freshman quarterback John Paye, John Elway's eventual successor. With all the talent at his disposal, Wiggin probably will wear out his welcome if he doesn't come up a winner—and if that happens, Stanford definitely will deserve its place on 1983's roster of the rotten.

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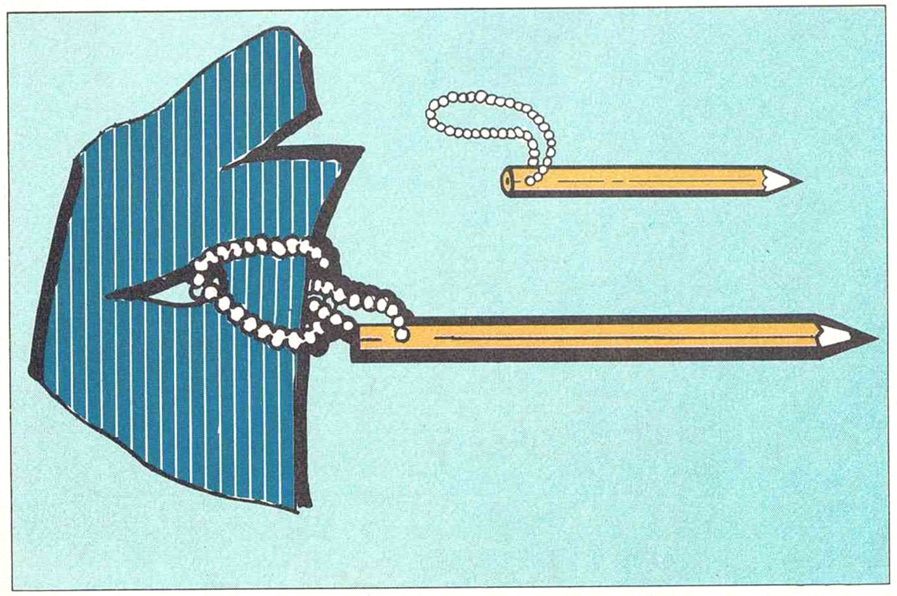
A puzzle potpourri
to give your gray matter a workout.

GAMES

This month we present an assortment of brain benders and cranium crunchers to test your fettle and your mettle. Some of these are so simple they're child's play. Others are so maddeningly elusive they can make you feel like a child.

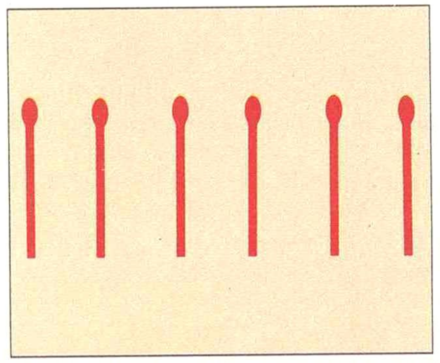
1. PENCIL PROBLEM. Oh, dear. How are you going to remove this pencil and chain from the buttonhole of your nice new jacket? Breaking the chain or the pencil will bring seven years' bad luck, and of course you don't want to damage the jacket. As you can see, the chain is firmly attached to the eraser end of the pencil, but the loop isn't long enough to stretch over the pencil's tip. We just came up to you and attached this contraption to your buttonhole, so obviously there must be a way to *un*attach it. But apparently you didn't pay attention to how we got the thing on—before you knew it, the deed was done. And now you have to undo it.



What do you do? There is a way to remove the pencil and chain without cutting or tearing anything—and in fact it reverses the steps by which we put it on. Ideally, this stunt should be done on the buttonhole of some nice young lady's blouse. Think of the fun you can have helping her out. But first, how are you going to get the damn thing off yourself?

2. DOUBLES. Billie, the *Penthouse* bookkeeper, was born in the sign of Gemini (with her twin sister, Bobbie). Billie is fascinated by all things that come in twos, even words with double letters. She gets especially excited when she runs across words that have two double letters in a row, such as *balloon, spittoon*, or *woolly*, so you can imagine how ecstatic she was the week that her assistant found a word for her that had *three* double letters in a row. It is the only common English word that has this property, and when she discovered it, Billie took the rest of the day off. What was the word? (You shouldn't have to look through a dictionary to find it; the solution is closer at hand.)

3. CONSTANT CONTACT. We have removed six wooden matches from a matchbox and placed them on the table in front of you (above, at right). The problem we give you is to arrange them in any way on the tabletop so that each match touches all five of the others. You can easily do it with three matches (in a triangle, for example), and it isn't too difficult to arrange four matches in mutual contact, or even five. The challenge here is to do it with six. This isn't a trick question—the solution is "clean." Can you discover it? Can the problem be solved if you use seven matches?



4. VINTAGE PROBLEM. Here's a deceptively simple classic. A bottle of wine weighs twelve ounces. The bottle weighs twice as much as the wine. How much does the wine weigh?

5. HUH? A fascinating type of poser seems at first glance to be completely off the wall, with no rhyme or reason, until inspiration strikes and you "get it."

An Arizona reader sent us a perfect example recently. She was driving behind a pickup truck—the kind that displays its brand name in big letters on the back panel—and noticed it bore an unusual license plate: GSNDHT. She guessed that the truck belonged to a doctor, possibly one who treats colds and the flu, who had gotten personalized plates to say "gesundheit." Then she realized there was another explanation entirely. When she finished laughing about it she resolved to write us with this challenge:

Question: What kind of truck was she driving behind?

6. COME AGAIN? The reader mentioned above was inspired to write because of a similar puzzle presented in the *Omni* "Games" column a couple of years ago. A California man wrote in to say that he was driving behind a late-model Volkswagen with the license plate ML8 ML8. He wondered what the pattern could mean, and started saying it over and over to himself, trying to get it to make sense. Finally he got it and, as he said, "I laughed so hard I almost drove off the road."

The off-the-wall question he asked was this: What *color* was the car?

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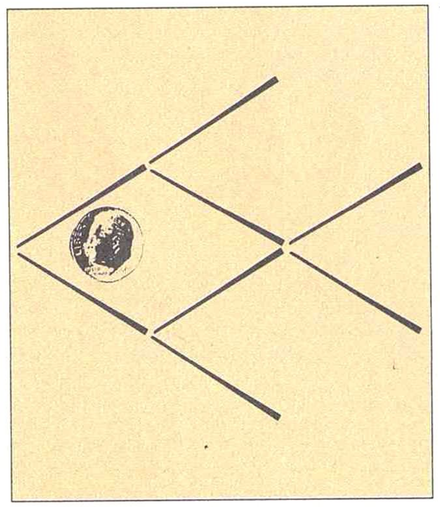
GAMES

7. SOMETHING FISHY. This bar-top puzzle, which reportedly originated in Japan, can be solved quite quickly if you use the right approach. Arrange eight toothpicks, as shown below, in the shape of a fish swimming to the left. Add a dime or an olive or a matchhead to represent the fish's eye.

The challenge: can you move just three toothpicks, and the dime, to make the fish swim in the opposite direction? If you take more than a couple minutes, you're out of your depth.



8. MAXERCISE. A friend of ours likes to exercise his malamute, Max, by throwing a stick for the dog to fetch and return. The dog runs at a constant rate of 15 mph. When our friend saw what good shape Max was in, he decided to exercise the dog while exercising himself by jogging along the beach at 10 mph.

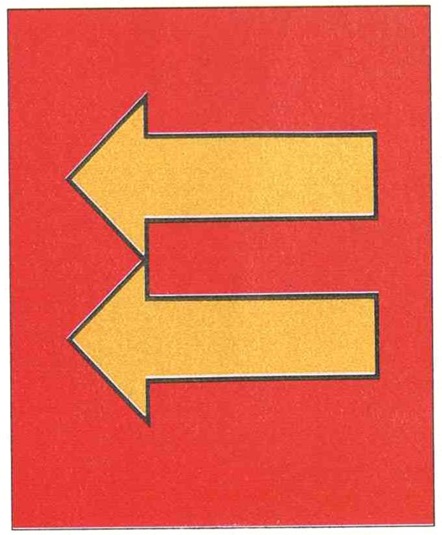
As he jogged, he wondered which would be the best strategy to give Max the most exercise: to throw the stick ahead of himself as he ran, to throw it behind him, or to throw it to the side. (Assume that the dog takes no time in reversing directions, runs in an optimal direction to get back to its master, and that our friend throws the stick immediately as soon as it is returned.) What tactic will maximize Max's exercise?

9. THE WOLF, THE GOAT, AND THE CABBAGES. This classic problem has been traced to as far back as a 1613 puzzle book published in France. It is the oldest of the river-crossing problems.

A farmer has to transport a wolf, a goat, and a basket of cabbages across a river. His boat is very small—only large enough to carry the man himself and one other item—the wolf, the goat, or the cabbages. If he leaves the wolf alone with the goat, on either side of the river, he will be minus one goat when he returns. And if he leaves the goat alone with the cabbages, that herbivore will make short work of his produce. What is the fewest number of crossings necessary for the farmer to ferry his cargo across the river?

10. MISSIONARIES AND CANNIBALS. If you found that seventeenth-century problem too primitive, try this more challenging descendant.

Three missionaries and three cannibals are making their way through a jungle and come to a river. They find a canoe large enough to carry only two persons at once. Only one of the missionaries and one of the cannibals knows how to paddle this type of vessel. How many crossings will be needed to get all the travelers across, without ever letting the missionaries be outnumbered by cannibals on either shore?



11. GET THE POINT. Draw two straight lines on the figure shown above to make a third arrow.

12. FROGGER. A would-be prince finds himself at the bottom of a twenty-foot well, still very much a frog. Finding nothing kissable down there, he decides to make a leap for it. For each minute of work, the frog jumps three feet up the side of the well, but the wall is so wet and slippery that in the next minute it slides back two feet. How long will it take Froggie to get out of the well? The answer most people give is incorrect.

13. SMART KID. Patty's job in the Peace Corps was to teach something about American history to the children of the primitive Ungawa tribe. One day she showed a list of the American presidents, in order, to a smart young native boy. "I remember reading somewhere," Patty said, "that three of our country's first five presidents died on July 4, which is America's Independence Day. I don't remember which presidents they were, however."

"One of them was James Monroe," the boy said, much to Patty's amazement. Assuming that the boy knew nothing of American politics and history, how could he have come by such obscure knowledge as the date of a president's death?

14. PRESIDENTIAL PUZZLERS. On the subject of American heads of state, our White House correspondent, Al B. Perlman, recently sent us three trivia questions along such lines.

(a) John F. Kennedy was the youngest person elected to the presidency. But he was the *second*-youngest man to hold this office. Care to explain?

(b) What do the following four men have in common: Hubert H. Humphrey, Gerald R. Ford, Adlai E. Stevenson, and Harry S Truman?

(c) As any schoolchild knows, Christmas and New Year's Day always fall on the same day of the week. But in 1933, the year that Franklin D. Roosevelt was inaugurated as president of the United States, and the year that Hitler became chancellor of Germany, Christmas fell on a Monday and New Year's was on a Sunday. Why the discrepancy?

Answers on page 170–171.

OMNI ON SALE SEPTEMBER 20

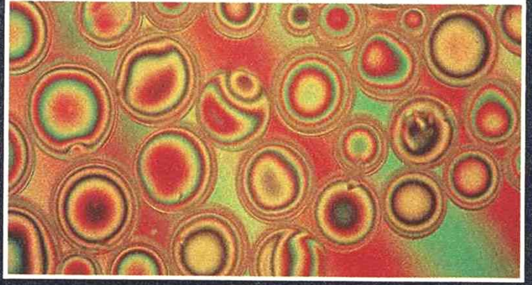
FUTURE SHIPS

If we could fly to the moon in less than four hours, and to Mars in 55 hours, how long would it take to get to the edge of the solar system? About 16 days aboard one of the spaceships of the future. Writer James E. Oberg forecasts the lines of some of the ungainly-looking vehicles that will bring the stars within reach and make planet-hopping almost as simple as taking a weekend excursion. He reports on new developments in ion drives, on lightsails dotted with tiny holes, and on fusion and antimatter engines. And he predicts that the new technologies will have a profound effect on the way we perceive space. In the future, we'll view travel not in terms of distance but of time.

FICTION

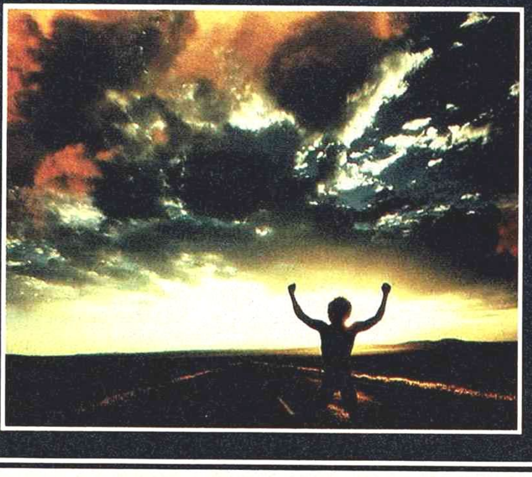
John Updike, America's leading novelist, helps celebrate *Omni*'s fifth anniversary with a short story, "During the Jurassic." In a delightfully perceptive fantasy, Updike takes a satiric look at the cocktail set. This is one party you won't want to miss. Also in this issue *Omni* presents an excerpt from Isaac Asimov's new novel, *Robots of Dawn*. A top investigator from Earth is brought to Aurora when a robot is mysteriously murdered. Politics and intrigue run rampant in Asimov's thriller. And Dan Simmons's novelette *Carrion Comfort* concludes with a terrifying and deadly chase.

RETROSPECTIVE



Whatever became of 1,080 "Continuum" items, 250 features, and 60 interviews that have appeared in *Omni*? To commemorate its fifth anniversary, *Omni* did a follow-up of the leading stories that have run since 1978. The findings reveal that *Omni* was right on target in predicting the triumph of the space shuttle, the advent of test-tube babies, and the checkered success of the artificial heart. For a retrospective of the future the way we saw it, read "Across Five Octobers."

ASTROGENESIS



Cosmic seas of interstellar gas and dust swarm with both simple and complex molecules in the largest chemistry set imaginable—the universe itself. These are the ingredients for planets and the life that flourishes on them. Isaac Asimov, a skilled biochemist as well as a famed science-fiction author, charts the progress that the young science of astrochemistry has made in piecing together the biggest puzzle of all: how random chemicals in space could have coalesced to form such a planet as ours. The clues are everywhere—in the burned casing of a meteorite, adrift in interstellar clouds, and locked in the geochemistry of the asteroids. In all these places, astrochemists are finding signs of chemical evolution.

POLAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

Jan Buk was one of the three men assigned to bury the woman, and that night he was awakened by two sounds that terrified him: from his own kitchen he could hear his wife Biruta moving about, and he knew she must be grinding illegal wheat, an offense for which she, too, could be hanged; and from the outside he was certain he heard the stealthy approach of steps, which meant that Krumpf's soldiers were spying again.

Trembling, he slipped into the kitchen to warn his wife to hide the quern, immediately, but before he could alert her the door opened quietly and a man slipped noiselessly into the kitchen: "Buk? Are you awake? Don't make a light."

It was Szymon Bukowski, creeping in as he sometimes did from his hiding place in the forest. He was in need of food for his men, desperately in need, and had come pleading to his cousin, Jan Buk.

Without speaking, Jan Buk indicated where his wife was grinding her wheat, rose, went to where she worked, and kissed her. "You will be the salvation of Poland."

Then Szymon asked Jan the question to which the answer could mean life or death for the Buks: "Will you help us?"

"To what end?"

"To keep hope alive. To make the Germans know we shall never surrender."

"But every time you strike, he executes a dozen hostages. My name is on the list now. Four more killings and I'll be shot."

Now the great moral question of the underground had been confronted, and Szymon Bukowski, a mere boy, gave the answer that he and his men had worked out in pain and anguish: "All our names are on the list, Jan. Every name in Poland is on the list. It's just a matter of time till those bastards kill us all. So we must go down fighting. We must resist them. We must never let them have an easy night's sleep."

With only the bleakest prospects, Jan and Biruta Buk cast their lot with the partisans. Rarely had the oppressed of any nation groped so hopelessly for the light that might lead them out of a pit so deep.

Jan Buk moved through Kraków with outward calm, as if he had no fear, being a simple farmer in from the country, but with immense inner attention, and in six trips as messenger he avoided capture.

At intervals young Szymon Bukowski slipped out of the forest to consult with the Buks, always deep at night, and on one such visit he told Jan: "You must take a code name. Because our real names must never be spoken." At that moment the storks that inhabited the chimney pot of the Buk cottage, as they had done the chimneys of Bukowo for ten centuries, made one of their regular commotions, and Jan said, "I'll be Bocian," and henceforth he was known as Stork.

At every step he took, Jan Buk was cruelly aware that his actions moved names higher and higher on that posted list of hostages and that he was, in effect, the executioner of those whom Krumpf apprehended and shot after the latest outrage against the Third Reich. In time he could well become the executioner of himself.

Counting the arbitrary sweeps in which the Gestapo rounded up citizens for mass killings, and the orderly shooting of hostages, and the executions for the cause, like those of the women grinding illegal wheat, Konrad Krumpf had now been responsible for 183 deaths in his villages, and he could not think of one that was not fully justified. It was therefore with the greatest excitement that he learned that the man he wanted most, Szymon Bukowski, was indeed hiding in the Forest of Szczek and that he sometimes made nocturnal visits to his village of Bukowo. Sentries were posted, and one starry night in January he was caught as he left the forest.

He was taken directly to the Bukowski palace, where in the darkness Krumpf arraigned him, looked at his horribly beaten face, and told him, "You will be executed tomorrow at noon. But not before you are interrogated."

This was a fortunate delay, because Governor Frank himself telephoned from Kraków directing that the terrorist be delivered to the Gestapo in Lublin, since they were more skilled in the interrogation of prisoners with secret knowledge, so with some regret Krumpf dispatched a truck to Lublin.

On a Tuesday afternoon in February 1942, Szymon Bukowski, known terrorist, was delivered to Under the Clock in Lublin.

Jan Buk was in Kraków, working with regional headquarters of the underground, when he learned of his cousin's arrest and removal to Lublin. "They'll kill him. Especially if they send him to Lublin."

"Yes, and that raises a problem for us. Even a man like Bukowski, even he might speak under extreme torture. It would be perilous for you to return to your village."

"I think so, too."

"What we have in mind, and we've discussed this for some time . . . You're a powerful man, Buk. You have the temperament we seek."

"I could work in Warsaw." He paused. "I mean, Biruta could take care of herself."

"We're sure of that. But Warsaw has all the men it needs. What we want you to do is go back to Bukowo."

"You just said . . ."

"The village, yes. It's too dangerous for you. But the Forest of Szczek? We have a promising group there, and we want you to lead it. We want your group to have a name," the district commander said, "because we have major plans for your activity."

"My group?"

"Yes. You're the leader as of now."

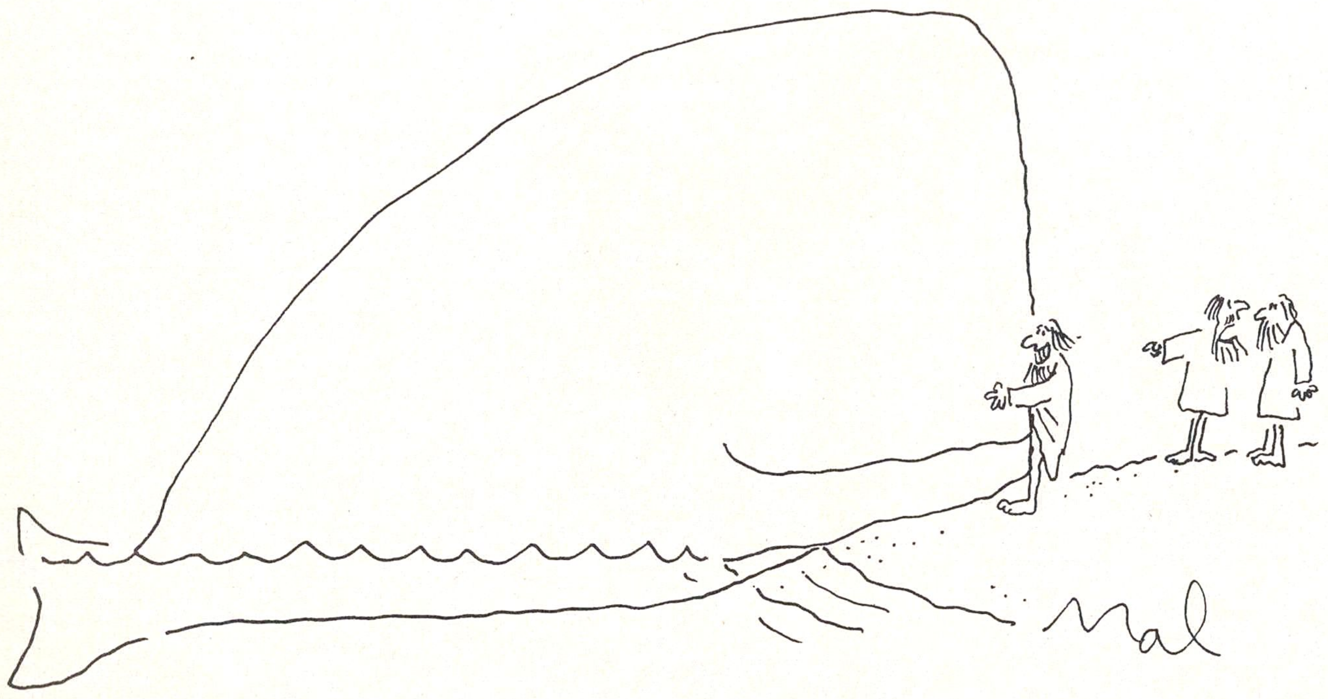
"Use my code name—Bocian," he said, and thus the famous Stork Commando that operated out of the Forest of Szczek was born.

To protect his anonymity, the Kraków people forged several papers that were inserted into Governor Frank's records by partisans who worked in Wawel Castle, and official word was sent back to Konrad Krumpf in the Bukowski palace that Jan Buk of his district had been swept up by a Gestapo raid and shipped off to Germany to labor in a munitions factory.

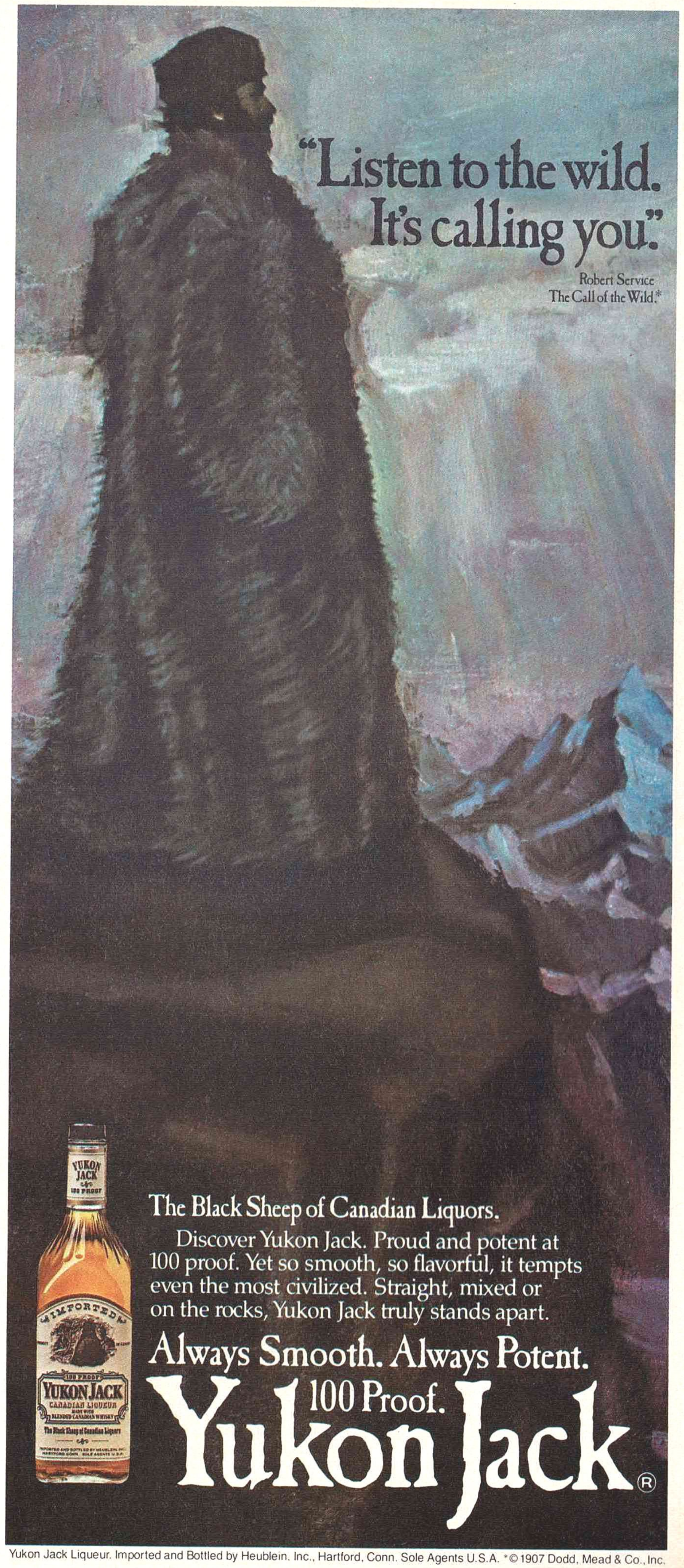
"We won't hear from that one again," Krumpf said, for life expectancy in such slave centers was not great.

Now the burden of running the Buk farm fell exclusively on Biruta, a woman of only twenty and with an imperfect knowledge of agriculture. Nevertheless, the Gestapo gave her a quota they said she must fill or the farm would be taken from her and she would be sent to work in Germany.

She worked hours that in normal times might have killed her, but she was strong by her faith: she was sure that if anyone could survive in the forest, or wherever he was, her husband would, and she was constantly encouraged by news of bold



"Look, Zephaniah, that whale is eating Jonah!"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moves made by the group that was now called throughout the district the Stork Commando.

The iron discipline with which Konrad Krumpf governed the movement of food through his seventeen villages made it more and more difficult for Biruta to sequester any of her wheat kernels or grind them into flour for the baking of illegal bread.

So the midnight quern ceased operating, and this added to the hardship of the ill-fed members of the Stork Commando, who now had to forage even more for their existence. One night, against his better judgment, Jan Buk sneaked into Bukowo to plead with his wife for more bread, and she had to inform him that Krumpf had made this impossible.

"What shall we do?" Buk asked in desperation, and they considered for some moments the possibility of throwing themselves on the mercy of Ludwik Bukowski at the palace.

"He's a Polish patriot," Jan reasoned. "He'll see he has to help us stay alive," but Biruta pointed out something her husband had apparently forgotten: "Konrad Krumpf lives in the palace," and he surprised her by actually laughing: "That's where we always do our best work. Under their noses."

"We in the village suspect that Ludwik Bukowski is collaborating."

"If so, he should be killed," Jan said without hesitation.

"But we're not sure."

"You think it would be fatal to approach him?"

"I wouldn't, Jan. Because no one can trust him."

"But the old woman? The American?"

Biruta pondered this question a long time, then conceded, "All we know of her is good. She helps us with the babies." Then she added quickly, "But as I told you, Krumpf lives there."

It was almost a challenge, to grab food from under Krumpf's nose.

"Approach the old woman. Plead with her."

Biruta felt a consuming urge to share with the children of Bukowo whatever knowledge she had acquired, and she realized that she could do this only if she could set up some kind of illegal school.

It was through this school that Biruta met Madame Bukowska from the palace. Biruta was with her children one morning, all of them just standing in the village square looking at things their teacher had been telling them about, when Madame Bukowska walked past, stopped, and inquired as to the children's health.

In the weeks following that first meeting, Biruta had occasionally seen the great lady and always treated her with deference, not because she felt any subordination to the madame but rather because she suspected that one day she might need the American's help. Now was such a time, and for three anxious days Biruta awaited her next encounter with the lady of the palace, and one morning she saw her coming into the square.

As the great lady of the district passed through the square Biruta accosted her. "Madame, may I speak with you?"

"Of course. What do you hear from your husband in Germany?"

"He was allowed to send only one card."

"Of course." She spoke Polish with a delightful, almost childish accent.

"Madame," Biruta said in a burst of confidence, "our children are starving. They must have food."

"Indeed they must. No matter what happens, children must not be allowed to go hungry."

"I was wondering if you . . ."

"If I could give you some extra food?" To Biruta's surprise, she broke into laughter. "Dear child! Don't you know that Konrad Krumpf lives with me? That his men watch like hawks everything I do? Because I'm an American and they suspect me, even though they live in my house. I could not give you even a crust, Biruta, not even from my purse now, for over there they are watching me. And if you are seen talking with me too long, those clever men will sooner or later guess about you and your school."

"School?" Biruta repeated in astonishment.

"Yes, your school," and the slim, erect woman in the faultless dress walked away.

For six days they did not see each other, but on the seventh, Madame Bukowska passed Biruta in the square, and in the briefest possible exchange told her, "I know you want the food for the men in the forest. I cannot help, but Count Lubonski might." And she was gone in a flutter of gray and creamy lace.

For two weeks Biruta continued to teach her students, at night, in the early morning, now in some barn, now boldly in the church, and then she slipped through the forest to Castle Gorka and asked to see the count, and when Gestapo sentries guarding the castle stopped her, demanding to know her errand, she said boldly, "He wants to hire a maid," and they forced her right into the castle and shouted for the count. When he appeared from an upper floor the Nazis asked, "Are you expecting someone looking for work?" and upon seeing the young woman he said instantly, "I'm seeking a maid," and they left her with him.

"What causes you to risk your life?" he asked when they were upstairs and alone.

"Madame Bukowska sent me."

"For what reason?"

Taking a deep breath, she said, "The men in the forest are starving."

Without altering even his expression in the slightest, Count Lubonski replied, "I conduct no traffic with partisans. Now get out of here," and he called for the Gestapo to remove the girl, but before they reached the second floor he told Biruta in calm, even tones, "In the barn away from the river and near the beech trees we keep wheat and sometimes a freshly slaughtered pig."

When the Gestapo arrrived he told them, "This one won't do. She doesn't know how to bake. If you come upon a young woman who can bake in the German style, let me know." And Biruta was dismissed.

When the men of the Stork Commando made frequent raids on the remote barn at Castle Gorka and got decent food in their bellies, they developed a daring they had not had before, and one day, just as the titanic battles were developing at Stalingrad, producing the first tremors to attack the Nazi leaders of the General Gouvernement, Jan Bukowski devised a sortie that delighted his men by its ingenuity and terrified the Nazis in Kraków by its boldness and its nearness to their headquarters.

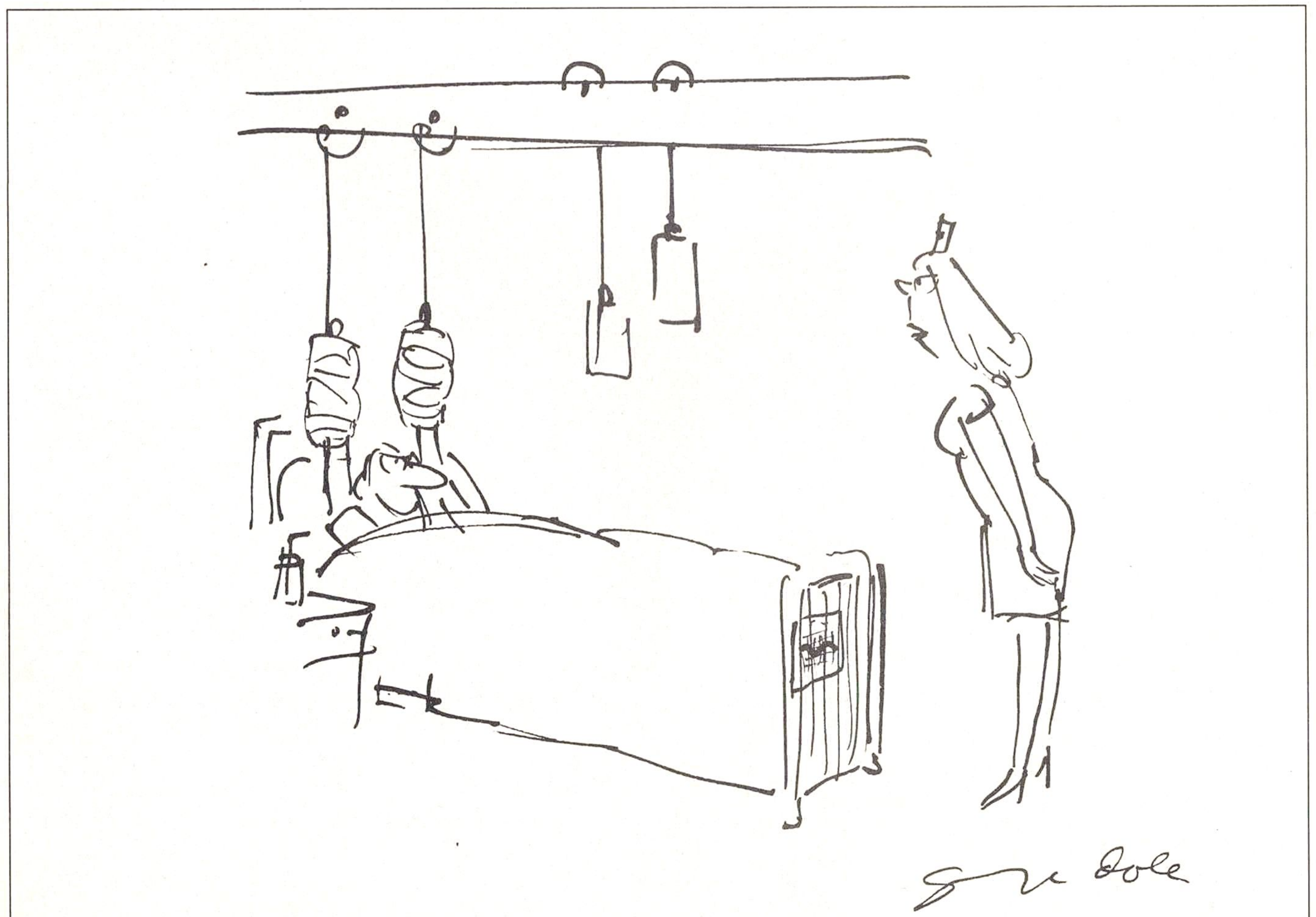
The fury that Governor General Hans Frank felt when a plant on his doorstep was dynamited did not endanger the Stork Commando, for his intelligence officers assured him that the partisans must have come from the Katowice area, since none could have penetrated from the east, and he initiated harsh reprisals against the westerners. He did, however, transmit to all his subordinates a surprisingly accurate estimate of his own:

"Because security in Kraków is so intense, I think we must assume that the terrorists came from outside, possibly from a good distance. I rule out nothing, not even as far away as Warsaw. Therefore, regardless of where your command is, I want you to assume that it was your people who committed this crime. Remember that nine Nazi workmen died in this blast, so we are dealing with murder. Act accordingly."

When Konrad Krumpf received these instructions he interpreted them as encouraging him to do something that he had intended for a long time.

To the captain of the searchers he confided, "Someone, it doesn't matter who, has suggested that this woman Buk might be bringing food to the partisans. She might have a grinding mill." The captain interpreted this, no doubt correctly, as an invitation to bear down on Biruta in hopes of extracting information, so after another thorough search of her cottage, which again disclosed nothing, he ordered her taken to the interrogation room at the far end of the village, and there he himself questioned her.

He did not torture her; that would have



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become known in the village, to the detriment of order. He simply knocked her down with his fist whenever her answers did not please, and each time she rose from the floor, bleeding from the mouth and unsteady, he questioned her some more, then knocked her down again when her stubbornness persisted.

More blows rained upon her until at last she simply lay still where she had fallen, unable to bear anymore. But even then she refused to acknowledge, even by wince or whimper, that he had hurt her.

He let her lie on the cold floor for nearly an hour, after which of her own accord she rose as if to ask, "What now?" and after a while he sent her home, warning her to tell no one what had happened at the interrogation, but her face was so bruised and her gait so unsteady that she needed to say nothing.

She had defeated his interrogation, yet unknowingly he had gained a significant triumph, for he had made her afraid to risk teaching her children. He thus deprived her of the last possible act she could perform to demonstrate her enmity to the German occupation.

She sat in her cottage, no light lit, and stared at the floor.

"I've done what I promised," Krumpf announced one night at dinner.

"You mean with Berlin?" Ludwik asked.

"Yes. My message went direct to Göring and he's just let me know that he'd be delighted."

"Now I am pleased," Ludwik said, but when his mother asked about what he became evasive.

Krumpf, however, proud of his accomplishment, was eager to talk. "When I first visited you, Madame Bukowska, I told you how impressed I was, how favorably impressed, that is, with the Hans Holbein you have in my room. That you should have chosen a German painting for a place of honor pleased me very much. I thought of it a great deal, the honor you had paid our country, and I sent a report to Hermann Göring. He's making a major collection, you know.

"For a year I heard nothing, and believe me, it's frustrating to be here at the end of the line, you might say, and hear nothing. To tell you the truth, Madame Bukowska, I didn't know what I hoped to win for myself with this information about the Holbein. A promotion, maybe. A summons to be on Göring's staff, maybe. I really didn't know."

"Do you know now?" Marjorie asked acidly.

"Well, Göring's man assured me that if the field marshal takes a liking to the Holbein—and I sent three excellent photographs—the matter of the train might be arranged."

"What train?" She noticed that her son was most uneasy.

"Ludwik proposed it," Krumpf said with real enthusiasm, "and I approved immediately. I saw every reason to support the idea, and I did, in writing, to the field marshal."

With calculating eye and swiftly moving gestures with both hands, as if he were a country auctioneer, Konrad Krumpf indicated the treasures in this grand room—the gold chairs, the centerpieces in their cabinets, the paintings, the silvery chandeliers—and by extension the wonders in the rooms above. "Ludwik said that it would be mortal shame if anything happened to these treasures . . ."

"You mean the Russians?"

"Oh, no! The Russians will never reach here. You can be assured of that."

"What did you mean?"

"Well, frankly, under the Führer's plans for Poland, for its extinction, that is . . . I don't mean gentry of quality like you or Count Lubonski. I mean only the unspeakable peasant and the impossible shopkeepers in the villages. In the new Poland there'll be no place for a palace like this."

"Where would the train carry the treasures?"

"To Berlin."

She asked simply, "Is that wise?" and received an answer that stunned her.

"I believe arrangements could be made for the train to pass right on through to Paris."

She could not believe what she was hearing, but he said, "Göring has indicated that if we give him the Holbein and three of the statues he will permit us to carry the rest of the treasures to Paris."

"What an extraordinary arrangement," Marjorie said. "Whatever would we do with them in Paris?"

"What do we do with them here?" her son asked.

So it was Ludwik who had arranged this infamous deal, and as she looked to the right where he sat, she wondered what other things he had done behind her back—what hideous price had he paid the Germans to have won their permission to obtain an entire train? And she began to count up all the strange happenings at Bukowo—the capture of young Szymon Bukowski, the beating of Biruta Buk, the executing of the women grinding illegal wheat—and she saw that in every instance the clever identifications by the Nazis would be understandable if they had within the Polish community someone who was feeding them information. Could it really have been her son?

Signals flashing through her tired body sent unmistakable messages that her remaining days might be few, and she felt that she must dedicate what energy she had to try to bring reason and responsibility to her son, and to this end she arranged to be with him whenever possible.

"Ludwik, I can see now that someone like Göring was bound to get some of our paintings, and you've probably done a clever thing in buying him off cheaply."

"That was my thinking. You know, the future here is extremely obscure."

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"I don't think so. I think the Russians will sweep over here like a hurricane. They'll probably burn the villages but they'll leave this. They enjoy museums."

"You think the Germans are doomed?"

"Of course I think so. I know America. I know her factories. Ludwik, when they get cranked up, as they say, they'll keep turning out tanks and planes for twenty years, if it takes that long."

"You believe that, Mother?"

"The amount of time? I don't know. The end result? There can be no question. We will see American airplanes over this place." She paused, startled by her own vehemence and by the alteration it made in her relations with her son and his advisor Krumpf: "I am sorry to have disclosed my hand so openly, but I feel very weak these days and thought it better be said."

Ludwik, trembling with apprehension lest the Germans learn that his mother was a defeatist who could be shot—and Konrad Krumpf was a man to do the shooting—could think of nothing to say. It would be undignified to plead with his mother to keep her mouth shut, for he knew she would not. And there was no way he could prevent her from voicing her opinions at table if she felt she was about to die. The simplest solution would be if she really did die, and sooner rather than later. Marjorie Trilling, heiress of Chicago, had quixotically fallen in love with a nation she had never seen realistically, and now those days of romance and imagination were ended. She was as out of date as her palace and he prayed that she would vanish without causing irreparable damage.

In the long silence that followed, Ludwik was forced at last to study the real moral issues that confronted him. Finally he said very slowly, "I know that Krumpf is using me to gain a promotion of some kind, but principally to gain escape from here. I think he's terrified of the Russians. I think he will do anything to get away."

"Ludwik, you're Polish. You're not even half-American, because I became Polish years ago, heart and conscience Polish. So in saving yourself you must not do anything to the detriment of your nation."

Ludwik licked his lips, looked at his mother and promised, "You will not find my name on Krumpf's golden cards."

"What do you mean?"

"I came upon him one day when he was working as usual on his cards. Poles who could be trusted. Poles who would be shot if arrested. One color for each. And I noticed a small pile of much different cards and I asked what they were and he quickly covered them up. But he did say, 'Those are the ones who will have positions of importance in the new Poland we shall create here, the German Poland.' And he said meaningfully, 'I hope your name will be on one of those cards soon . . . the people we treasure.' I could guess what a Pole had to do to get on that list."

The image of Konrad Krumpf hunched over his cards, ordaining who should live and who should die, was so compelling that Marjorie could think of little else during the remaining days of her life. Early one morning she walked casually along the second-floor hall and looked into the Holbein room to see if Krumpf's secretary was there, and finding him absent, she entered as if to check the spare space where the painting had been, but when she satisfied herself that no one was likely to interrupt, she took a deep breath, hurried to Krumpf's desk, and began rummaging for the stack of golden cards.

Finally she found it with the neatly lettered top card proclaiming that the persons hidden underneath were people of prudence willing to act in the long-range interests of their country. Trembling, and aware of the suicidal thing she was about to do, she took a piece of paper and began writing down the forty-three names.

Replacing the file, she kept the precious paper folded in her left hand, walked down the hallway, and paused at the entrance to her theater. She walked casually from the palace, gazing with love at those sights that had always enchanted her.

She walked twice around the perimeter, pausing now and then to inspect shops that contained nothing, and then she spotted her target. Biruta Buk, limping from the punishment she had absorbed during her interrogation, unable to smile because of the wounds across her face, appeared at the far end and saw Madame Bukowska immediately. Sensing that the old woman would not be here without good reason, she walked slowly toward her, and as the distance between the two diminished, each could see in the other exactly what she had hoped to see.

Biruta had been beaten close to death, but she still walked proudly, almost defiantly. Madame Bukowska was old and tired and nearly worn out, but she still displayed that inner radiance that comes only from a life actively spent in defense of purposeful ideals.

When they stood face to face, Marjorie leaned forward like a village busybody to inspect with her right forefinger Biruta's scarred cheeks, but with her left hand, so that none could see, she delivered the fatal list of names.

"Kill them all," she whispered, and when Biruta gasped at such a message, Marjorie took her by the shoulders and turned her sideways so that light could fall upon her damaged face, as if she wished to see it more accurately. "They are the traitors. Kill them all."

Abruptly she dismissed the peasant girl as if she, Bukowska, were still gentry from the great house and Biruta the serf, and then resumed her passage about the square, but as she reached one of the corners she stumbled sideways, as if struck by a cart no one could see. Then she staggered twice, reached out for a handhold that was not there, and died in the sunlight.

When her apparently distraught son was told that his mother was dead, he could not prevent himself from thinking: "God's mercy." O┼

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IN THE OCTOBER FORUM

SOME DARE CALL IT THERAPY

Patient-therapist sex violates medical ethics and has been shown to have a negative effect on 90 percent of female victims. Critics further claim that Don Juan therapists suffer from sadistic perversion. Until women like Rhea Breitbard won malpractice suits against shrinks who slept with them, sex in the therapist's office was a secret. Yet under the right circumstances some patients may benefit from sex with their therapist. By Norman Green.

THE WORLD CAPITAL OF DECADENT SEX

Decadence and depravity are for sale in every imaginable form in Manhattan's Times Square, sex capital of the world. Hustlers sell everything from hot merchandise and drugs to their own bodies, while storefronts hawk live sex shows and voyeuristic treats for eye or hand. Reporter Rafael Rodriguez even shows how to score a steak and a woman for under $20.

SEXUAL CONFESSIONS OF A ROMANCE WRITER

Susanna Beaulieu's four-year affair with a stockbroker was falling apart. She also faced a deadline for her romance novel. Erotic fantasy took a bizarre twist: the man of her literary dreams lusted for her body, while her lover was losing interest.

WIFE AND MISTRESS UNDER ONE ROOF

Sex was hot and dirty with his girl friend, warm and romantic with his wife. Michael did not want to give up either. His solution was to invite them to live with him under the same roof. The enternal triangle became the ménage à trois, the alternative to heartbreak when an affair threatens a sound marriage. By Judith Slawson.

ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

not be referring to their knowledgeable verdicts! In federal parole hearings, the parole commission rarely, if ever, listens to the recommendations of the prison staff, those professionals who are in day-to-day intimate contact with the prisoner and know him perhaps better than he knows himself. The actions of the U.S. Parole Commission recently came under heavy attack in a General Accounting Office study, wherein it was stated that their decisions were inconsistent, irrational, and sometimes incomprehensible!

My own personal experience with the U.S. Parole Commission has been very dissatisfying. While there is only a five years' difference between the sentence of my codefendant and myself, the commission has me serving eight and a half years more than him. He was paroled last September after serving forty-seven months of a fifteen-year sentence, and he was inside the bank we robbed with a gun up to a customer's head. I seriously believe the U.S. Parole Commission would have better results—and less recidivism—if they just tossed a coin to decide parole matters! After having spent twenty-five of the past thirty years imprisoned, I feel most qualified to speak on this subject. In a 1976 editorial letter to the *New York Times* I called for abolition of the U.S. Parole Commission, and I now reiterate that it should be abolished because it serves no useful function other than providing plush jobs for sycophants who cannot seem to hold a job in private industry.—*Raymond E. James, Federal Correctional Institution, Butner, N.C.*

John Godwin replies:
There is no evidence to support your assertion that the U.S. Parole Commission pays less attention to prison staff recommendations than the state parole authorities. I did not mention the federal body specifically, because I don't think its decisions differ much from those of its state colleagues. All of them are all too frequently "inconsistent, irrational, and sometimes incomprehensible."

In any case, you may soon get your wish regarding the abolition of the U.S. Parole Commission. Whether that will improve our dismal parole picture is pretty doubtful.

EMP TO THE FORE

I just read Ann Marie Cunningham's "Advise & Dissent" on EMP (electromagnetic pulse) and nuclear attack, "Indecent Exposure: Nuclear Warfare's Catch-22" (June 1983). Insiders at the Pentagon are not the only people who know about EMP.

After just completing the three-month U.S. Air Force course in disaster preparedness involving nuclear and biochemical attacks, I can tell you we know a lot about EMP. We're taught to instruct military personnel and civil defense people, who also instruct the public. EMP is no secret and we have many ways to combat it.—*T.S.G.T. Disaster Response Force, U.S. Air Force Tactical Air Command*

Ann Marie Cunningham replies:
It's true that American military planners have been aware of EMP since 1962, and have devised some technical strategies to protect some of our most important military intelligence computers and communications centers. One strategy is to build a metal shield around sensitive equipment. Another is to replace copper lines with fiber optics. EMP passes through the thin glass threads that make up fiber optic lines, leaving electrical equipment intact.

What is new is public discussion of the danger of EMP, especially of its possible impact on our highly computerized civilian economy. On June 28, 1983, the New York Times *ran its first major article on EMP, quoting officials from the Defense Department and the Defense Nuclear Agency who voiced concern about the way EMP would disrupt banks, telephones, electrical utilities, and government agencies like the Internal Revenue Service, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and the Social Security Administration, which depend upon vast electronic networks.*

Currently, the Reagan administration is spending $100 million on programs to protect military communication lines and on research to fill the gaps in our knowledge of how EMP affects different kinds of equipment. In particular, this administration has expanded a program to protect radio stations, is researching ways of protecting electrical utilities, and has built a backup emergency phone system for the military.

In short, the Reagan officials seem to agree with me that there's a way to go before we know all about EMP and are fully prepared to counteract it.

FOOTNOTE ON DIAMONDS

A footnote, please, to Edward J. Epstein's article "Diamonds Are Not Forever" (June 1983 *Penthouse*). The author may have some valid points to make. But he distorts the picture in the process of making these points.

First, he is right about the speculations of 1980–81. For a time, diamonds went through the roof. Top-grade goods have now come down again, as knowledgeable buyers knew they would all along. The people who usually get burned the worst in a speculation are those who "buy in because everybody's going to make money"—and who generally know next to nothing about what they are buying.

On the other hand, it is grossly unfair to imply that prices have dropped from a peak of $80,000 to a level of $8,000. Both are extremes selected to support Epstein's criticism. During 1981, there were indeed a few one-carat D-F stones that sold above $60,000 at auction or at retail. During 1983, one can indeed, with knowledge or care, find a "firesale" stone at perhaps $8,000 to $12,000. But on average, the peaks were not as high or the presumed valleys as low as Epstein indicates. One-carat D-F stones are now selling in the $30,000 range at retail. Likewise, smaller consumer-grade engagement ring stones are now rising again, gradually, from a lull in 1981–82.

There is probably some degree of truth to the proposition that diamonds have benefited from a "created" or "perceived" rarity and aggressive marketing practices. To believe that this picture will collapse overnight, however, reducing diamonds to the status of semiprecious baubles, is just a bit too much.

Let us also put to rest a deliberate misconception that Epstein perpetrates. "Nice" white gemstone-quality diamonds of less than a carat probably aren't particularly rare. On that, he has a valid point. On the other hand, truly flawless D-color stones of one carat and up are as rare as hens' teeth! Which is to say that you can probably count the yearly world production of such stones in the few thousands *at most* each year, out of millions of carats of jewelry-grade stones.

Finally, before we predict the demise of the diamond, we should consider why it is that people speculatively bid prices up to such dizzying heights during 1981. People began to lose confidence in paper currency because the government was printing so darned much of it. Looking forward into the next year or so, we see a programmed repeat of the same monetary policy. There is a real possibility next year that the U.S. government will borrow more in financial markets than private borrowers do—a historical first of truly ominous proportions. This will be accompanied by budget deficits in the $200 million range. Under such conditions, it is small wonder that people will endeavor to buy any tangible commodity they can lay their hands on, in a desperate search for some way to preserve the value of what they have.

Over the long term of several years, Epstein might be right about the cheapening of diamonds. But for the short term, we may well see prices bid up even higher than in 1981—while we go broke and the banking system turns belly up. That kind of situation is called a hyperinflation. Germany had one in 1919–1923. Some of the few people who got through that period with any of their wealth intact were people who had their wealth in gold, silver, or *diamonds*. Conditions aren't the same now as they were sixty years ago, but I think we'd be pretty hasty to bank on stability and a collapse of values in tangible goods, for at least the next few years. Just remember that for every one of those "depressed" sales of one-carat D-F stones, there was a *buyer*, and a lot of the time the buyer wasn't DeBeers.—*Richard A. Lawhern, Springfield, Va.*

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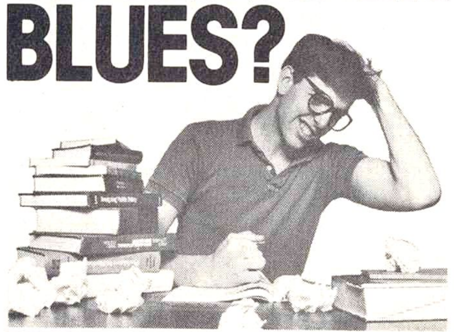

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ADULT TOYS

You should be commended by your readers for the article "Aphrodite's Playthings," published in the July 1983 issue. I have to compliment your brilliant originality concerning the topics, especially dildos! How many of us would have ever known of the mysterious history involving the origin and usage of the dildo and other related paraphernalia? From Eden to Edinburgh the lustful ladies of today are surely the heiresses of a fortune of sexual pleasure provided through the use of this little tantric artifact. It is certainly no wonder that the Greeks, true champions of love, sanctified the dildo with myth.

Thanks for a truly emancipated piece of well-researched journalism.—*Name withheld*

L. RON HUBBARD, JR.

Your recent interview with L. Ron Hubbard, Jr. (June 1983) strikes such fear in the hearts of well-meaning and thinking people. Your publication reveals much concerning the cults and their less than meritorious deeds. One can indeed grasp from the interview that Mr. Hubbard, Jr., is in a position to reveal much to a concerned American citizenry about cultism as a whole.

It is sad that America hasn't learned anything from the likes of Hitler and Jim Jones, for example. Maybe the avenues of intimidation have reached much more frightening proportions than have been realized, and the Soviet hopes of deep-rooted infighting in America are more at hand, in this period of Me Decade mentality, than we can begin to perceive!

In short, Jonestown has shown us nothing after all.—*R. H. White, Aurora, Colo.*

In the last thirty-three years, millions of people have found the ideas of L. Ron Hubbard helpful in sorting out confusion in their lives.

On the other side of the coin, those who have been known to profit from these confusions, including unfairly vested-interest groups, bungling bureaucrats, the World Federation of Mental Health, and various and sundry other madmen and profiteers, have sought strenuously to discredit the ideas by slandering the man.

Almost without exception, members of the fifth estate, true to their dictum that good news is no news, have aligned themselves forthright with the flow of attack.

Ron DeWolf (Hubbard, Jr.) commends *Penthouse* for "having the balls" to print his effusive diatribe. I, in turn, commend Mr. DeWolf for this masterstroke of irony and welcome you, *Penthouse*, to the gelded herd.—*Terry Johnston, Gustine, Calif.*

MOANS & GROANS

I am a twenty-five-year-old law student who has been an avid reader of *Penthouse* since the early '70s. Like many of the letters you get from people, I also did not ever think that I would write to your magazine. But alas! I am writing *Penthouse*!

Your May 1983 pictorial, "Laying Down the Law," photographed and directed by Earl Miller, depicts three law students who had studying on their minds, but somehow things were altered and they studied the law of love instead. The pictures are very well done, the models are very beautiful, and the action is "hot." However, something is bothering me about using a law school as a setting for the scene.

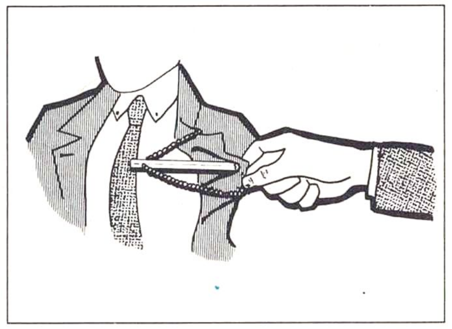
Let me tell you . . . law school is nothing like those pictures portray. They show a law student trying to study in the library as two outrageously foxy women lure him into satisfying their pussies, leaving his law studies in oblivion. I, too, would like to do what that lucky guy was doing, but if I was studying and had to turn in a detailed brief on Monday, I wouldn't let myself get enticed by two extremely alluring women, even if their bodies were like the ones in the scene. Oh, I get the urges all the time—don't get me wrong—but the law school library is a place to study and to research law—not to partake in sexual bliss!

I am writing this letter but many other law students feel that Miller's "Laying Down the Law" is the most dehumanizing stunt to earn money for the most widely read adult magazine that the magazine ever published. I would rather receive an *A* or *B* on a law assignment and spend my Saturday evening reading and writing than get a blowjob and suck those large firm breasts (yum!) and receive a *D* or *F* on the assignment. That's right, Miller, school is our first priority; second, of course, is sex!—*Name withheld*

Who the hell is this Hofmekler character? His offering in your June issue was the most inane piece of journalism ever seen in your publication. How dare he rank on John McEnroe, possibly the greatest tennis player of our era? Does Hofmekler realize that Johnny Mac's brilliant playing the past few years has allowed the United States to dominate the Davis Cup? How soon this idiot forgets McEnroe's brilliant display of patriotism and professionalism in dispatching Mats Wilander in an epic six-and-a-half-hour display of absolute tennis genius in earlier Davis Cup action. Where were Jimmy Connors, Vitas Gerulaitis, and Roscoe Tanner? Hofmekler, get a grip and stick to things you understand. Obviously you are as ignorant on this topic as the American public is on evaluating Johnny Mac's true tennis talent. Personally, Hofmekler, we are not sick of the Mac's behavior. It adds spice to a game that is gradually becoming boring solely because of non-personality types such as Ivan Lendl. Once again: Hofmekler, get a grip!—*Richard R. Jeffrey, Jr., and Douglas S. Thorn, St. Lawrence University, Canton, N.Y.*

GAMES

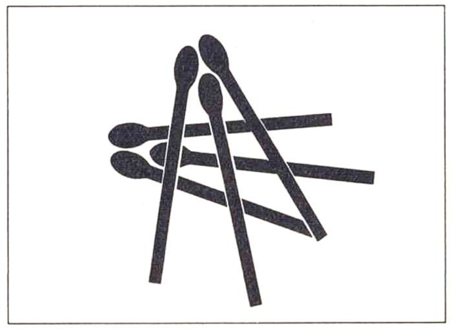
ANSWERS FROM PAGES 156 AND 158



1. PENCIL PROBLEM. If the pencil could bend or if the string could stretch, the problem would be solved, but neither is flexible enough. What is flexible? The jacket. Bunch up the cloth around the buttonhole and feed it through the loop, as shown. When an inch or two is through the loop, you'll be able to feed the pencil, eraser end first, through the buttonhole.

2. DOUBLES. "Bookkeeper." Billie was so proud of her assistant, the sub-bookkeeper, that she promised him an immediate promotion if he ever came up with a word that had four double letters in a row.

3. CONTACT. Arrange three matches on the table so that their heads touch firmly, as shown. Then place the other three on top in a similar formation. We know of no way to solve this with seven matches.

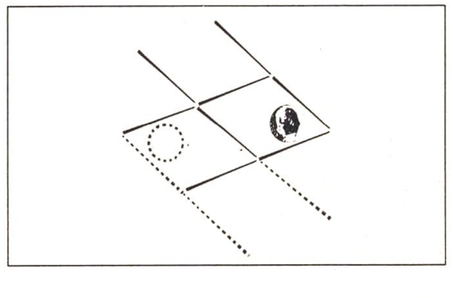


4. VINTAGE. The wine weighs four ounces, the bottle eight ounces.

5. HUH? The pickup was an Isuzu.

6. COME AGAIN? White. Fans of Lewis Carroll and Walt Disney will have no trouble recognizing "I'm late, I'm late (for a very important date)." The late-model Volks must be a white Rabbit.

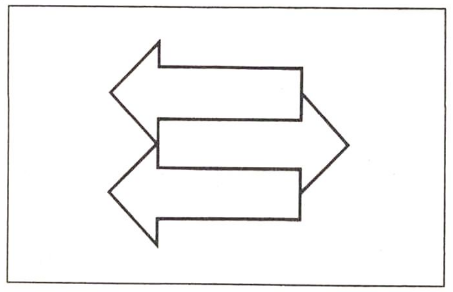
7. FISHY. Move the dime and the three toothpicks as shown.



8. MAXERCISE. All of the techniques are alike. Throwing the stick to the back—the answer most people give—will make Max run the longest per throw, but that wasn't the question. Since the dog runs at a constant rate of speed and is constantly running, whether the stick is thrown ahead, behind, or to the side, the dog gets the same amount of exercise wherever the stick is thrown.

9. WOLF, GOAT, AND CABBAGES. Seven crossings. One version is this: First he takes the goat across, leaving the wolf with the cabbages (one). He returns, takes the wolf over, and brings back the goat (four). Then he takes the cabbages over and leaves them with the wolf (five). Then he returns and takes back the goat (seven).

10. MISSIONARIES AND CANNIBALS. Thirteen crossings are required. Call the missionaries Mmm and the cannibals Ccc, with the rowers in capital letters. Cc cross and C returns (two). Cc cross and C returns (four). Mm cross and Mc return (six). MC cross and Mc return (eight). Mm cross and C returns (ten). (At this point all the missionaries are across and all the cannibals are back on the first shore.) Cc cross and C returns (twelve). Cc cross (thirteen).



11. GET THE POINT.

12. FROGGER. Thirty-five minutes, not forty. In the first two minutes, the frog gains one foot. At this rate, it reaches the seventeen-foot mark in thirty-four minutes. The next jump (in one more minute) will take it to the top of the well, where there is no more sliding back. Our would-be prince is out and gone in a clean thirty-five.

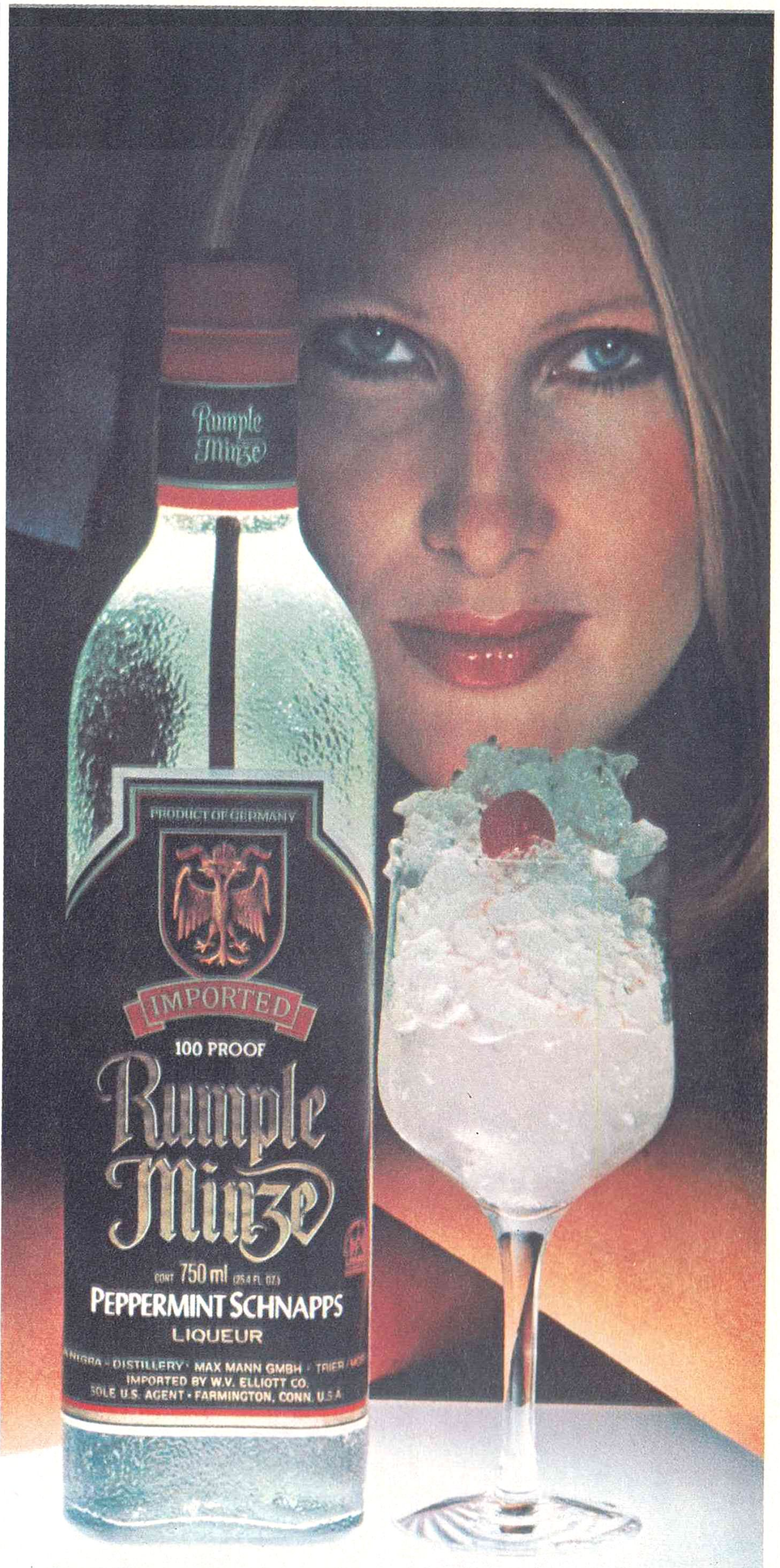
13. SMART KID. Since Patty specified "three of the first five" presidents, the boy reasoned that the fifth president on the list must have been one of them—otherwise Patty would have phrased the fact differently—"three of the first four," for example. The boy simply read the fifth name on the list: James Monroe.

14. PRESIDENTIAL PUZZLERS.

(a) JFK was forty-three when he was elected. When Vice-President Theodore Roosevelt was sworn in on September 14,1901, following the assassination of President McKinley, he was forty-two.

(b) They were all vice-presidents of the United States. (Before you call us to say how ignorant we are about Adlai E. Stevenson, suppose you haul out the old almanac and check up on the veep between 1893 and 1897. Ha!)

(c) In *any* given year, Christmas and New Year's always fall on different days of the week, Christmas being some fifty-one weeks later in the year. As any schoolchild knows.



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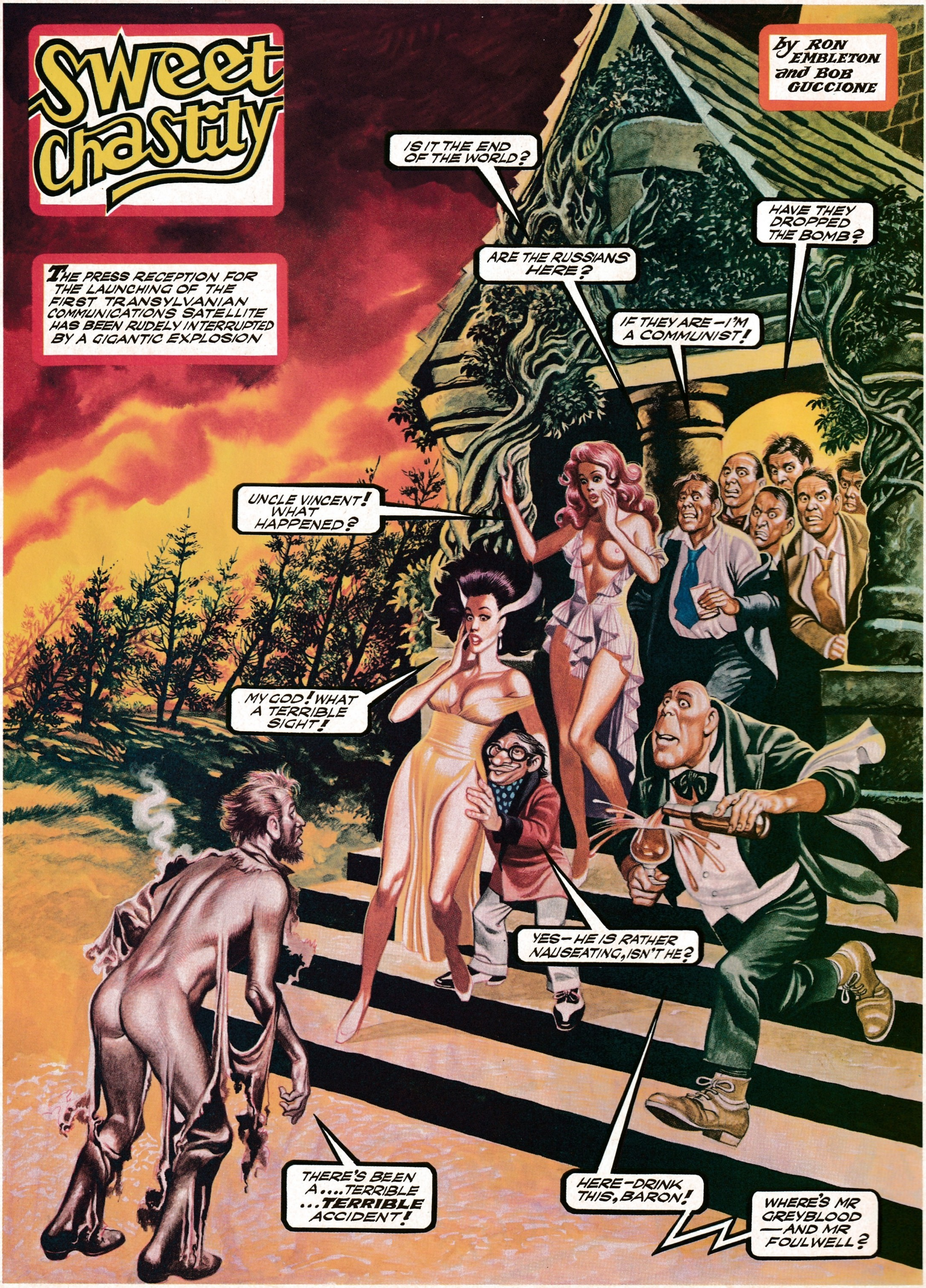
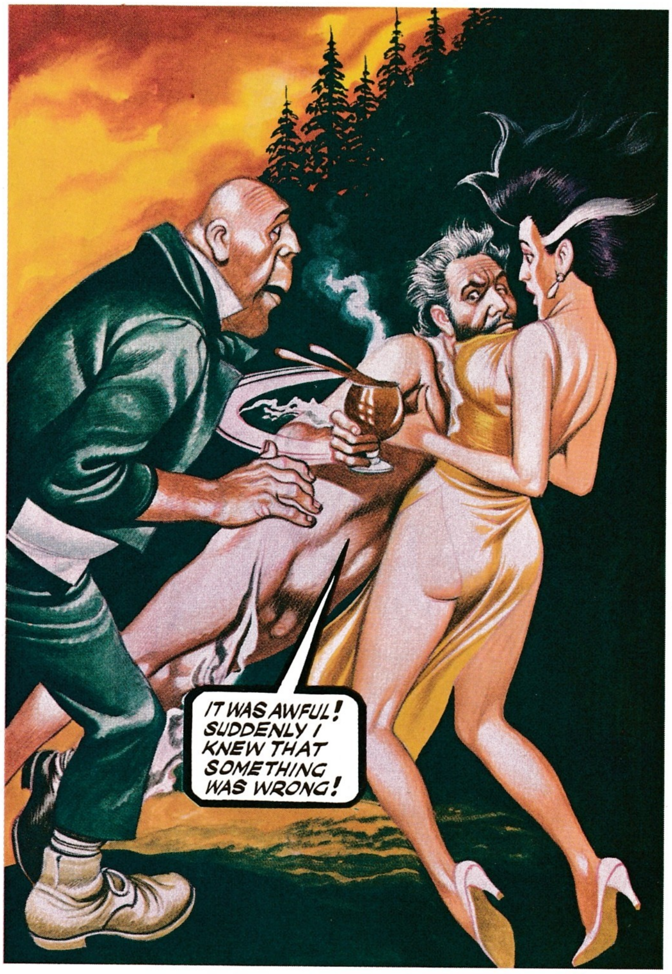
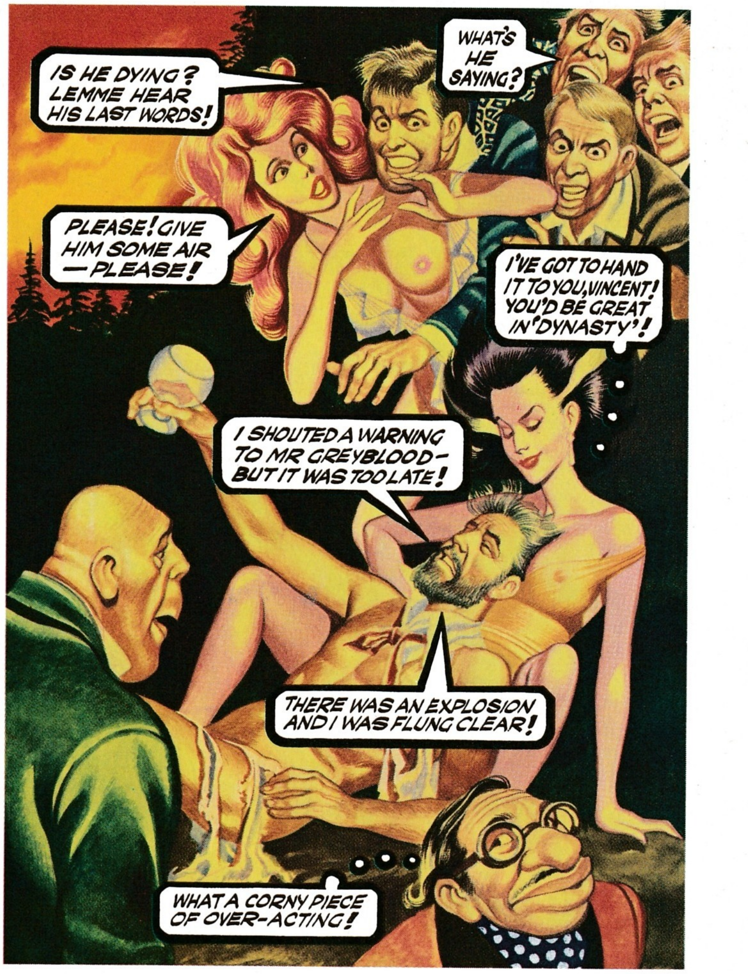
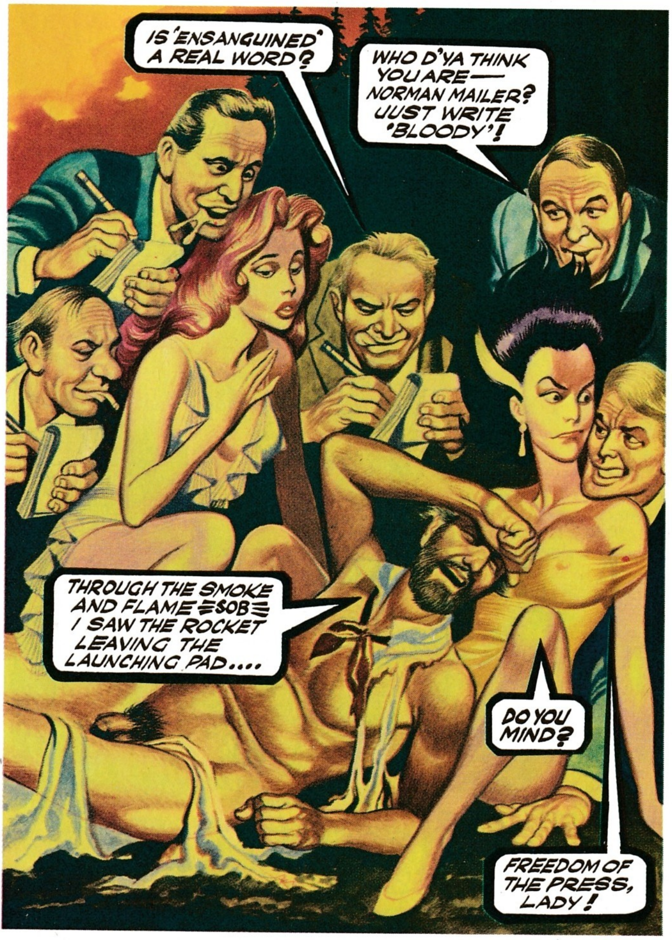
Sweet Chastity

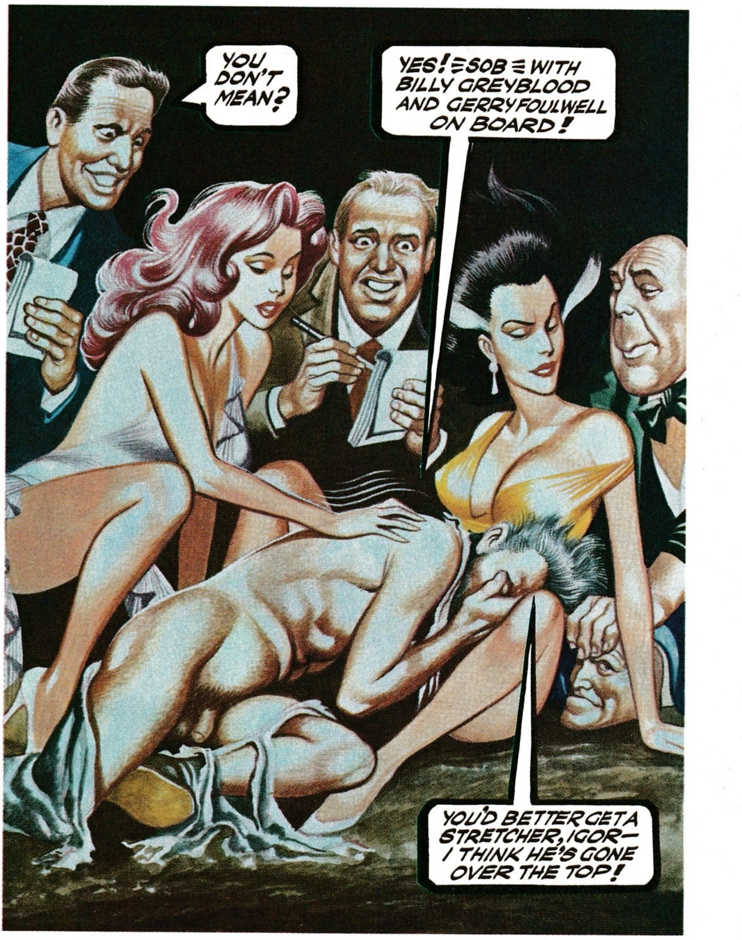
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

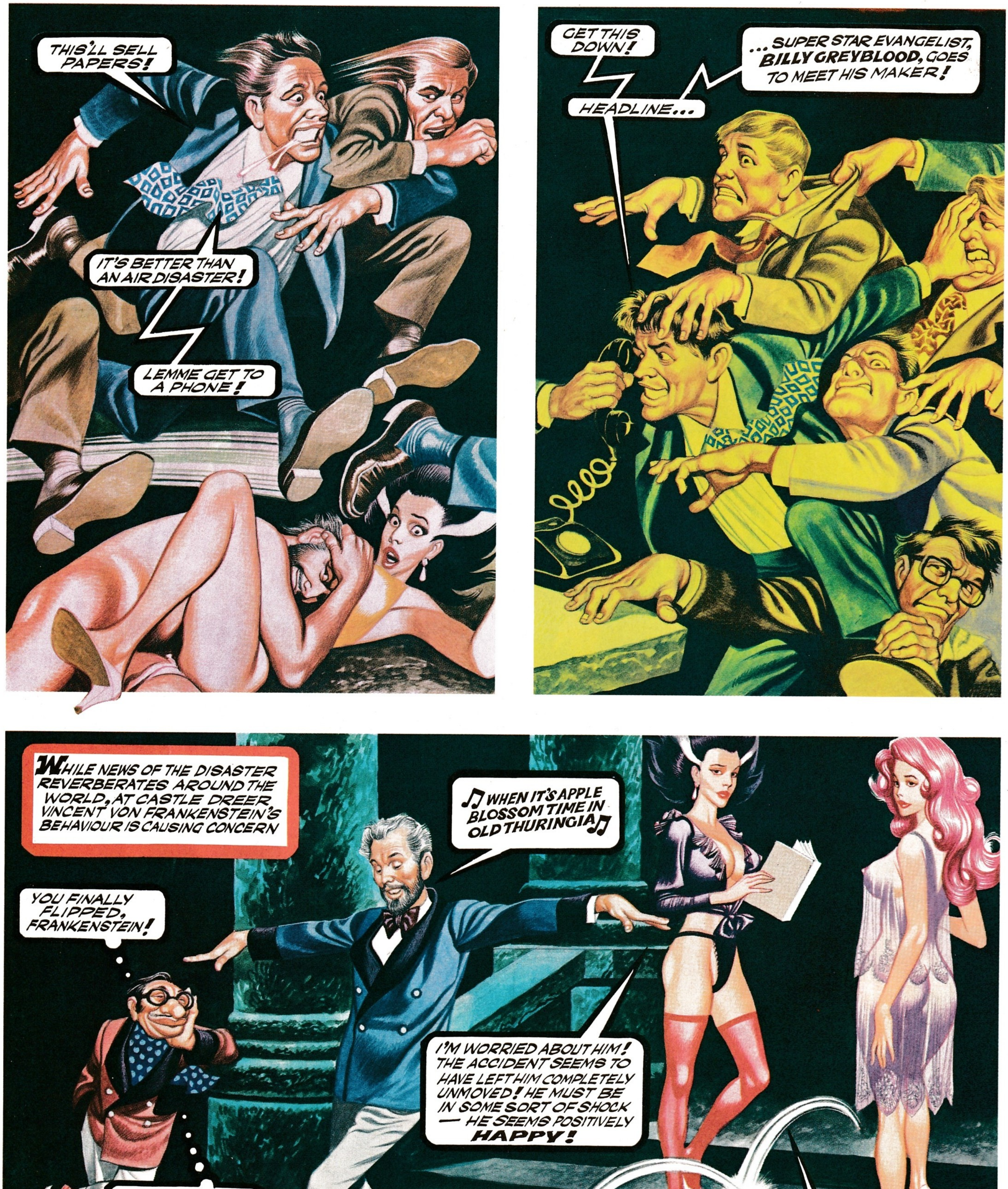

THE PRESS RECEPTION FOR THE LAUNCHING OF THE FIRST TRANSYLVANIAN COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE HAS BEEN RUDELY INTERRUPTED BY A GIGANTIC EXPLOSION
IS IT THE END OF THE WORLD?
HAVE THEY DROPPED THE BOMB?
ARE THE RUSSIANS HERE?
IF THEY ARE—I'M A COMMUNIST!
UNCLE VINCENT! WHAT HAPPENED?
MY GOD! WHAT A TERRIBLE SIGHT!
YES—HE IS RATHER NAUSEATING, ISN'T HE?
THERE'S BEEN A....TERRIBLE ...**TERRIBLE** ACCIDENT!
HERE—DRINK THIS, BARON!
WHERE'S MR GREYBLOOD —AND MR FOULWELL?

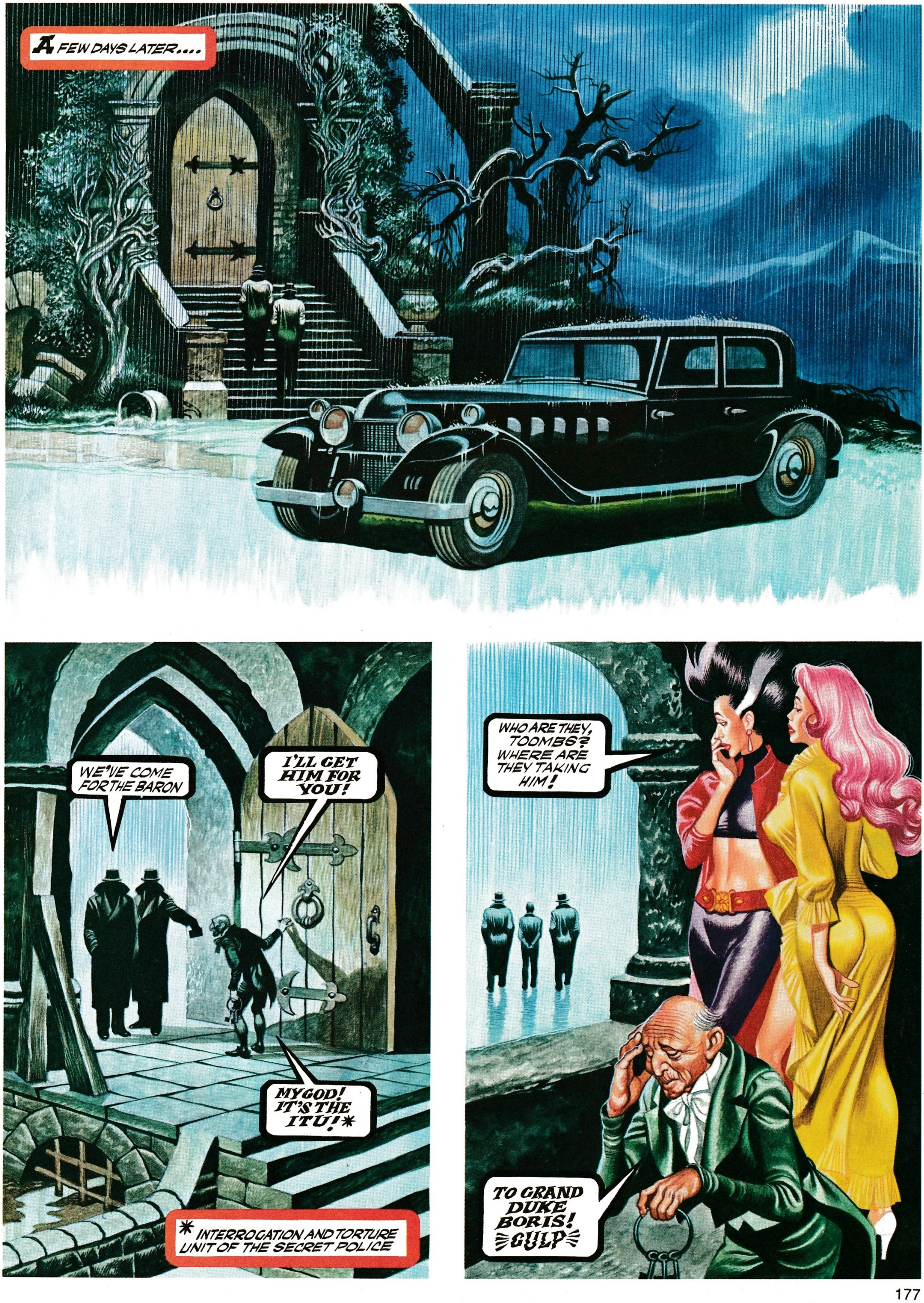

IT WAS AWFUL! SUDDENLY I KNEW THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG!

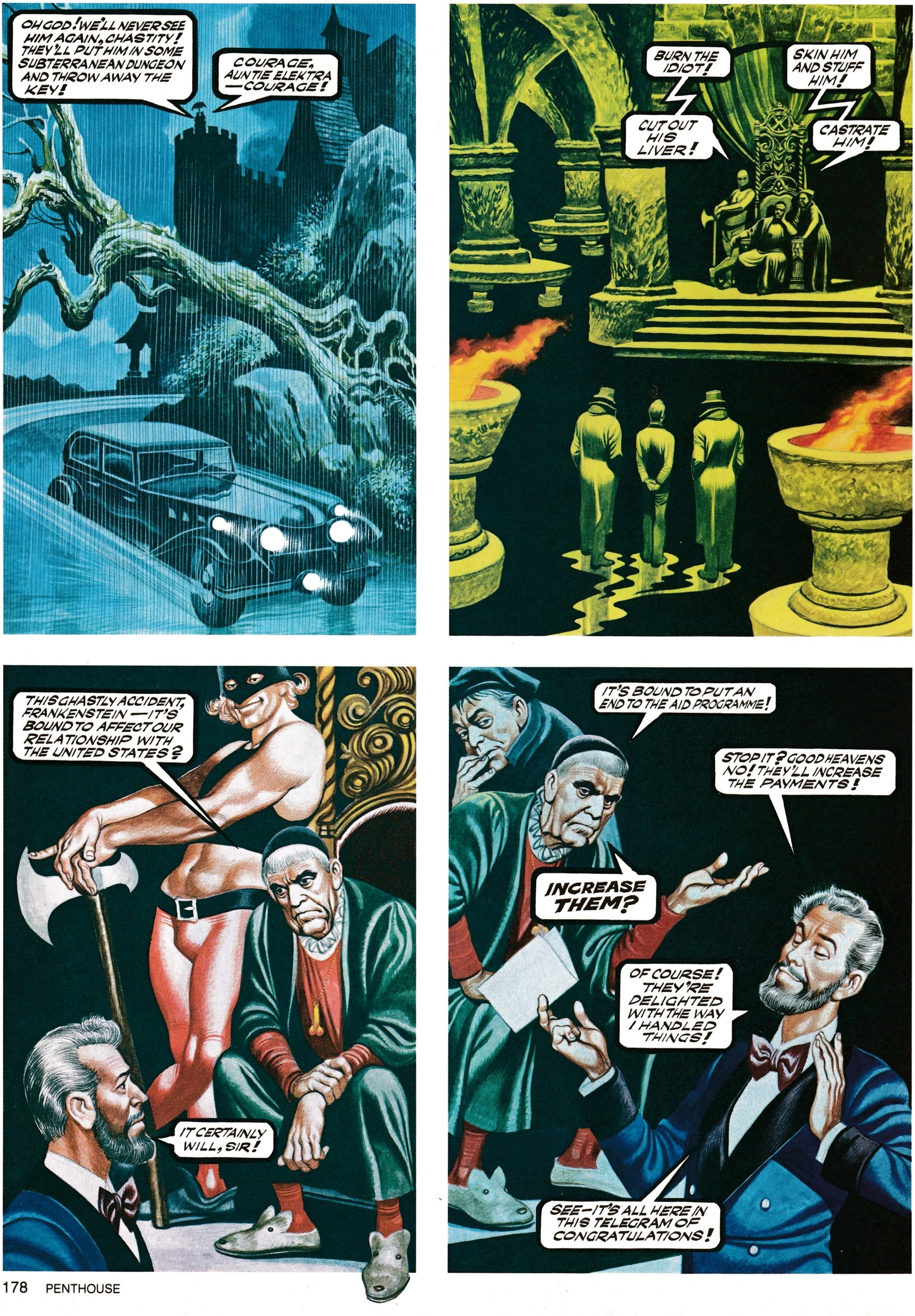

IS HE DYING? LEMME HEAR HIS LAST WORDS!
WHAT'S HE SAYING?
PLEASE! GIVE HIM SOME AIR —PLEASE!
I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, VINCENT! YOU'D BE GREAT IN 'DYNASTY'!
I SHOUTED A WARNING TO MR GREYBLOOD- BUT IT WAS TOO LATE!
THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION AND I WAS FLUNG CLEAR!
WHAT A CORNY PIECE OF OVER-ACTING!

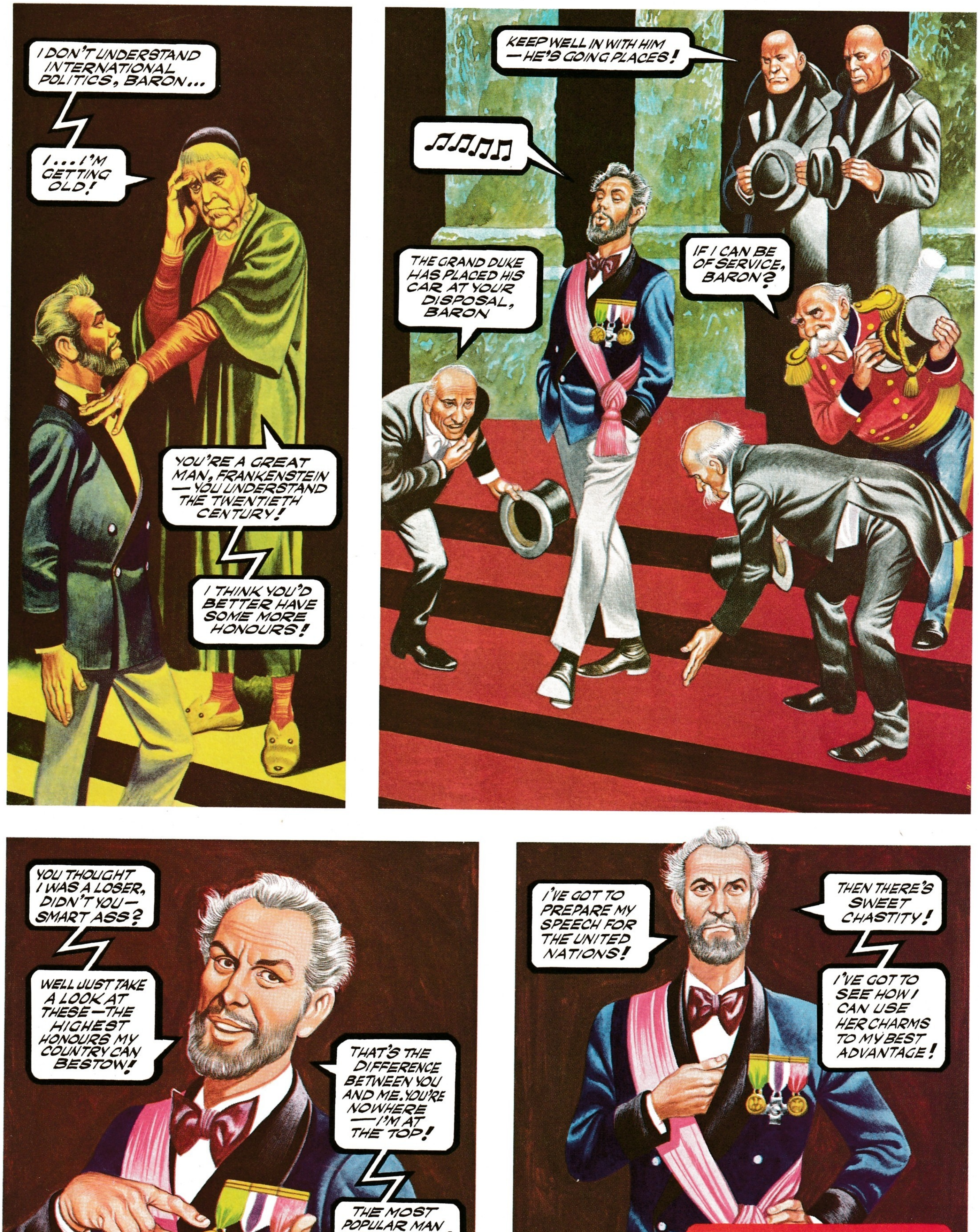

IS 'ENSANGUINED' A REAL WORD?
WHO D'YA THINK YOU ARE— NORMAN MAILER? JUST WRITE 'BLOODY'!
THROUGH THE SMOKE AND FLAME ≡SOB≡ I SAW THE ROCKET LEAVING THE LAUNCHING PAD....
DO YOU MIND?
FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, LADY!


YOU DON'T MEAN?
YES! ≡SOB≡ WITH BILLY GREYBLOOD AND GERRY FOULWELL ON BOARD!
YOU'D BETTER GET A STRETCHER, IGOR— I THINK HE'S GONE OVER THE TOP!


THIS'LL SELL PAPERS!
IT'S BETTER THAN AN AIR DISASTER!
LEMME GET TO A PHONE!
GET THIS DOWN!
HEADLINE...
...SUPER STAR EVANGELIST, BILLY GREYBLOOD, GOES TO MEET HIS MAKER!
WHILE NEWS OF THE DISASTER REVERBERATES AROUND THE WORLD, AT CASTLE DREER VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN'S BEHAVIOUR IS CAUSING CONCERN
♫ WHEN IT'S APPLE BLOSSOM TIME IN OLD THURINGIA ♫
YOU FINALLY FLIPPED, FRANKENSTEIN!
I'M WORRIED ABOUT HIM! THE ACCIDENT SEEMS TO HAVE LEFT HIM COMPLETELY UNMOVED! HE MUST BE IN SOME SORT OF SHOCK — HE SEEMS POSITIVELY HAPPY!
FIRST THING TO DO IS TUCK YOU AWAY IN SOME NICE QUIET ASYLUM...
...THINGS'LL BE DIFFERENT AROUND HERE WHEN I'M RUNNING THINGS!
TAP-TAPPITY TAP!
TAPPITY-TAP!
LET'S TAKE OUR MINDS OFF IT. COME ON— I'VE GOT A NEW MAIL ORDER CATALOGUE—COME AND HELP ME CHOOSE SOME NEW SEX TOYS!


A FEW DAYS LATER....
WE'VE COME FOR THE BARON
I'LL GET HIM FOR YOU!
MY GOD! IT'S THE ITU!*
* INTERROGATION AND TORTURE UNIT OF THE SECRET POLICE
WHO ARE THEY, TOOMBS? WHERE ARE THEY TAKING HIM!
TO GRAND DUKE BORIS! GULP


OH GOD! WE'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN, CHASTITY! THEY'LL PUT HIM IN SOME SUBTERRANEAN DUNGEON AND THROW AWAY THE KEY!
COURAGE, AUNTIE ELEKTRA —COURAGE!
BURN THE IDIOT!
CUT OUT HIS LIVER!
SKIN HIM AND STUFF HIM!
CASTRATE HIM!
THIS GHASTLY ACCIDENT, FRANKENSTEIN —IT'S BOUND TO AFFECT OUR RELATIONSHIP WITH THE UNITED STATES?
IT CERTAINLY WILL, SIR!
IT'S BOUND TO PUT AN END TO THE AID PROGRAMME!
STOP IT? GOOD HEAVENS NO! THEY'LL INCREASE THE PAYMENTS!
INCREASE THEM?
OF COURSE! THEY'RE DELIGHTED WITH THE WAY I HANDLED THINGS!
SEE—IT'S ALL HERE IN THIS TELEGRAM OF CONGRATULATIONS!


I DON'T UNDERSTAND INTERNATIONAL POLITICS, BARON...
I... I'M GETTING OLD!
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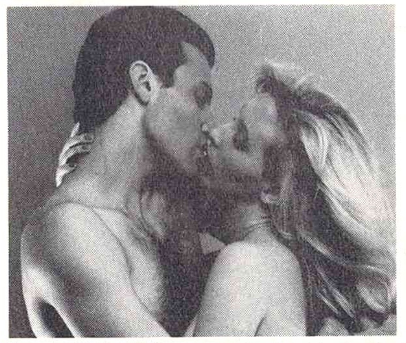

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Love Me

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

could be a model if I wanted."

She looked half dead in the picture. The statement was so pathetic I winced.

"I bought her those shoes," Sid pointed out. "I bought her everything she ever had."

She showed us the other pictures in her portfolio. Some of them predated Sid. There was the photograph of her with Debbie Harry, a picture of our cats, a picture of her friend Sable.

I again suggested taking them to the hotel. Sid said he'd like that. I drove them while Frank, Suzy, and David cleaned up.

Nancy positioned Sid in the backseat, where he immediately began to doze. Then she joined me up in front.

"Great to be back, Mum," she said as I pulled out of the driveway.

"Nice to have you."

"Hated the bloody weather in England. Damp. House looks nice."

"Thank you."

"How come you have sliding glass doors in the kitchen now?"

"It's easier."

We drove in silence for a while.

"So when are you going back to New York?" I asked.

"Sunday night. That okay?"

"Fine."

"We have to find a methadone clinic on Monday."

We said nothing the rest of the way to the Holiday Inn. We really had nothing to say to each other.

Nancy and Sid were dependent on each other. They cared for each other. To them, what they had together was genuine love. It was the only time for Nancy. Sid was the one great love of her life. She was twenty years old, he a year older. They were basically the same age Frank and I had been when she'd been born. That was hard for me to imagine. They seemed like children to me, immature and incapable of taking care of themselves—much less another human being.

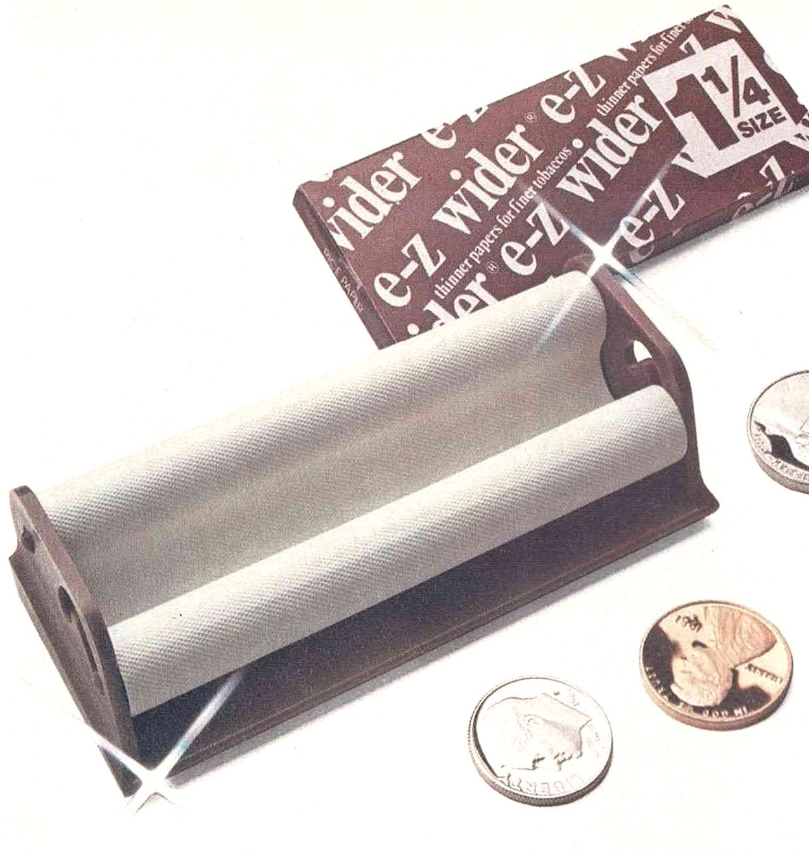
I tossed and turned the entire night.

Happily, it was bright and sunny the next morning. I phoned at noon and woke them up. Nancy asked me to call back in an hour. I did and woke them again.

"We'll get up," Nancy said. "Come for us in an hour."

David picked them up. They weren't in the lobby when he got there, he later informed me. So up he went up to their room and knocked on the door. Nancy called for him to come in. They were still in bed, naked, watching Saturday morning cartoons. When David walked in they got out of bed, put on their rumpled clothes from the previous night, and took a swig each of methadone from the Fairy Lotion bottle. Then Nancy said, "Let's go." Neither of them got washed or brushed their teeth.

At our place the two of them stretched out in the sun on lounge chairs. Suzy had



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made plans to visit a friend, so she left. Frank, David, and I had lunch on the patio. Nancy and Sid said they weren't hungry.

He was green after five minutes in the sun.

"I don't feel very well," he said weakly.

"He's probably not used to the sun, Nancy," I said. "Maybe he should sit in the shade."

She helped Sid move to a chair in the shade. When he still felt ill, I suggested she take him inside where it was air-conditioned.

"Stretch out on the sofa in the den, Sid," Frank said.

"May I watch the telly?" Sid asked.

"Sure," Frank said.

"Any cartoons on, Frank?"

"Don't know. Probably."

"How about 'Sha Na Na'? Is it on?"

"Tonight, Sid," David said. "At seven."

Nancy took him inside, laid a towel down on the sofa to protect against his wet suit. He stretched out. When I came inside she was sitting on the end of the sofa, stroking his head, which was in her lap.

"How does he feel?" I asked her.

"A little better," she replied.

"Does he want something cold? Sid, would you like a drink? A cold drink?"

"Please, Mum."

I brought him some juice. He thanked me and drank it. Then he sat up and lit a cigarette. Nancy turned on the TV and found some cartoons for them to watch. They sat there on the sofa for the remainder of the afternoon, chain smoking, staring at the TV, glassy-eyed. They seemed stuporous. Occasionally they would nod off, lit cigarettes in hand.

I went into the kitchen—stomach knotted, teeth clenched—to find something to do. I couldn't sit there anymore looking at the two of them.

There was no point in saying anything to her. I couldn't reach her. She was lost to me. My arms ached to hold the baby Nancy, ached for a fresh start.

I didn't know how much longer I could stand it. I wanted them gone.

Suddenly Nancy appeared behind me.

"Mum, would you take me to the hospital?" she asked.

"What for?" I demanded, alarmed.

"I, uh, got beat up by the Teddys a few weeks ago and they pulled my ear off. A doctor sewed it back on, you know, but I forgot to get the stitches out. Just remembered."

"Here, let me see," I said.

She pulled back her hair and turned so I could get a good look. First I noticed the yellowish bruises and open sores along her hairline. Then I saw the ear. Revulsion swept over me as I saw the row of stitches that ran along the back of her ear, all the way from the top, where the ear met the skull, to the bottom, where it joined the neck.

It did, however, look clean and healed.

"We'll have an awfully long wait at the hospital," I said.

Not to mention another scene.

"How about your doctor, Mum?"

"It's Saturday. He's off. Tell you what, I can take them out. There's nothing to it."

"Okay."

I went upstairs to fetch a pair of small scissors. I washed them in alcohol, took them downstairs with the bottle of alcohol, some cotton, and antibiotic ointment. Nancy was waiting for me in the kitchen.

"Stand next to the window," I said. "The light is better."

She obeyed.

"Okay, now don't move," I said.

"I won't."

She stood perfectly still for me as I cut the little catgut knots one by one and pulled the stitches out. I worked smoothly and calmly, as if I took out stitches every day. In actuality, I had never done it before. When I was done, I cleaned the ear and put ointment on it.

"It looks fine," I said.

"Thanks, Mum. Could you make an appointment with a plastic surgeon? These scars all over my arms. I'd like to get 'em off."

"We'll see," I said.

I sensed another presence in the room. I turned to find Sid looming in the doorway.

"Mum," he said, "I need a doctor for me eye. It won't stay open. Could you make me an appointment, too?"

I looked at her, then at him. I felt myself getting sucked into their universe. Now there were two of these helpless souls for me to take care of. My burden was doubled. I took a deep breath, let it out.

"I'll try, Sid," I said.

"Thank you. That'd be very nice of you. I don't like my eye, you know. I got it in a fight. People always want to fight with me. Teachers. Policemen. Teddys. Everybody. I don't want to, but they do."

"He's really a very sweet lad, Mum," Nancy said.

They returned to the sofa and began to nod off again.

When it got to be about six, I went into the kitchen to set the table for the four of us. Nancy and Sid would eat in the den before the TV. Suzy followed me in there. She was angry.

"How can you stand this!" she demanded. "How can you watch them? How can you watch her dying like that? Why don't you *do* something?"

I wanted to say, "Suzy, if I let myself react at all, my head will simply blow right off." But I didn't want her to know I was so upset. And I was too upset to explain myself. I shut her out. I shouldn't have, but I did.

"They'll be gone tomorrow," I said. "Let's just get through the weekend."

She glared at me. "I don't see how you can put up with it. Your own daughter." Then she stormed out.

After dinner the four of us, ever alert to the falling cigarette ashes, watched the two of them nodding off on the sofa.

Suzy was still angry. She glared at her sister with a combination of curiosity and disgust. Nancy caught her.

"If you look at me like that one more time I'll cut your fucking face up," she snapped viciously, her eyes cold.

Suzy froze. There was total silence. I couldn't stand the tension in the room, so I went into the kitchen. Suzy followed me in there, wide-eyed.

"Do you think she will?" Suzy whispered, terrified.

"I don't know," I replied. "I don't know."

Suzy went up to her room. She was so scared she went back to her apartment in the morning, before Nancy and Sid came back from the hotel. Suzy never had the chance to see or speak to her sister again. That little scene they'd played out in the den was their final communication.

Frank took them to the hotel that night. I picked them up on Sunday at about one o'clock. Just as David had the day before, I found them naked in bed. They got up, pulled on their now filthy clothes, gulped their methadone, and were set to go.

"Don't you want to pack?" I asked, wary that they'd changed their plans and were going to stay longer.

"Oh, right," remembered Nancy, heaving their few possessions carelessly into an overnight bag. "All set, Mum."

I checked them out of their room and we drove them to the station. Frank and I got

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With unabashed enthusiasm, a chic divorcée teaches rear-entry ecstasy to a man eager to plumb the depths of her special desire.

in the front seat, David in the backseat with Nancy and Sid. Nancy said nothing in regard to Suzy's absence, though she did clutch her sister's offering of chocolate chip cookies.

"Thank you so much for having me," Sid said.

"Our pleasure, Sid," Frank said.

We drove in silence for a while. Then out of nowhere, Nancy quietly said, "I'm going to die very soon. Before my twenty-first birthday. I won't live to be twenty-one. I'm never gonna be old. I don't wanna ever be ugly and old. I'm an old lady now anyhow. I'm eighty. There's nothing left. I've already lived a whole lifetime. I'm going out. In a blaze of glory."

Then she was quiet.

Her words just lay there like a bombshell. No one wanted to touch them. She hadn't issued a threat, simply made a flat statement. We all believed her. Even Sid.

Nancy lived out her rock fantasy in New York, sharing the bed and the career of a star. But she and Sid were running out of time.

Nancy did manage to find them a methadone center, but the lines were long and every day Sid was taunted by the other addicts. He got mad. He got in fights.

"They keep hasslin' my Sid," Nancy reported. "He's got this hot button, Mum, and they just won't leave it alone."

She went to work on Sid's career.

She tried to line up recording contracts for him, but found little interest from the record companies. Sid had no actual career. All he had was a claim to fame. But neither she nor Sid realized that.

"It's not workin' out," she told me over the phone. "Nothing's happening. Sid's real depressed."

They went back on heroin, and sank deeper into despair. I spoke to her about once a week and each time she sounded lower. She and Sid went out of their room at the Chelsea less and less. One night one of them nodded off in bed with a lit cigarette and set the mattress on fire. Reportedly, a hotel employee rushed up to their room with a fire extinguisher to find them wandering around, oblivious of the smoldering mattress. The manager moved them to another room, room 100.

Nancy called once to say she was ill.

"I'm sick," she said weakly. "My kidneys. I'm sick from my kidneys. Can you send money? Can you send me money?"

"You know the deal, Nancy. Go to the doctor and tell him to send the bill to me. I'll pay him directly. What's wrong with your kidneys?"

"Wait, Mum. Sid wants to talk."

Sid got on. "Debbie?"

"Yes, Sid."

"Why won't you help your daughter?" he demanded. He sounded different—harsh and unpleasant.

"I will, Sid. I'll pay her bills directly to the doctor. That's always been our—"

"Her health comes first!"

"I *know* that, Sid. I *will* pay her medical bills. *Directly* to the doctor."

"But it's your daughter's health!" he snapped angrily.

"Sid, I—"

"We need three thousand dollars! For the doctor! Send it at once!" he ordered.

"No."

"We *must* have it!" he insisted.

"I said no, Sid! Please put Nancy back on."

"What kind of mother are you? How can you do this to your own fuckin' daughter?"

"Sid, in the first place, I haven't got three thousand dollars. In the second place, a doctor's appointment doesn't cost that much! Now would you *please* put Nancy back on?"

"It's your daughter's health! Your daughter's fuckin' health!"

"Sid, would you please put—"

"No! I won't put Nancy on! Not until you—"

"Put Nancy on or I'm hanging up!"

"How can you do this to your own fuckin'—"

I hung up on him, shaken. This was a side of Sid—hostile and belligerent—I hadn't seen before. He frightened me.

The phone rang immediately. I wouldn't answer it. Frank and I had made dinner plans with my mother. I told David not to answer the phone if it rang while we were out. It was ringing when we left. When we returned, David said it hadn't stopped ringing the whole time we were gone.

It immediately started to ring again.

"See?" David said.

I decided to answer it. It was Nancy.

"Mum, what happened before between you and Sid?"

"He was very nasty. I warned him I was going to hang up."

"Wait, hang on." She turned away from the phone to talk to Sid. "Here's your match. Now light your cigarette and leave me the fuck alone," she said to him. Then she was back. "He's very upset, Mum. A very upset lad. He has a lot of problems."

"Where is he now?"

"Right here. But he's out of it. You don't have to worry about him."

Her voice was calm, her speech clear. It was the most lucid she'd sounded in a long time.

"Are your kidneys really bothering you, sweetheart?"

"Yes. I think I have an infection. I'll be all right, though. I'll go see a doctor tomorrow. What kind do you go to for kidneys?"

"A urologist. Go to the emergency ward of the hospital tomorrow and ask for one. If there isn't one there who can treat you, call me. I'll get you the name of someone in New York to see."

"Okay, Mum, I will. Thank you." She paused. "Mum?"

"Yes?"

"Did Daddy ever beat you?"

I was so taken aback by the question, I didn't know how to answer it. I made a joke out of it. "No, but *I've* thrown a few things at *him*."

There was silence from her end.

"Nancy, why do you ask?"

"You know all the times I told you I got beat up by the Teddys in London? Got my ear torn off? My nose broken?"

"Yes."

"It was Sid who was really doing it. And . . . now he's started doing it again."

"Why?" I gasped, horrified.

"He's upset."

"Nancy, why do you put up with that? Why don't you leave him?"

"Because . . . well, he's having a terrible time. He's getting hassled. He can't get work. He's depressed."

There was a long pause.

"Maybe one of these days you *will* find me on your doorstep," she said softly.

"We're always here for you, Nancy. If you ever hit the bottom and need us, we're here to help you. You can count on it."

"I *am* at the bottom, Mum. This is it."

She'd come out of her fog. She was rational. We were communicating.

"Mum, do you remember that detox hospital, White Deer Run? It's somewhere in Pennsylvania. Our next-door neighbor had to go there, remember?"

"Yes."

"Do you think Sid and I could get in there? We have to get off. Just have to. Could you call? Could you find out for me if it's locked? I don't want to go if it's locked. I can't stand being locked up."

"I know. I'll call tomorrow and find out."

"Thanks."

Let me know how you are. Let me know what the urologist says, okay?"

"I'll let you know."

"Good."

"Mum?"

"Yes?"

"Does Daddy love me?"

"Of course he loves you. He's always loved you very much."

"He doesn't act that way."

"How does he act?"

"Like he's afraid of me."

"That's because he has to walk on eggs with you, sweetheart. Everyone has to. You're very sensitive. But that doesn't mean he doesn't love you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mum. I do. Tell Daddy I understand. And . . . and . . ."

"And what?"

"Tell him that I love him."

"Okay, sweetheart, I will."

"How's *your* mom? How's Essie?"

She hadn't asked about her grandmother in three years.

"She's fine."

"Send her my love, will you?"

"I'll do that."

"Good-bye, Mum."

"Good-bye, sweetheart."

As I hung up the phone I heard her yell, "I love you, Mommy! I love you!"

I wanted to tell her that I loved her, too, but it was too late. The connection was broken.

I gave Frank her message.

"Nancy said that?" He was surprised and touched.

"Uh-huh. It was a very strange call, Frank. Spooky, kind of. It was almost as if she were saying good-bye."

I called White Deer Run on Monday afternoon from the office. The woman I needed to speak with in admissions was out sick. I was told to phone later in the week.

Nancy didn't call on Monday night. I supposed she had nothing to report about her kidneys.

Nancy didn't call on Tuesday night, either. I had a vague uneasiness, but I didn't give in to the temptation to call her. If she was coping with her problems, I didn't want to interfere with the process. She knew where to reach me.

She didn't call on Wednesday either. Wednesday was Yom Kippur. I became more uneasy.

On Thursday morning it was glorious and crisp, a beautiful autumn day. I drove to the office early, my mind on all of the work piled up on my desk. I made a mental note to phone White Deer Run, but crises kept coming up at the office and I still hadn't had a chance to call at two o'clock.

I was coming out of the computer room and crossing the main office to my own office when one of the secretaries said, "Debbie, you have a call. The receptionist wants you to buzz her before you take it."

I buzzed the receptionist.

"It's a Lieutenant Hunter from the Lower Moreland police," she told me. "I just thought you'd like to know."

I wondered what the local police wanted of me.

I thanked her, and picked up the telephone on my desk.

"This is Deborah Spungen," I said. "Can I help you, Lieutenant Hunter?"

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He sounded very uncomfortable.

"Your . . . next-door neighbor told us where to find you," Lieutenant Hunter said. "We were out at your house . . ."

"What's this about?" I asked.

"The, uh, New York Police Department would like to speak to you. Something has happened to your daughter Nancy."

"What happened to her?" I pressed, confused by his vagueness.

He didn't answer me. Instead he gave me the name of a detective and a number to call in New York. Then he was silent.

Suddenly my face felt very hot.

"Lieutenant, please tell me what happened. It's okay. I'm ready for anything. Believe me. But I will not hang up this phone until you tell me what has happened to my daughter."

"Mrs. Spungen, I'm sorry to tell you that your daughter is dead."

My first reaction was disbelief. We'd been through so much together over the past twenty years. I had thought I'd somehow *sense* her death. I did not.

But it *was* over, really over. My head seemed to swell up in response, as if someone were using a bicycle pump on it. It must have been a drug overdose. What else could it have been?

Since I shared my office with somebody else, I went to look for my boss to ask him if I could call the NYPD from his office. He wasn't in his office. I went out into the main office. There were a hundred or so people working and talking out there. They made no noise. Their world was soundless. I felt like I was floating, my head up somewhere near the ceiling.

I did find a vice-president, talking to someone at a desk. I stood beside him for a minute, but he didn't seem to notice me. I thought about just waiting there until my head exploded all over the place. Then he'd notice me.

I didn't wait. "Nancy's dead!" I shouted. "Can I use Joe's office?"

He stared at me, stunned. Everywhere people looked at me. He nodded.

I went into Joe's office, shut the door, and dialed Detective Brown in New York. My dialing finger shook. I was reacting with a bit more emotion than I'd expected, but I was in control.

"I'm sorry to tell you your daughter has been murdered, Mrs. Spungen," Detective Brown said in a kind voice.

Murdered.

My baby. Murdered. It couldn't be. It wasn't supposed to be this way.

According to Manhattan Chief of Detectives Martin Duffy, Sid had awakened at 10:50 A.M., still feeling the effects of Tuinal, a depressant he had taken the night before.

Nancy was not in bed next to him. Rather, the bed was covered with blood. Her blood. A trail of it led from the bed to the bathroom. Nancy was on the bathroom floor, under the sink, clad only in her fancy black underwear, a stab wound in her stomach. She'd bled to death.

The Chelsea Hotel switchboard, the police spokesman advised, received an outside call at about this time asking that someone check room 100 because "someone is seriously injured." It was not clear if the call had come from Sid.

Hotel employees went up to the room to find signs of a struggle, and Nancy's body. Sid was not in the room. He returned a few minutes later, before the police got there.

Hotel neighbors reportedly heard Sid tell police, "You can't arrest me. I'm a rock 'n' roll star."

One of the arresting officers reportedly replied, "Oh, yeah? Well, I play lead handcuffs."

An unidentified friend of the couple, the TV newsman reported, said he had been out with them that night until 4:00 A.M., at which point Nancy had begged him to come back to the Chelsea with them because Sid was "acting strange." Sid had, the friend said, pressed a hunting knife against Nancy's throat. "He beats her with a guitar every so often," the reporter quoted the friend as saying, "but I didn't think he was going to kill her."

After the funeral there was quite a lot of mail, much of it condolence notes. One letter was addressed to me personally in large, shaky handwriting with little circles over the *i*'s instead of dots. There was no return address. I feared it was an obscene letter. I took a deep breath and opened it.

It was from Sid.

"Dear Debbie,

Thank you for phoning me the other night. It was so comforting to hear your voice. You are the only person who really understands how much Nancy and I love each other. Every day without Nancy gets worse and worse. I just hope that when I die I go to the same place as her. Otherwise I will never find peace.

Frank said in the paper that Nancy was born in pain and lived in pain all her life. When I first met her, and for about six months after that, I spent practically the whole time in tears. Her pain was just too much to bear. Because, you see, I felt Nancy's pain as though it were my own, worse even. But she said that I must be strong for her or otherwise she would have to leave me. So I became strong for her, and she began to stop having asthma attacks and seemed to be going through a lot less pain. [Nancy had had asthma since she was a child.]

I realized that she had never known love and was desperately searching for someone to love her. It was the only thing she really needed. I gave her the love that she needed so badly and it comforts me to know that I made her very happy during the time we were together, where she had only known unhappiness before.

Oh Debbie, I love her with such passion. Every day is agony without her. I know now that it is possible to die from a broken heart. Because when you love someone as much as we love each other, they become fundamental to your existence. So I will die soon, even if I don't kill myself. I guess you could say that I'm pining for her. I would live without food or water longer than I'm going to survive without Nancy.

Thank you so much for understanding us, Debbie. It means so much to me, and I know it meant a lot to Nancy. She really loves you, and so do I. How did she know when she was going to die? I always prayed that she was wrong, but deep inside I knew she was right.

Nancy was a very special person, too beautiful for this world. I feel so privileged to have loved her, and been loved by her. Oh Debbie, it was such a beautiful love. I can't go on without it. When we first met, we knew we were made for each other, and fell in love with each other immediately. We were totally inseparable and were never apart. We had certain telepathic abilities, too. I remember about nine months after we met, I left Nancy for a while. After a couple of weeks of being apart, I had a strange feeling that Nancy was dying. I went straight to the place she was staying and when I saw her, I knew it was true. I took her home with me and nursed her back to health, but I knew that if I hadn't bothered she would have died.

Nancy was just a poor baby, desperate for love. It made me so happy to give her

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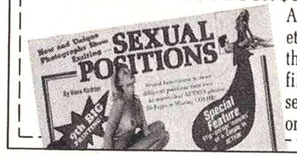

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love, and believe me, no man ever loved a woman with such burning passion as I love Nancy. I never even looked at others. No one was as beautiful as my Nancy. Enclosed is a poem I wrote for her. It kind of sums up how much I love her.

I would love to see you before I die. You are the only one who understood.

Love, Sid XXX

PS. Thank you, Debbie, for understanding that I have to die. Everyone else just thinks that I'm being weak. All I can say is that they never loved anyone as passionately as I love Nancy. I always felt unworthy to be loved by someone so beautiful as her. Everything we did was beautiful. At the climax of our lovemaking, I just used to cry. It was so beautiful it was almost unbearable. It makes me mad when people say, 'You must have really loved her.' So they think that I don't still love her? At least when I die, we will be together again. I feel like a lost child, so alone.

The nights are the worst. I used to hold Nancy close to me all night so that she wouldn't have nightmares and I just can't sleep without my beautiful baby in my arms. So warm and gentle and vulnerable. No one should expect me to live without her. She was a part of me. My heart.

Debbie, please come and see me. You are the only person who knows what I'm going through. If you don't want to, could you please phone me again, and write.

I love you."

I was staggered by Sid's letter. The depth of his emotion, his sensitivity and intelligence, were far greater than I could have imagined. Here he was, her accused murderer, and he was reaching out to me, professing his love for me. His anguish was my anguish. He was feeling my loss, my pain—so much so that he was evidently contemplating suicide. He felt that I would be able to understand that. Why had he said that?

I fought my sympathetic reaction to his letter. I could not respond to it, could not be drawn into his life. He had told the police he had murdered my daughter. Maybe he had loved her. Maybe she had loved him. I couldn't become involved with him. I was in too much pain. I couldn't share his pain. I hadn't enough strength.

I began to stuff the letter back in its envelope when I came upon a separate sheet of paper. I unfolded it. It was the poem he'd written about Nancy.

Nancy
You were my little baby girl.
And I shared all your fears.
Such joy to hold you in my arms
And kiss away your tears.
But now you're gone there's only pain.
And nothing I can do.
And I don't want to live this life
If I can't live for you.
To my beautiful baby girl.
Our love will never die.

I felt my throat tighten. My eyes burned, and I began to weep on the inside. I was so confused. Here, in a few verses, was the last twenty years of my life. *I* could have written that poem. The feelings, the pain, were mine. But I hadn't written it. *Sid Vicious* had written it, the punk monster, the man who had told the police he was "a dog, a dirty dog." The man I feared. The man I should have hated, but somehow couldn't.

A few days after that I got a second letter from Sid, this one even more anguished than the first. Sid's second letter also gave me insight into what might have happened that night at the Chelsea.

"Dear Debbie,

I'm dying. Slowly, and in great pain. My baby is gone, without her I have no will to live. I love her so desperately. I know I can never make it without her. Nancy became my whole life. She was the only thing that mattered to me.

I'm glad I could make her happy. I gave her everything she ever wanted, just for the asking. When we only had enough money for one of us to get straight, I always gave it to Nancy. It was less painful to be sick myself than it was to see her sick.

When you love someone that much you cannot lose them and still be able to go on. I know that if I lived to be a thousand years old I would never find anyone like Nancy. No one can take her place. I love Nancy and Nancy only. I will always love her. Even after I am dead.

I have only eaten a few mouthfuls of food since she died. I may die of starvation in this place. I just hope it comes soon, so that I can be with Nancy again.

We always knew that we would go to the same place when we died. We so much wanted to die together in each other's arms. I cry every time I think about that. I promised my baby that I would kill myself if anything ever happened to her, and she promised me the same. This is my final commitment to the one I love.

I worshiped Nancy. It was far more than just love. To me she was a goddess. She used to make me kiss her feet before we made love. No one ever loved the way we did, and to spend even a day away from her, let alone a whole lifetime, is too painful to even think about. Oh Debbie, I never knew what pain was until this happened. Nancy was my whole life. I lived for her. Now I must die for her.

It gave me such pleasure to give her anything she wanted. She was just like a child. She used to call me 'daddy' when she was upset, and I used to rock her to sleep. When I was upset, I used to call her 'momma' and she used to nurse me at her breast and call me her 'baby boy.'

I tried to kill myself but they got me to the hospital before I died. Nancy knows that I will soon be with her. Please pray that we will be together. I can never find peace until we are together again.

Oh Debbie, she was the most beautiful person I ever knew. I would have done anything for her.

Nancy once asked if I would pour petrol over myself and set it on fire if she told me to. I said I would, and I meant it. If you would happily die for someone, then how can you live without them? I can't go on without her. She always said she would die before she was twenty-one, and I never doubted it.

Good-bye, Debbie. I love you."

I didn't write back to Sid. I never heard from him again. I kept his letters to me a secret from everyone except Frank. I felt that if I disclosed them to the police, somehow they'd end up in the newspapers, end up being sensationalized. I didn't want that. They were private, personal letters. He made no threats in them. He bared his soul. The letters weren't meant to be shared.

I disclose them now because they shed light on what happened that night and might help others to understand what Nancy and Sid really meant to each other outside the limelight. I disclose them now because Nancy and Sid are gone. They can no longer speak for themselves.

On February 3, 1979, Sid Vicious died from an overdose of heroin. He had been released on bail from Riker's Island, where he had been imprisoned for three months.

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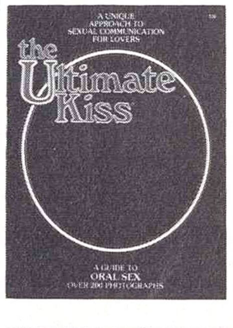

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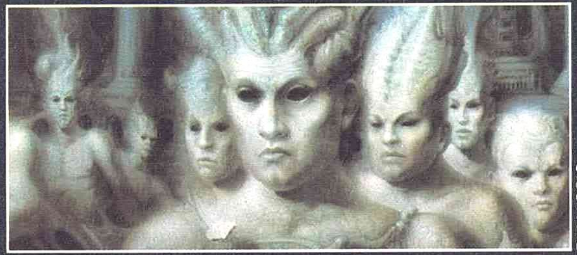
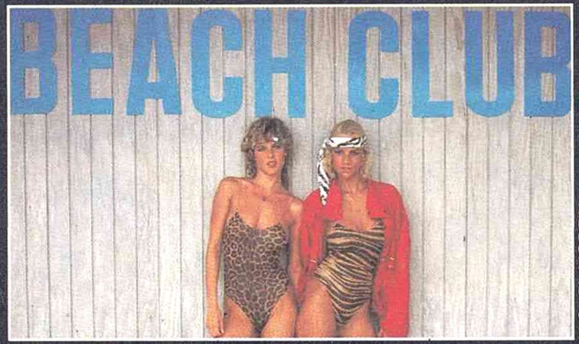

DI-MACCIO

THE ROBOTS OF DAWN

Detective Elijah Baley has been given the toughest assignment of his career: to find out who murdered the robot Jander. For an Earthman, just being on the planet Aurora is strain enough, but when he interrogates Jander's owner, the beautiful, sensuous Gladia, he discovers that the truth may well never be known. Isaac Asimov, one of science fiction's most famous authors, has written a new novel for Doubleday that is sure to rival the popularity of his last, *Foundation's Edge*.



MICHEL MOREAU

HARDBODIES—A TRUE STORY

Ellis and McCloud were two divorced car salesmen who wanted their share of the legendary "Hardbodies," those perfect young women of Newport Beach, Calif. But unlike most of us, they decided to do something about it. With the right setup and the right investment, they figured they could obtain all of the girls of their dreams. What was needed was a "program" and the expertise of a handsome young surfer who knew how to "dialogue" the girls. Before long, Hardbodies were rolling in. Ellis and McCloud were soon the envy of Los Angeles. You'll find this incredible story by Steven Greene and Eric Alter hard to believe—but believe us, it's all true.

DAVID JORDAN WILLIAMS

WHO IS DAVID BOWIE?

David Bowie has many faces, and at the moment those faces seem to be everywhere: *Let's Dance* is his most successful album in years; he's just finished touring America; and a new film, *Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence*, is about to be released. As the most consistently creative rock star of his generation, Bowie survived both the sixties and the seventies to work with artists as diverse as Catherine Deneuve, Iggy Pop, William Burroughs, and Nagisa Oshima. In an outspoken *Penthouse* interview with noted music critic Robert Palmer, Bowie discusses those relationships as well as candidly disclosing the facts behind his early sexual experimentation, his addiction to cocaine, and how he thinks racism in America affects pop music.

JAN COBB

THE STATUS RACE

"Status can be defined as arranging matters so that we are treated as a more important person than we think we are." Maybe Queen Elizabeth or the pope is immune from such machinations, but the rest of us certainly aren't. Best-selling author and social observer Michael Korda dissolves the aura surrounding the mystique of status in a witty, down-to-earth examination of all its guises: sex, objects, and behavior. A must read for everyone who's on the way up . . . and those who would like to be.

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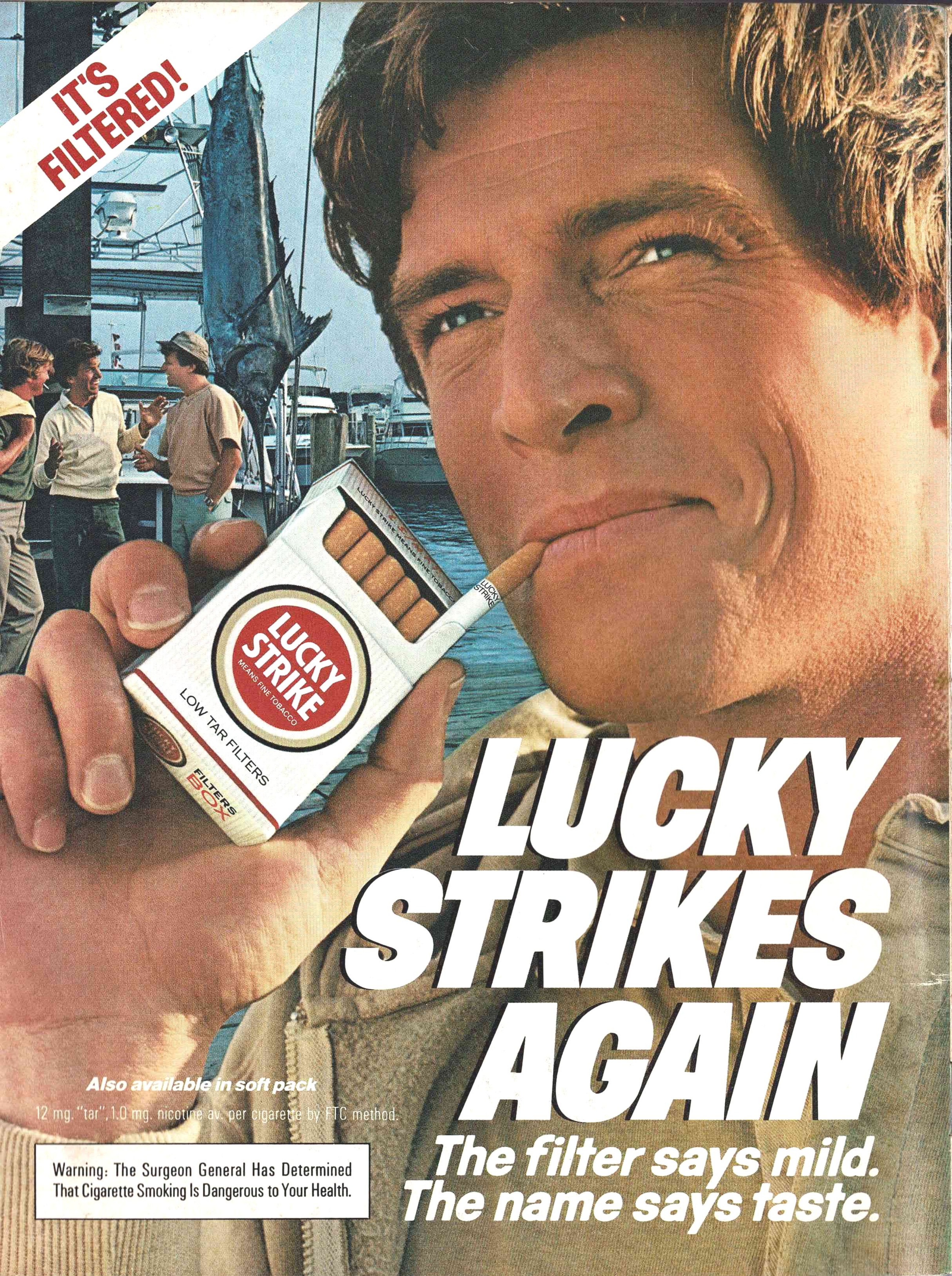
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